The Saturday Evening
POST
August 8, 1959 — 15¢

Our Fighting Men Have Gone Soft

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

I COACH THE HOT CORNER

By FRANK CROSETTI of the YANKEES

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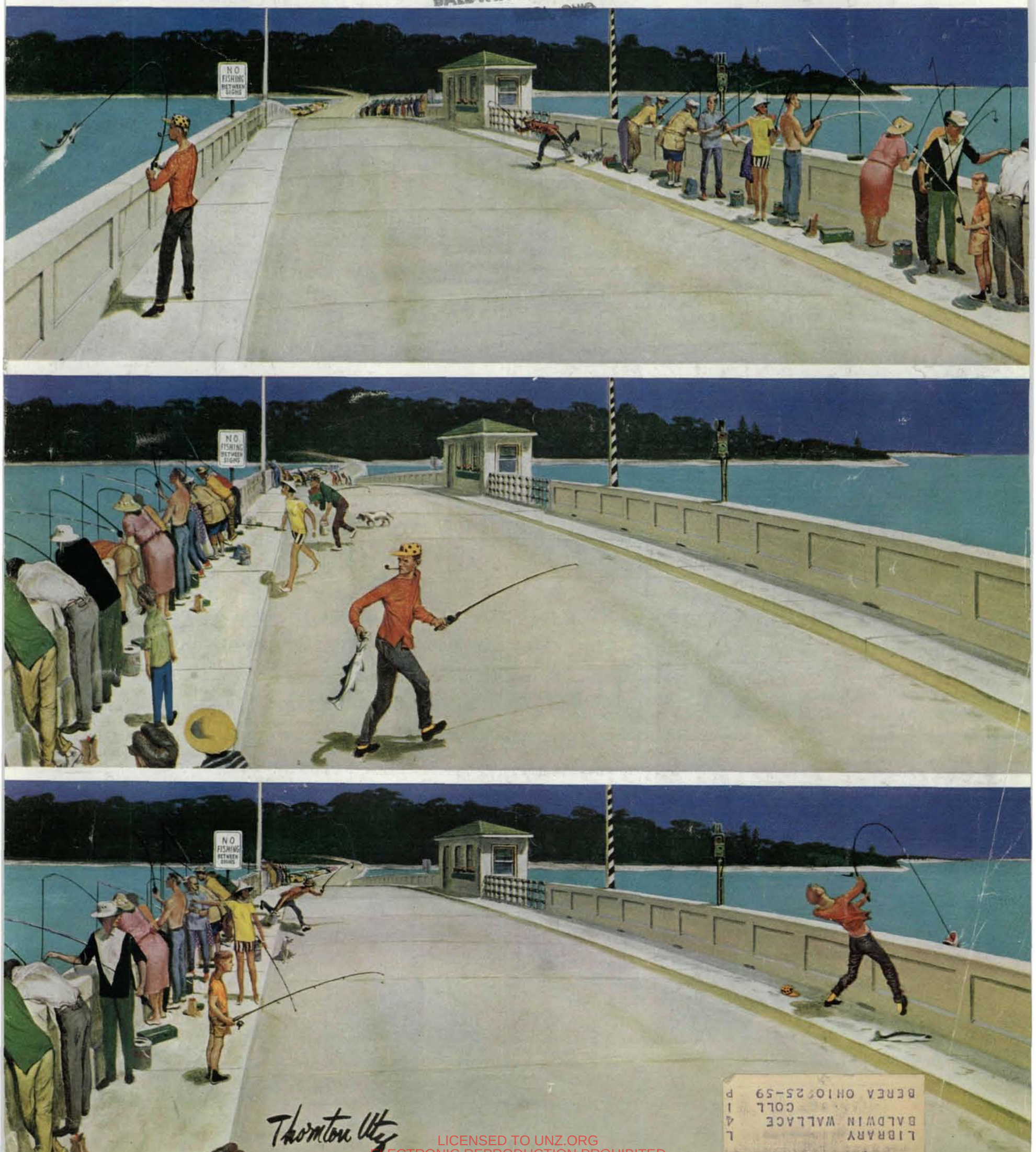

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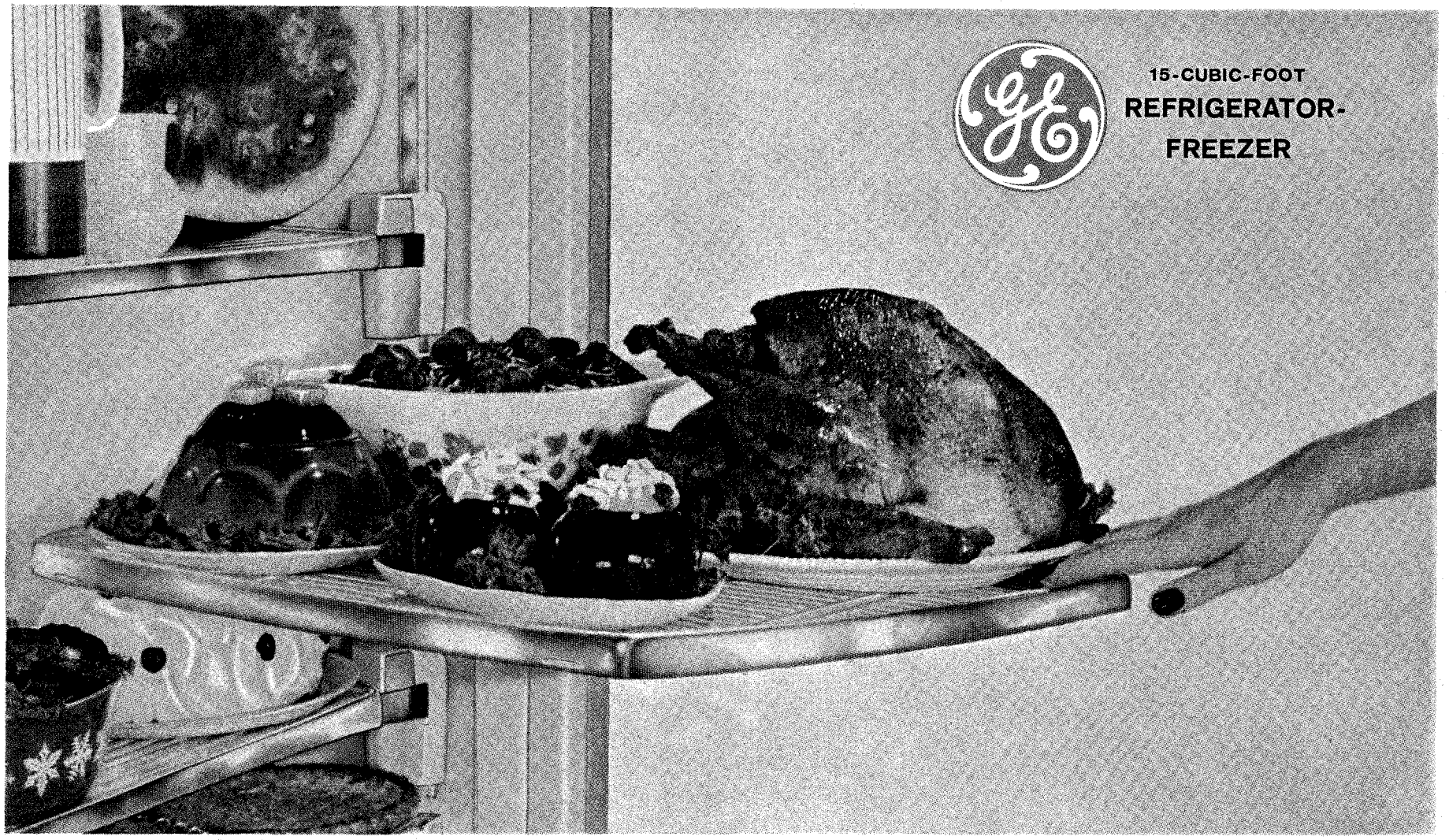
NEW SHELVES SWING OUT OF THIS AUTOMATIC DEFROST REFRIGERATOR!



New Swing-Out Shelves...

Newest Straight-Line G-E Refrigerator also has Automatic Defrosting in the refrigerator, big Roll-Out Freezer, no coils on back, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors. In 15- and 13-cu.-ft. sizes, and in 12-cu.-ft. model with freezer at top.

bring all your food in full view—within easy reach—in the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

THESE new General Electric Shelves swing all the way out of the new Automatic Defrost Refrigerator—smoothly and easily.

Every item of food is in front of you, within reach of your hand. No fumbling to get at things. And you never have to worry about "forgotten" foods at the back of any shelf.

For extra space between shelves, you can adjust the shelves—up or down. You can even take the shelves out completely to clean the inside of the refrigerator or the shelves.

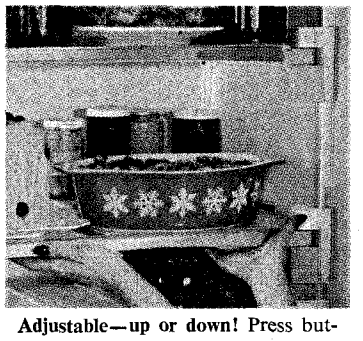
Why not try G-E Swing-Out Shelves yourself and see how really convenient they are.

You'll find them in the new Straight-Line General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers at your General Electric dealer's.

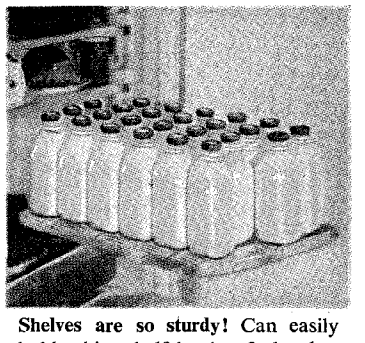
Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

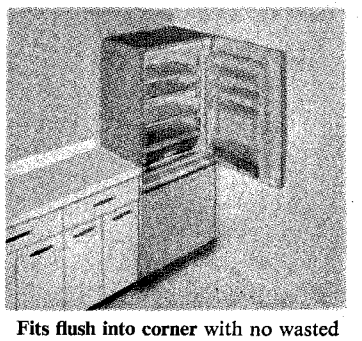
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Adjustable—up or down! Press button, slide shelf up or down. You can arrange loading so that bottles, for example, are on bottom shelf where you can reach them easily.



Shelves are so sturdy! Can easily hold this shelf-load of bottles. They're tested to support over 150 pounds—more than you'll ever need to put on a shelf.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at sides for door clearance. No coils on back . . . and no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.

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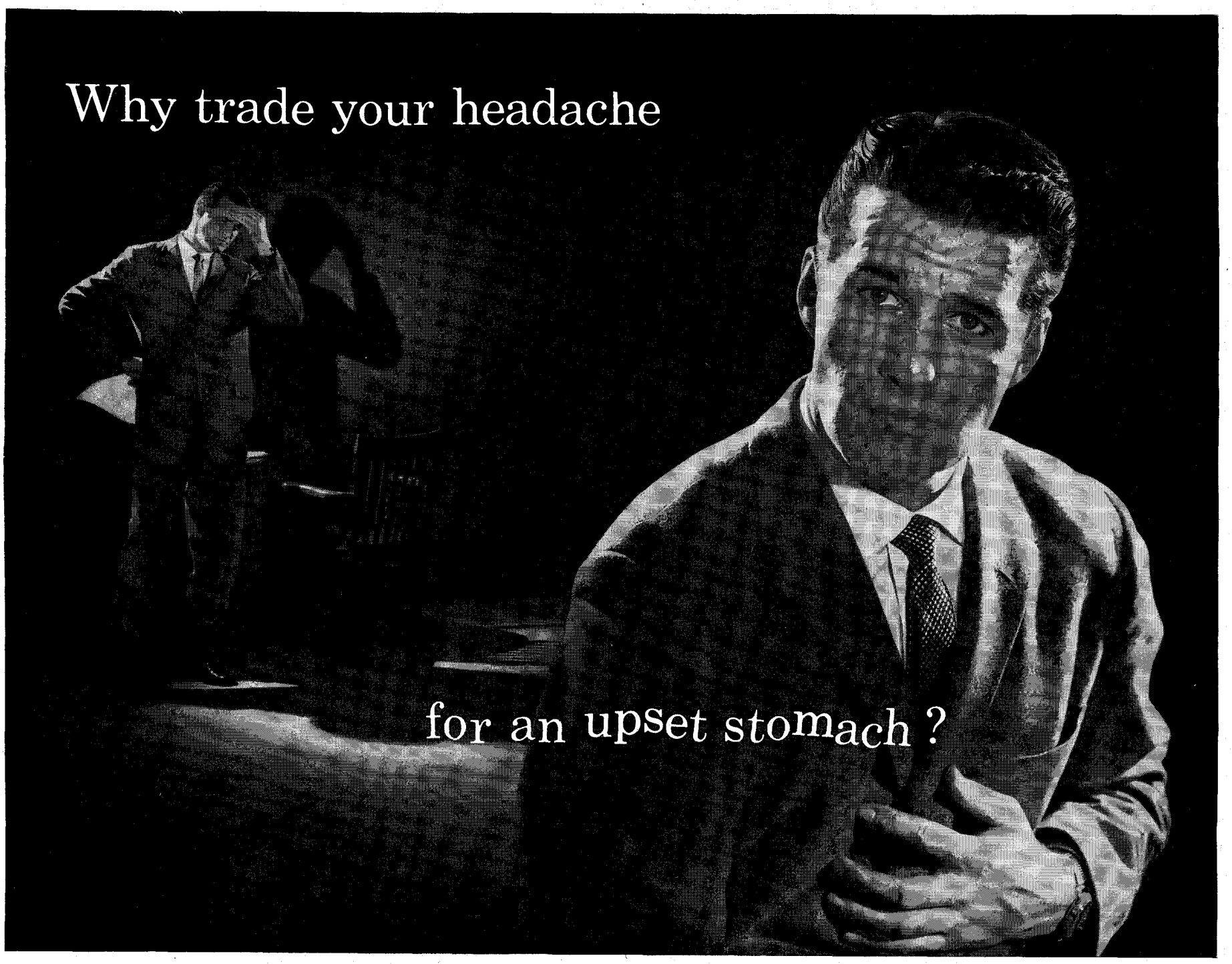
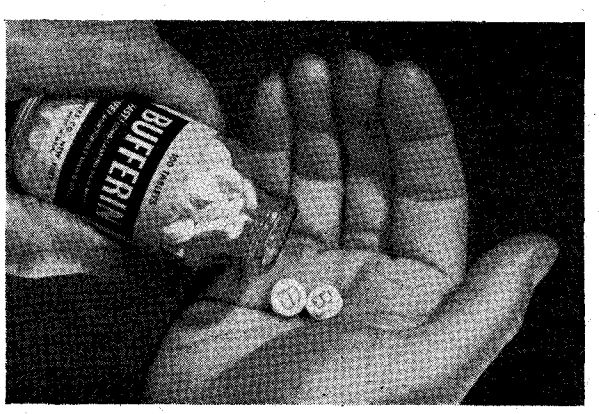


Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!

1 **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin, (a) Bufferin, (b) the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients" and (c) plain aspirin. But aspirin alone has one drawback. It's acid, *acetylsalicylic* acid. It can increase stomach acidity, and it can upset your stomach.



2 **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** *Only* Bufferin adds to its aspirin Di-Alminate®, an exclusive combination of special anti-acids that protects against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers. And Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

3 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with *incredible speed.* For headaches, muscular aches and pains and neuralgia, take Bufferin, another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

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Philco Quality makes the bargain...

See... Touch... Compare!

Before you buy, look for the red Philco Quality Comparison Purse on every '59 Philco refrigerator. It shows you how to compare, quickly and easily, in the store. When you compare, you'll see for yourself that nothing beats Philco's outstanding quality!

COME IN—COMPARE—AND GET YOUR SPECIAL ICE TRAY BARGAIN!

THIS COUPON IS WORTH $1.46

When you present this coupon to your nearest participating Philco dealer, you'll be able to buy the $2.25 "Easy-Out" Ice Cube Tray for only 79¢!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____

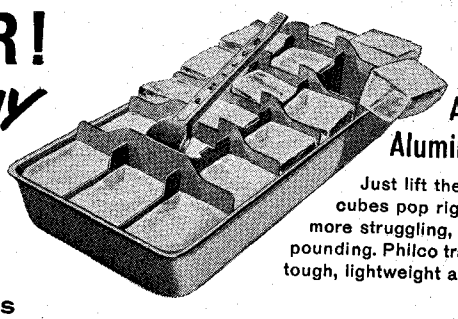
PRESENT REFRIGERATOR: AGE____YRS SIZE____CU FT

20TH ANNIVERSARY OFFER!

"EASY-OUT" TRI-CUBE ICE TRAY

$2.25 VALUE NOW ONLY 79¢

Limited time only at participating Philco dealers to celebrate 20 years of Philco quality refrigerators.



All Aluminum!

Just lift the lever and cubes pop right out! No more struggling, soaking or pounding. Philco tray made of tough, lightweight aluminum.

PHILCO

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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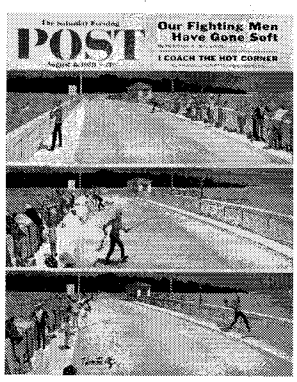

THE COVER

It could be that Mr. Fischer is a very smart operator, but artist Thornton Utz, getting to know him while painting him three times, came to feel that he is just a natural-born loner with no more Waltonian genius than the gregarious masses who irk him. One thing for sure: he has an affluence of good luck that you might not believe if you didn't see it on a *Post* cover. That first fish, Utz reports from Sarasota, Florida, is a snook, which is belligerent on a hook and palatable on a plate. And what in the name of Neptune is that creature with its chin on the bridge, a sea serpent? If it is merely a bigger fish, what Fischer needs about now is a harpoon. Our painter likes to go fishing, but most of the time he just thinks about it while sitting dutifully at his easel—creative recreation.

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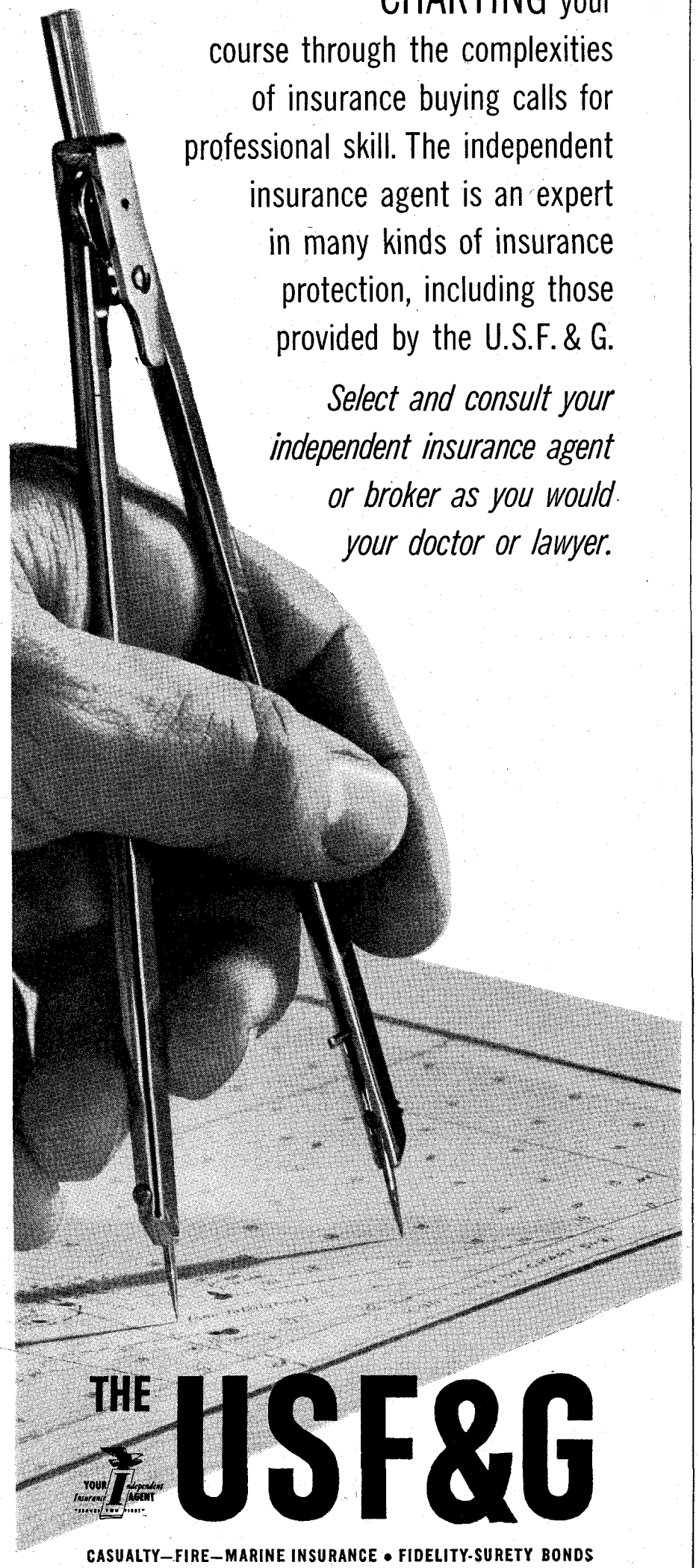

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Letters

Our Softening Males

Dear Sirs:

Never before have I been so sickened by a character as by Tom Hawkins, THE MAN WHO BLEW THE WHISTLE [by Williams Forrest, Mar. 28]. No ordinary man holds any brief for bribery and corruption, but only in America would a famous magazine present to its readers as a hero such a sanctimonious, holier-than-thou clot who merely turns coyly away when his wife says, "You're beautiful, beautiful!" . . . .

What's got into you Yanks? You seem a lot changed from the types I shared Jungle Juice Mark I with in New Guinea in '42–'43.

A. H. STEDMAN
Kitale, Kenya

Dear Sirs:

I can no longer stomach the plot of the ardent young woman who chases the man of her choice up a tree and teaches him the facts of life. . . . Or the hero who falls ill or gets hurt and there steps forward a noble and able woman who fights off the Indians with one hand, administers the wagon train with the other. . . .

What's with all these feeble males who clutter current fiction? You can have them.

A. R. TREANOR
Seattle, Wash.

● *More about the American male on p. 13.* —*ED.*

When Diplomats Flip

Dear Sirs:

After reading hundreds of short stories and novels predicting the end of the world . . . my husband and I found THE GREAT GOLDEN COIN [by Dan Gallery, July 4] a wonderfully refreshing and enjoyable change. . . .

Considering the fact that we are indeed living in a period of chance, the spinning of a golden coin isn't such a bad idea.

ETHEL A. WILNER
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

In the case of Israel vs. Jordan, I believe THE GREAT GOLDEN COIN would have come to rest on edge.

VINTON FREEDLEY, JR.
Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The F.D.R. gold has finally been put to some good use.

HANS SKREBERG
Milan, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

An excellent idea for maintaining world peace—except for the specifications.

Dan must not fool around *lightly* with gold. His coin would weigh about 4,500,000 pounds, requiring sixty forty-ton cranes to lift. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

PLEASE, NO CHEMISE

Reader Wasson . . .

. . . censures the sack.

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading the article on Tobé [SHE KNOWS WHAT WOMEN WILL WEAR, by Stanley Frank, June 27] and, of course, was fascinated by it, but I was simply appalled to see that she thinks the chemise is coming back! . . . .

Never having had any children, Tobé doesn't realize how precious our waistlines are to us mothers. I have had six babies and am proud of my twenty-four-inch waist. I am forty-one years old and will be a grandmother in October. Everything else she said in that article was good, but please let's keep the chemise in the Orient, where it belongs, on those little flat-chested women.

MRS. DAVID WASSON
Johnstown, Pa.

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Protecting a link in PURE's pipeline system

Why this Pure Oil pipeline goes to bed in a blanket

Covering whole pipelines with a special protective wrapper is one of the steps we take to stop corrosion

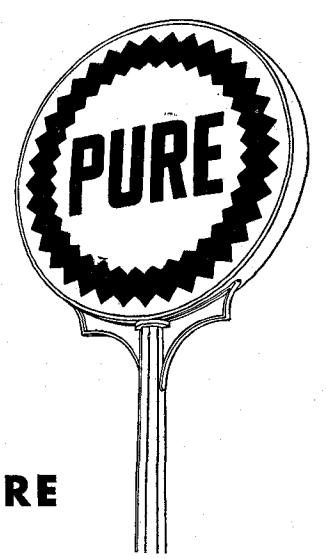
If you've ever seen a steel saw that's been left outdoors a few nights, you can get an idea of an important problem for pipeliners. We bury our big steel pipes in the damp earth to stay there for years; and without special protection, they'd soon be eaten by rust, corrosion, or electrolysis.

The picture above shows a section of PURE pipeline about to be lowered into the ground. It's being covered with a protective coating and wrapped in a special "blanket" that keeps moisture and soil salts away.

As a further precaution, once the pipe is buried, we'll apply direct electric current to its entire length. This counteracts the corrosive electrolytic action produced by steel in the earth. But PURE's protection program doesn't stop even there; low-flying airplanes will patrol the line regularly, looking for any sign of a leak.

PURE spares no effort to make its 13,000 miles of wholly-and-partially-owned pipeline efficient to operate and economical to maintain. The same care goes into every phase of our operations, from the oilfields to the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states. That's why we're able to say, "You can be *sure* with PURE."

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



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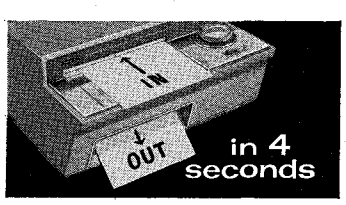

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Let's leave the stuff at Fort Knox. A nation without gold is a ship without ballast.

RALPH A. O'NEILL
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The most absurd fairy tale which I have ever had the misfortune to read. . . .

I would hate to think that our great nation contains many such emotionally and mentally immature persons as Mr. Gallery, and that they might help to shape its destiny with an attitude as utterly ridiculous and impersonal as his.

MARY K. FICKLIN, *student*
Burke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I nominate Dan Gallery for the Nobel Peace Prize!

EARL E. SCHUMACHER
Attorney at Law
Beaver Dam, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

There is no greater weapon in the world than ridicule. In a few thousand words a more forceful argument has been presented than the billions of words of rhetoric by the idealists and the bombast of the archaic-minded architects of our foreign policy. . . .

For this contribution to the cause of sanity Gallery rises above Voltaire and Swift.

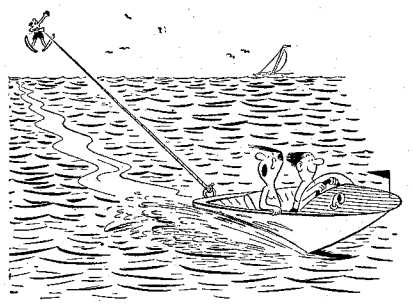
C. C. HILES
Panacea, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I doubt if any "Ivan" would ever resort to such a spinning chance, or live up to it if he did. I think the American people should follow more closely the inscription on their own coin: IN GOD WE TRUST.

AGNES A. WARD
Franklin, N.Y.

His Ear is Bent



"I think he's trying to tell us something."

Dear Sirs:

[Re Al Johns' July 4 cartoon, above:]

I think the reason the man in the boat cannot hear the skier is because his ear is on backward.

WENDELL SMITH, *age 11*
Beaumont, Texas

Inflamed Reader

Dear Sirs:

It's two years since you published my letter on race relations [THE BURNING ISSUE, July 13, 1957] in *The Post*. I'm still getting replies from that letter. Some of the letters should have come in asbestos envelopes. I don't mind how hot the letters are . . . but I don't like to have my name misspelled.

Can you do something to prevent this travesty on justice?

MERRILL C. SKAUG, *Minister*
Eagle Baptist Church
Eagle, Idaho

● *We can—and do—offer our sympathy. (But we still say the "Skaug" in that signature looks like "Skang.")* —ED.

A News for Nose

Dear Sirs:

I read with much interest the article I BET MY SHIRT ON THIN AIR by Eric Hatch in the June 27th issue of your fine publication. Since I am . . . with the six McLendon Stations . . . I can well appreciate the trials and tribulations of Mr. Hatch and his WBIS.

His "blooper" he mentioned ["Stay tuned for the loocal nose."] was surprisingly similar to a goodie of mine

about four years ago when I urged the listeners to stay tuned for "John T. Flynn, the nooted nose commentator."

DON KEYES
Dallas, Texas

● *John T. Flynn was not the world's first nose commentator. Author J. Bryan III recalled, in an April 23, 1949,* Post *article titled* RADIO'S MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS, *how New York's Arthur van Horne once proclaimed, "WOR presents the newted nose analyst. . . ."—ED.*

Have Jet, Will Hasten

Dear Sirs:

In his letter (June 20 *Post*) regarding James Newman's article on Einstein and relativity, Chuck Y. Farley submitted this quotation:

"There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was far faster than light;
She set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned home the previous night.
—*Punch, Dec. 19, 1923.*"

Limit her journey to an eastbound one-way trip across the international date line in a jet plane, and the lady's performance becomes not only possible but understandable, with no help from Einstein. Thus:

A lady jet pilot named Bright
Took off, by the dawn's early light,
From Manila one day,
And landed O.K.
In Hawaii the previous night.

CLIFF CALDWELL
Lincoln, Nebr.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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ARKANSAS	$24,200,000	MASSACHUSETTS	$194,150,000	PENNSYLVANIA	$396,550,000
CALIFORNIA	$564,850,000	MICHIGAN	$273,900,000	RHODE ISLAND	$30,800,000
COLORADO	$52,250,000	MINNESOTA	$90,750,000	SOUTH CAROLINA	$33,000,000
CONNECTICUT	$123,750,000	MISSISSIPPI	$23,100,000	SOUTH DAKOTA	$12,100,000
DELAWARE	$32,450,000	MISSOURI	$127,050,000	TENNESSEE	$63,250,000
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	$36,300,000	MONTANA	$16,500,000	TEXAS	$235,400,000
FLORIDA	$125,950,000	NEBRASKA	$35,750,000	UTAH	$19,250,000
GEORGIA	$68,750,000	NEVADA	$11,550,000	VERMONT	$9,900,000
IDAHO	$14,300,000	NEW HAMPSHIRE	$17,600,000	VIRGINIA	$91,300,000
ILLINOIS	$400,400,000	NEW JERSEY	$232,100,000	WASHINGTON	$85,250,000
INDIANA	$132,000,000	NEW MEXICO	$19,250,000	WEST VIRGINIA	$41,800,000
IOWA	$63,800,000	NEW YORK	$752,400,000	WISCONSIN	$114,400,000
KANSAS	$51,150,000	NORTH CAROLINA	$72,050,000	WYOMING	$9,350,000
KENTUCKY	$57,200,000	NORTH DAKOTA	$10,450,000		
LOUISIANA	$67,100,000	OHIO	$338,800,000		

Amounts (to nearest $50,000) figured on the percentage of all federal taxes collected in each state. Current tax collections used as basis.

Every American is taxed to pay for federal "public power," and the cost to people in your state has run into millions of dollars.

Federal government electric power systems have already cost the nation's taxpayers $5½ billion. The list above shows about how much was collected in each state.

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Yet this spending for more and more federal "public power" is completely unnecessary. America's hundreds of independent electric light and power companies are ready and able to provide all the low-price electricity the nation will need—*without* depending on your taxes.

These are the companies that have doubled the supply of electricity in the past 10 years, and will double the present supply in the next 10.

Federal "public power" keeps growing because most people don't realize they are paying for it. But informed Americans can put a stop to it.

Will *you* help spread the word among your friends and neighbors? When enough people understand, something surely will be done to halt this unnecessary spending.

.....

WHEN "PUBLIC POWER" WINS—YOU LOSE! *Every time another federal "public power" proposal goes through Congress, you are taxed to pay the bill.*

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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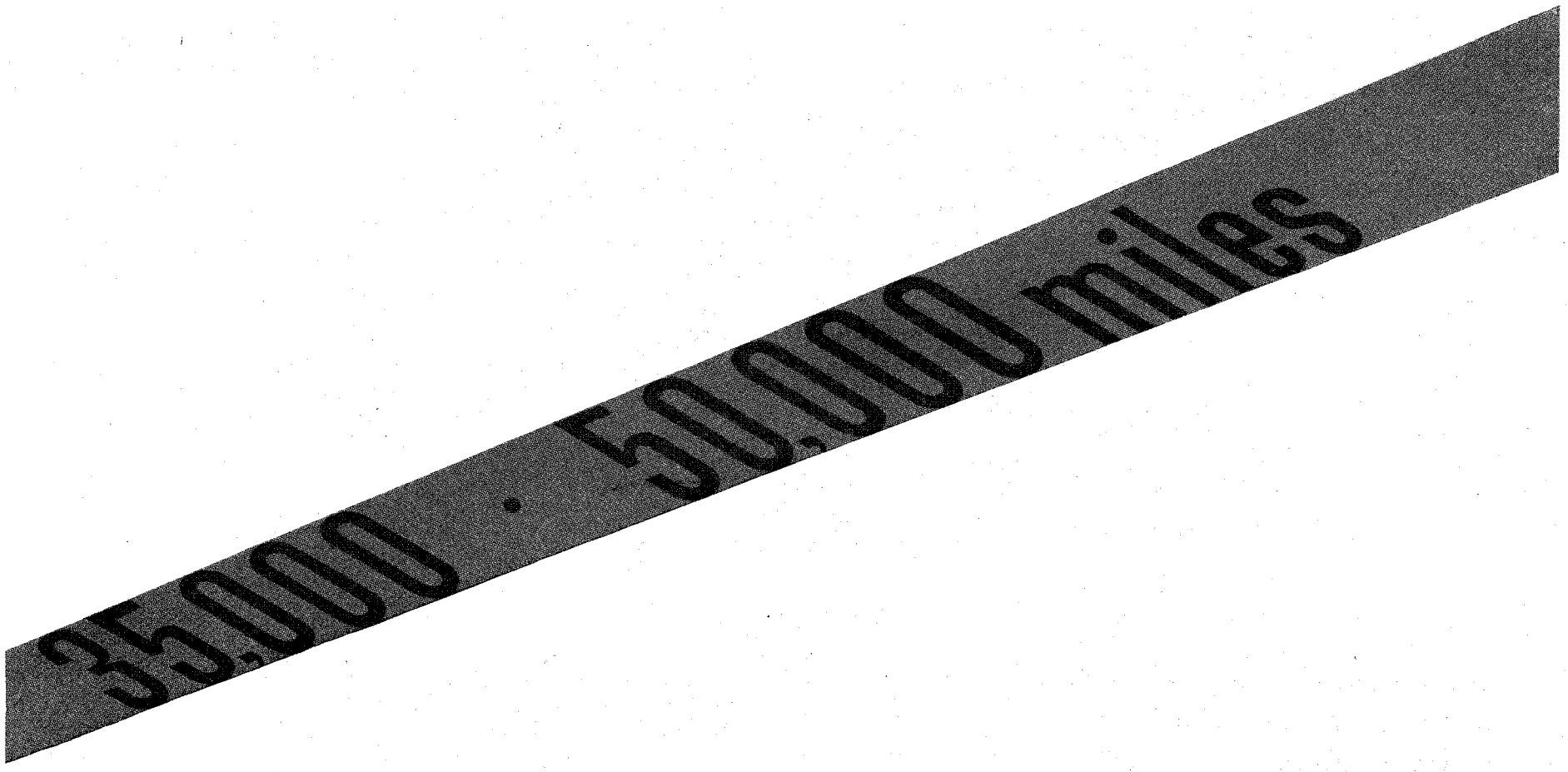

NEVER ANOTHER FLAT TIRE!

GENERAL DUAL 90

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Editorials

The Reds Are Guilty of Genocide in Tibet!

People in the comfortable countries, including the United States, have grown so used to reading about mass murders in faraway places that it is hard for them nowadays to feel these things as real. Atrocities have become commonplace. Have Red China's army and secret police been killing Tibetans in large numbers? Of course. But murder by Communists is such an old story that most of us merely turn the page to murders by juvenile delinquents.

The Chinese Reds are not simply suppressing a rebellion by taking the lives of the rebels. More than that, they seem to be killing Tibetans because they are Tibetans; thus they commit the crime of genocide, which means the slaughter of a people.

The matter has been investigated by the International Commission of Jurists, an alliance of lawyers with headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. Its record is one of sharp struggle against tyranny. After the Tibetan uprising in early spring this legal group called on its branch in India to search out the facts.

Experts were appointed by the Indian Commission of Jurists to interview witnesses and collect and study documents. After two months of investigation, a report has been rendered by the general secretary, Purshottam Trikamdas, who was once secretary to Mohandas K. Gandhi.

The Indian commission has found "a prima-facie case that . . . there has been an attempt to destroy the national, ethnic, racial, and religious group of Tibetans by killing members of the group and by causing serious bodily and mental harm. These acts constitute the crime of genocide under the Genocide Convention of the United Nations of 1948." Prime Minister Nehru, however, has said that, because of the absence of Red China from the United Nations, he doubted that the U.N. could take up the Tibetan case.

However, the charge of genocide was soon made officially by the legal head of the Tibetan Government, the Dalai Lama, speaking from his place of refuge in India. "Complete absorption and extinction of the Tibetan race is being undertaken," he declared. There is "terrible deportation and execution of innocent men."

A former delegate from India to the United Nations, B. S. Gilani, says that Red China has an "ultimate aim. It wants to colonize Tibet."

Hitler similarly wanted to colonize Poland and other countries of Eastern Europe. To that end he murdered vast numbers of their inhabitants. Stalin committed genocide repeatedly, long before that term was coined to give the crime a particular name. In two continents, from the Baltic to Central Asia and farther north in Siberia, he exterminated, he deported, he colonized. Men and women and children who escaped immediate death were shipped around like low-grade cattle. There are places like Kazakhstan, in Asia, where colonists from other parts of the Kremlin's empire have become the majority; those natives who remain are outnumbered in their own country.

Now Mao Tse-tung and his fellow slavemasters in Peking are apparently committing the same wholesale crime in Tibet. In view of the charges by the Dalai Lama and the Indian Commission of Jurists, the United Nations should make a thorough investigation, even if the guilty nation is not a U.N. member. Otherwise, what good is the U.N.'s Genocide Convention of 1948?

Why a Proclamation to Launch "National Haircut Week"?

By JACK HURLEY

Whether you realize it or not, at this moment you are involved in at least four celebrations. It may be Industry Day in your city, as well as Izaak Walton Week in your state. Most of us ignore these special days and weeks.

The only people who cannot ignore them are the state governors and city mayors who must give these shallow observances a veneer of importance by means of an official proclamation. This misuse of official proclamations has been condemned by state and municipal chief executives for two basic reasons.

First, and most important from a legal point of view, is that the proclamation, an instrument of government employed to convene legislatures or declare martial law, has been reduced to an advertising gimmick for pressure groups.

The chief executives' second point of concern is that charity-fund drives, which do deserve public notice through proclamations, are lost in the din of a hundred nonsensical observances. In short, the general public has become tone-deaf to any statement issued through a proclamation.

In 1957 no less than 5000 city and state proclamations were signed at the request of local groups. Arizona's 1,000,000 citizens were bombarded by 150 proclamations in 1957, while neighboring California, with a booming 13,000,000 population, chalked up a scanty sixty-seven. But Los Angeles made up the difference by grinding out 110 special day and week observances.

Some governors have curtailed their proclamations to those required by law, while others have issued "official memos" in lieu of the proclamation. Scrappy Jim Coleman of Mississippi grabbed the bull by the horns when he took office three years ago and refused to sign any proclamations at all. "It came to a point," he said, "where they were proclaiming everything from Dog Week on up and down."

Most chief executives want to reinstate the proclamation to its former position of respect and to halt government involvement in private observances. Governors, using special memos, press conferences and other methods, are hoping to solve the problem, but they need the help of private groups within their states.

Here are some points for citizens to consider before asking their governor or mayor for an official proclamation:

1. Is our project as important as calling the legislature into session or mustering the state militia?
2. Is it more important than collecting money for medical research or needy charities?
3. Is it really important enough to expect millions of people to stop, look and listen?

If all the answers are affirmative, the group will be welcome at the city hall or state capitol. They really have something worth proclaiming.

Some Schools Award Letters for Brains as Well as Brawn

Would it encourage interest in scholarship if students could earn a letter in the classroom as well as on the athletic field? This idea is being considered in the search for ways to stimulate scholastic attainment in the high schools, and a few schools over the country are trying out this idea. One with a long enough experience to justify some conclusions is the Sharon Springs, Kansas, High School. Sharon Springs has given scholarship letters for the last six years.

The scholastic letter is identical with those awarded to athletes except that it is inlaid with a small lamp representing the "lamp of learning." It is tougher to earn than those won by a halfback or tackle; a student must make all *A*'s for a semester to win one. The four-letter man must be a rare phenomenon, although Sharon Springs seems to have produced several.

The idea is no longer regarded as an experiment. "We feel that giving the scholarship letter has definitely created more interest in scholarship," says Principal William P. Seigle of Sharon Springs. The record bears him out. Two of last year's twenty-five graduating seniors were in the finals of the National Merit Scholarship contest. In the last five annual state competitions for Kansas Class B schools, Sharon Springs finished first four times and second once. Of the ninety-four students enrolled this year seven boys and two girls earned letters for all *A*'s the first semester. Six of the seven awards to boys went to athletes. There need be no antagonism between brain and muscle.

A more favorable attitude toward scholarship in our secondary schools is certainly needed, and, if this can be achieved by letting the students wear their grades on their sweaters, what's wrong with that?

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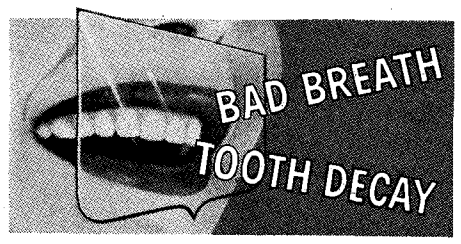

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Tivoli's famed Villa D'Este gardens.

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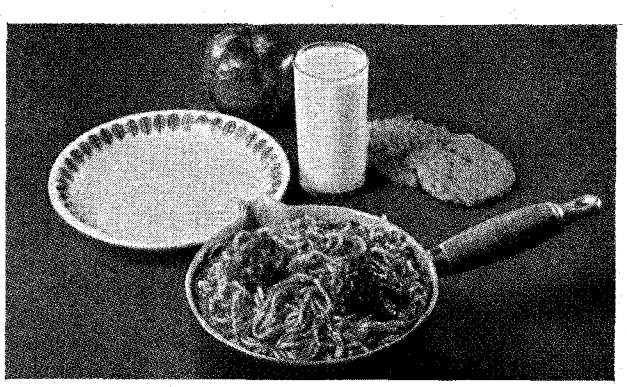
Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls make meals *doubly* satisfying. Just watch the family go for this dish of tender spaghetti, tasty beef meat balls, zesty tomato sauce. Meal after meal, it's everlastingly enjoyable. And what a happy way to stretch your food dollars. Cost: only about 15¢ a serving.

Start your Italian meal with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls. Add a salad, garlic bread. Finish with Italian coffee.



For a hot, hearty lunch for children, serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls. It's nourishing, delicious—kids love it.

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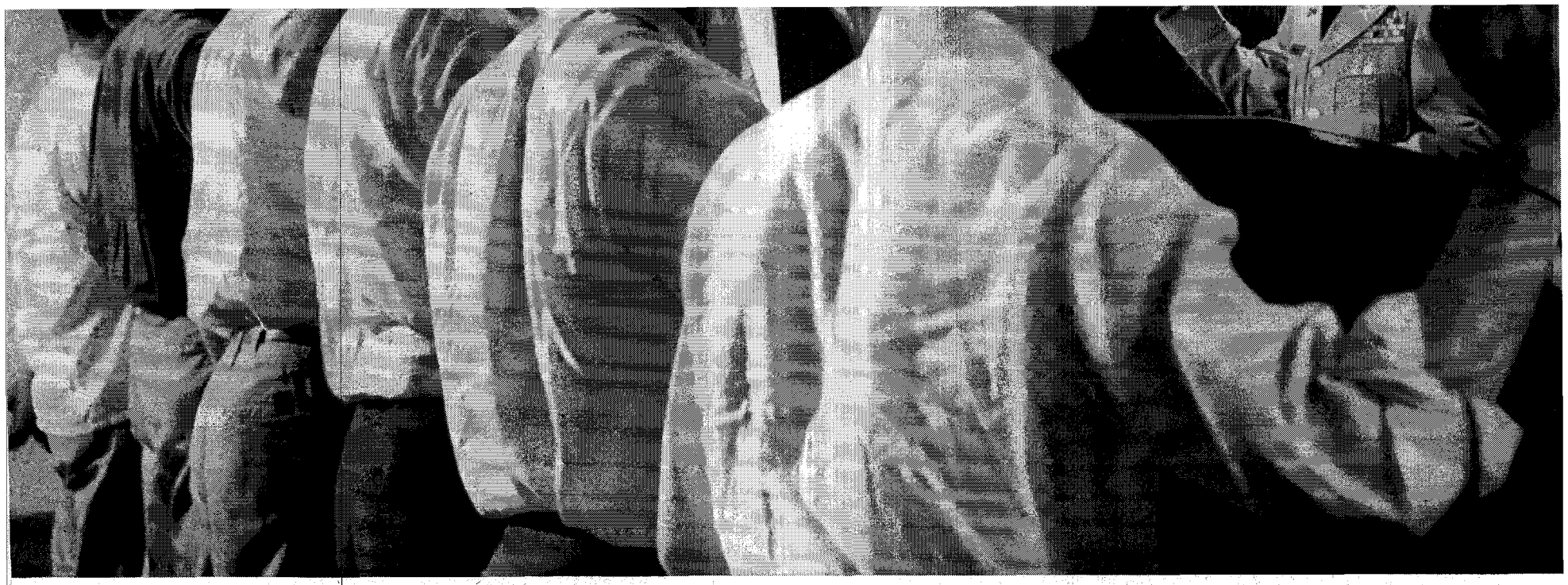

Draftees taking the oath of induction at the Schuylkill Arsenal in Philadelphia. At present, reports Baldwin, 40 per cent of our young men are found mentally or physically or morally unqualified for any kind of military service.

Our Fighting Men Have Gone Soft

A noted military expert charges that the inequities of the draft, civilian meddling and physical pampering, among other things, are drastically undermining our combat capabilities.

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hanson Weightman Baldwin, United States Naval Academy (1924), Pulitzer-prize winner (1942), and author of widely acclaimed books (*Great Mistakes of the War*), is military editor of *The New York Times*. His writings have always been noted for forthrightness and blunt approach to controversy. Some readers will disagree with the views he states in this article, but none can deny his expert qualifications to express them.

What's happened to our fighting men? Is the morale, the will to fight, the *élan*, the spirit, the *esprit de corps*, the motivation, the guts of the armed services what it ought to be?

To many experts who have known the Army and Navy, the Air Force and Marines for years the answer is negative. Military Man is the nation's major defense problem in the atomic age. Let's look at a few statistics.

The Navy in 1958 estimated that it recorded some 48,000 courts-martial annually, that a total of about 69,000 men per year—almost 11 per cent of its strength—were dealt some disciplinary action, and that more than enough men for the full crew of an aircraft carrier were branded deserters. During the last half of 1957, there was a naval prison population of almost 20,000, larger than the Danish and Norwegian navies combined.

The Navy noted "attitudes of indifference on the part of many men, complete lack of interest . . . in some cases open hostility," and continued problems "caused by promiscuity, 'shacking up,' venereal diseases, black marketing, community relations." It cited the Chinese Communists' description of the typical American fighting man.

"They maintained," the Navy declared, "that the American fighting man had little or no concept of moral values—not even the basic difference between right and wrong—had practically no understanding of American po-

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litical philosophy—the traditions of our American heritage—felt that he had been forced into military service as though into slavery—and wanted nothing in the world but to get out."

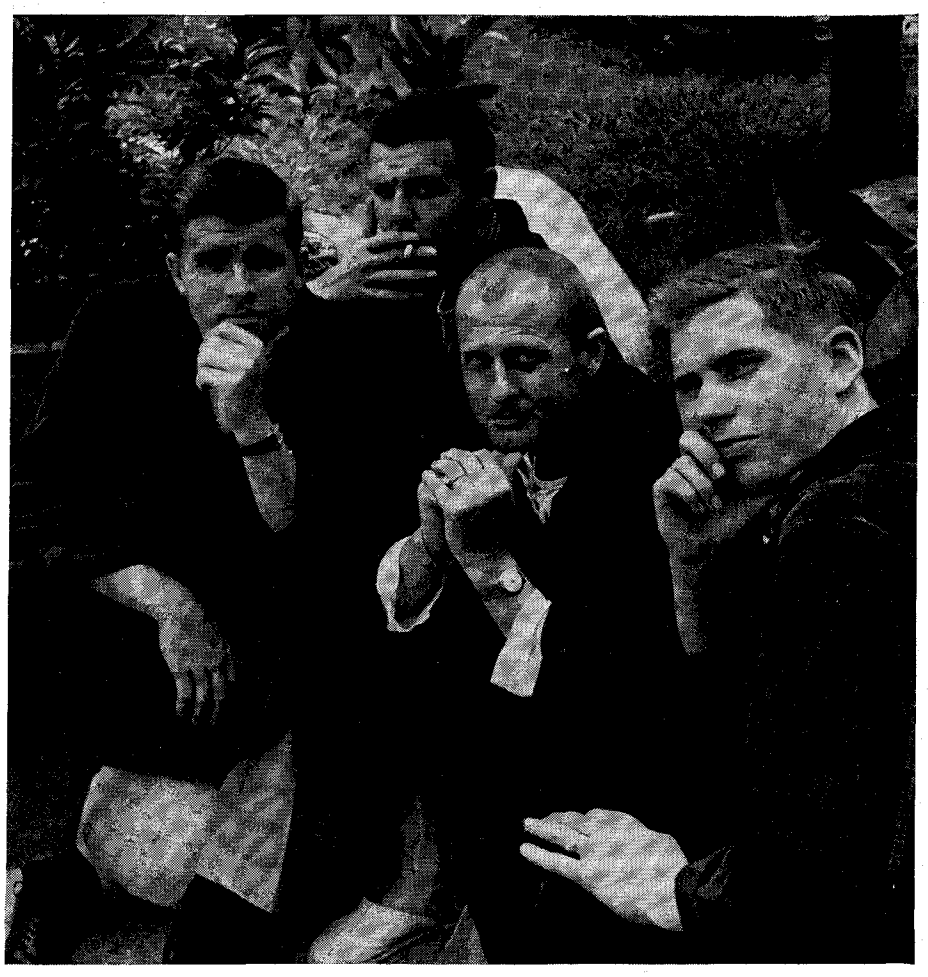
Eugene Kinkead's recent book, *In Every War But One*, gives a fuller picture of the deplorable conduct of many of the Americans who were taken prisoners in Korea. He asserts—on the basis of a study of Army records—that "almost one out of every three American prisoners in Korea was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy."

Add to this testimony a lone voice which spoke obscurely but convincingly recently in the pages of *The Nation*. John C. Esty, associate dean of Amherst College and a captain in the Air Force Reserve, discussed the "demoralizing climate" in young men's lives, created by inequities of our military manpower system. In an article titled DRAFT DODGER OR PATRIOT? he declares that someone had better pay attention to college students' perspective.

"From that perspective, the *status quo* [of the draft] is absolutely unviable, the corruption of 'universal' service is corrupting their sense of duty, uncertainty is making cynics of them, and their talents and training are deliberately turned from the service of their country."

It should be emphasized at once that there still are high-spirited units in the services—some of the Navy's nuclear-submarine crews, the Army's paratroopers, the best of SAC, some, but not all, Marine Corps units. Invariably these fine units are: (1) well led; and (2) volunteers. But for the services as a whole there are far too many unwilling time-servers. Despite increased pay rates and other attractive material benefits, the armed forces are unable to retain many of the men they most need.

Why is this? Why has man—the soul of battle, the core of any armed force—been so seemingly neglected?



1951: At left are four marines who successfully resisted Red brainwashing efforts during their six months' imprisonment by the Chinese Communists in Korea. They are shown convalescing at a U. S. Naval Hospital in Japan.

Below: Turncoats of the Korean war at the People's University at Peiping, China. Almost one of every three American prisoners in Korea was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy, it has been charged.

Berlin: In a 1956 court-martial, the Negro soldier above was found guilty of killing a fellow GI in a fist fight and of assaulting three others. He was sentenced to nine years in prison and a dishonorable discharge.

Maj. Ronald E. Alley (far right), after his sentencing in 1955 to ten years of hard labor for collaborating with his Communist captors in Korea. He was released from prison last June after serving three years and seven months of his sentence, which had been reduced to five years.

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The amphibious assault on Tarawa, November 20, 1943, provided an American epic. "The nation can rise again to the greatness of its military traditions," Baldwin says, "if our leaders recognize that man, not the machine, makes war."

The answer is: He has not been neglected; he has been pampered. Gen. Randolph McCall Pate, commandant of the United States Marine Corps, said recently that Americans are becoming soft physically and "in national thought."

The automobile age has made us almost a legless nation, the welfare state a dependent people.

In the past half century the nation has profoundly changed. This in itself is inevitable; in the life of man the only constant is change. The changes have brought us our extraordinarily high standards of living, our high degree of economic security and many other advantages; but they have also robbed too many of us of some of the native American birthrights—daring, incentive, initiative, push, aggressiveness, self-dependence.

We have changed from a "have-not" to a "have" nation—the richest in the record of the world—but we are vulnerable like all the rich and surfeited empires and kingdoms of the past to the slow corrosion of luxury, the attrition of ease. Washington, D.C., so vastly different from the simple town of Abe Lincoln, of Grover Cleveland or of Teddy Roosevelt, has become a capital of bureaucrats; Big Government has invaded every corner of our daily lives. As Thomas Jefferson noted, "The natural progress of things is for liberty to yield and government to gain ground."

The whole cultural and social pattern of American life has been revolutionized by the transformation of our agrarian economy into an urban industrial one by modern technology and by a host of other factors.

One can take any position one likes about these profound alterations in our national life and our national philosophy and psychology during the past half century and produce strong arguments on both sides. These range from the pat "We aren't what we used to be," to "We've never had it so good."

The point is—and it is long overdue for emphasis—that the armed services are not immune to changes in the social pattern. They have been profoundly affected by such changes—and, from the point of view of tough combat soldiering, adversely affected. The services—by proper training, indoctrination and leadership—can dampen or reduce these adverse effects, but they cannot eliminate them. In America the soldier is a part of the state—not a state within a state.

There are three major categories of reasons why Military Man has lost some of his zip. The primary group of causes stems, as I have said, from the changes in the life of the nation; Military Man has changed because Civilian Man has changed. The second group of causes relates to the first but derives from it; it includes "reforms" forced upon the armed services by Congress or by the civilian chiefs of Government. The third group of causes comprises those for which the services themselves are to blame.

Let's look further at the kind of Civilian Man that the services must use as raw material for Military Man.

The draft statistics—little noted in the recent congressional discussions—are frightening.

From September, 1948, to November, 1958, the rejection rate for draftees for physical, mental or moral reasons was 38.3 per cent. In the same period there was a further rejection by the armed forces of 6.6 per cent of those passed by their draft boards. The rate has since risen as a result of an amendment to the law which permits the services to turn down men of such low mental capability that they are virtually untrainable.

Even so—in the words of Dr. G. Ott Romney, deputy executive director of the President's Council on Youth Fitness, in a talk at a recent

(Continued on Page 82)

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An innocent man would die unless Carnevan proved that a certain respected cop was a criminal with a badge.

Set Up For Murder

By RICHARD STERN

First of Two Parts

Even after these first two weeks it was hard to believe that he was here, back in his own office working at his trade, a cop again, instead of a kind of mummy swathed in bandages and plaster, or merely something that had once been a man laid away in a box and buried and forgotten—Carnevan, too tough and ornery to die was the way the department saw it. The department was wrong. He was merely lucky Carnevan, and how much luck could a man count on in one lifetime?

He sat now, and made his notes, and listened to the man across the desk, and made himself go slow and easy and with care in his questions because that luck was running still, and he couldn't shake the feeling that it was maybe too good to be happening to him. Funny thought; once upon a time it would never have occurred to him.

The man's name was Martin Fallon. Age: thirty-four. Occupation: Construction engineer. Residence: "Park Hotel, I suppose," Fallon said. "I got off the ship yesterday morning. I've been out of the country for four years."

Just like that, the kind of break a cop dreams about. "Go over it all again," Carnevan said. "You were walking, just walking at that time of night—why?"

"It sounds silly, I guess," Fallon said. In a rugged, sunburned kind of way, he was impressive enough, a little embarrassed, but determined, and confident, the sort somebody would listen to and believe, somebody on a jury, say. "After four years out of the country," he said, "there's kind of excitement at being back. It's not my city, but it's American, and familiar. I wanted to—wrap the city around me. If you see what I mean."

Carnevan looked at his notes. "You were a block away when you saw the cab pull up to the apartment house, right? And Frankie got out, right? That was his name, Frankie Russo. It means, it meant quite a bit to a lot of people." Never mind what kind of people, mostly scum. "And the cab pulled away, turned the corner, right? And this other car started up and came by." He paused. "How far away were you then? When the car got to the apartment-house entrance?"

"Maybe a half block."

Carnevan said slowly, "There were how many shots? One? Two?"

"I told you, lieutenant, it was a burst, maybe six or seven shots. It was an automatic weapon. I've been where there was shooting before—the Middle East, and other places. I hit the sidewalk." Nobody, watching, could disbelieve.

"But you took a good look at the car," Carnevan said, "and the two men; you even

A man's face was clear in the reflected glow of her headlights.

got the license number, for what that's worth. The car will turn out to be stolen."

"The car went right by me," Fallon said. "The men apparently didn't see me. I tried to do what I could by looking and remembering."

"Go on," Carnevan said.

"As I told you, when the car was gone, I got up and went into the lobby of the apartment house. There was broken glass, but nobody around. I couldn't be sure what had happened, and I couldn't find anybody, so I went on to the Park Hotel and got some sleep. And then I phoned here, and they told me to come around and see you."

Carnevan said, "Frankie made it into the elevator, and the elevator man was scared and slammed the door and started the elevator. He says he could see Frankie was hurt bad and his first thought was to get him to one of the doctors in the building. I think he was just scared. It doesn't matter. He didn't see the car, he says. Neither did anybody else. And Frankie is dead. You're the only one."

"I didn't know that," Fallon said.

Carnevan stood up. "I'll have some pictures sent in. You look through them. Maybe you'll recognize somebody, maybe not. This was a professional job, and they may have been imported talent."

Standing there, watching Fallon's face, it was almost as if he could see into Fallon's mind and understand what was beginning to grow there; and this was funny, too, because in that once-upon-a-time he, Carnevan, would not have comprehended the kind of fear that comes from imagining what might happen.

"I'll try," Fallon said.

Carnevan nodded. "You came in here like a good citizen. We'll take care of you." Walking down the hall to the captain's office he tried not to think about that other time when they—when specifically he—had not taken care of another good citizen.

Captain Long—Willie Long, Dapper Willie—wore a light tweed suit and a button-down collar and a foulard tie, and it was not hard to figure him for college, maybe even Ivy League, and a law degree and brains and a future; and it was a little hard to see him, even years ago, starting out on a beat like everybody else.

"A break," Long said, "and this fast. Sometimes we play in luck, don't we?"

"Luck," Carnevan said, and there was that feeling again.

"Does he know anybody in town?" Long said.

Carnevan frowned a little in puzzlement. He shook his head.

"Somebody," Long said, "who'll put him up, keep him (Continued on Page 49)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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"Sometimes we play in luck, don't we?" said Willie.

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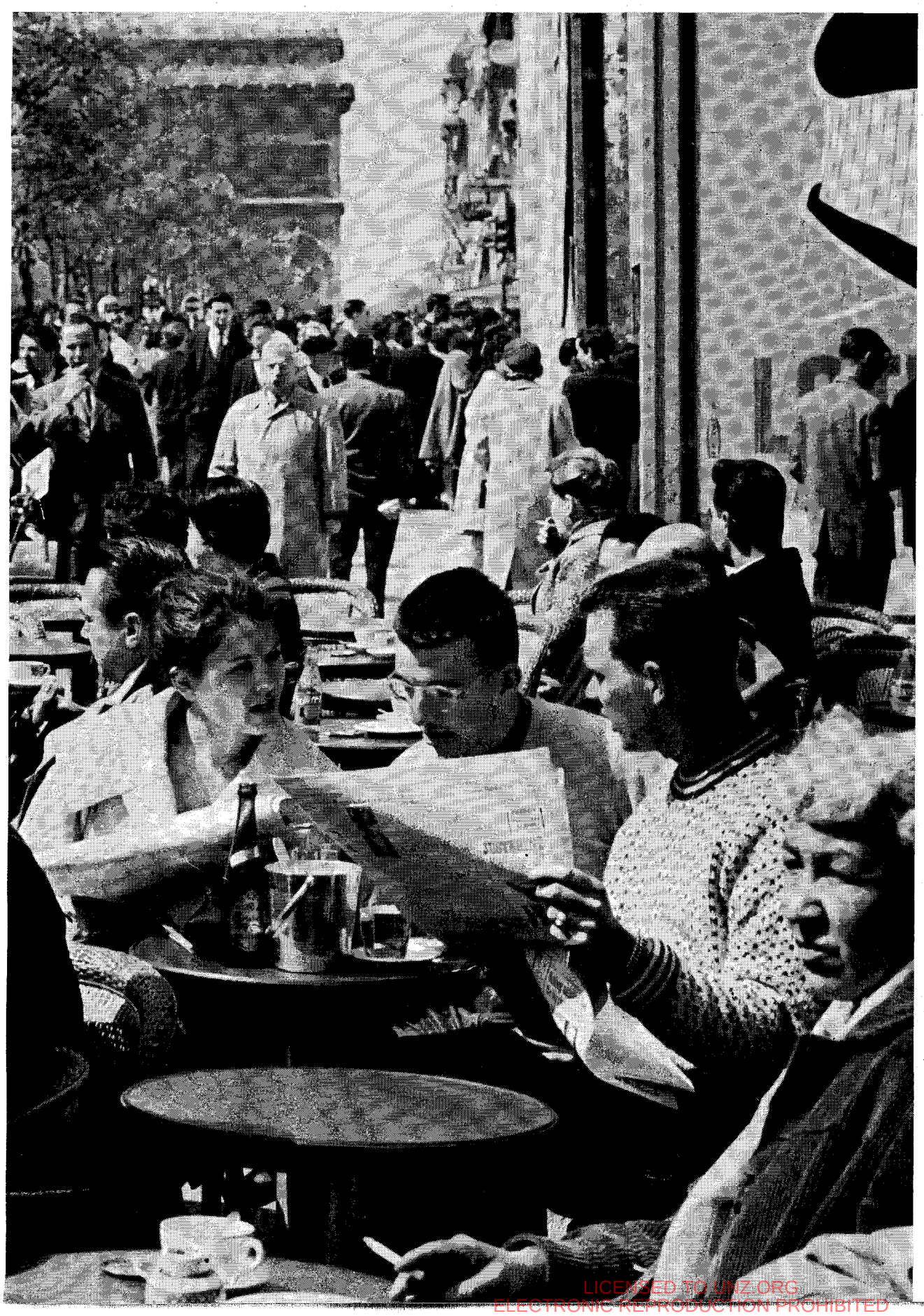
So You Want to Live in Paris

An American—who has successfully played the game herself—explains the unwritten rules that govern the frustrating Parisian sport of apartment hunting.

By TONI HOWARD

At a sidewalk café on the Champs Élysées, two young American servicemen search through the "for rent" columns in the Paris *Herald Tribune*, which refuses to take any responsibility for the accuracy of the ads.



PARIS.

The minute you hear the cocktail-party conversation, you know you are in Paris:

"If you hear of anything at all, call me. We're ready to settle for an attic if necessary, as long as it's got a bed and some kind of bathroom. . . ."

"Of course, we've got to paint the entire place ourselves and install new plumbing, but it is centrally located. . . ."

"Two bedrooms and two baths, but the landlady is keeping one bedroom and one bath for herself, so it's a little *difficile*. . . ."

"I got it from some Brazilians who are cousins of my first husband, but now we're looking for something larger. . . ."

"I'd trade it in a minute for something with a decent kitchen. . . ."

Listening to such scintillating talk, the newly arrived American in Paris not only knows where he is but he knows what these seemingly normal people are playing. They are engaged in the great Parisian indoor sport of "rental roulette," a game played something like musical chairs—only the chairs are rented apartments.

With a dry martini in one hand and an anchovy *canapé* in the other, they are swapping apartments, trying to hang onto what they've got and at the same time move into something better, and never, never get caught out in the roofless cold when the music stops. It's an exhilarating game, only occasionally desperate, but it has transformed the once-pleasant Paris cocktail party into a perpetually competitive real-estate bazaar. There was a time, in Paris as everywhere else, when people used to squeeze themselves into these crowded rooms in the vague hope of meeting the Not Impossible Her (or Him). Now they go in the hope of finding a place to live.

For if, as Shelley put it, "Hell is a city much like London," then heaven is a city much like Paris—beautiful, bathed in light, but with not enough space for everyone who wants in.

And an ever-increasing multitude wants in. Since the end of the war, 1,000,000 new Parisians have got themselves born here or have streamed into the city from the provinces, raising the population of Greater Paris to 7,000,000. At the same time, dozens of alphabetical western agencies, military groups and private businesses have established headquarters here, pouring into an already overflowing city another flood of high-class homeless from beyond the Atlantic and the English Channel. Excluding the 500,000 tourists who descend like a plague of locusts on the city's

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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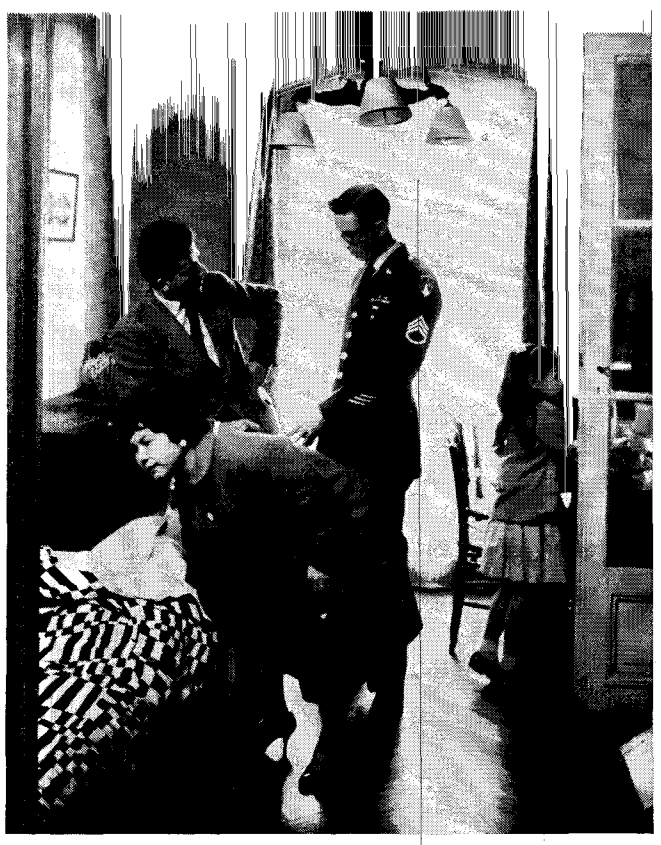
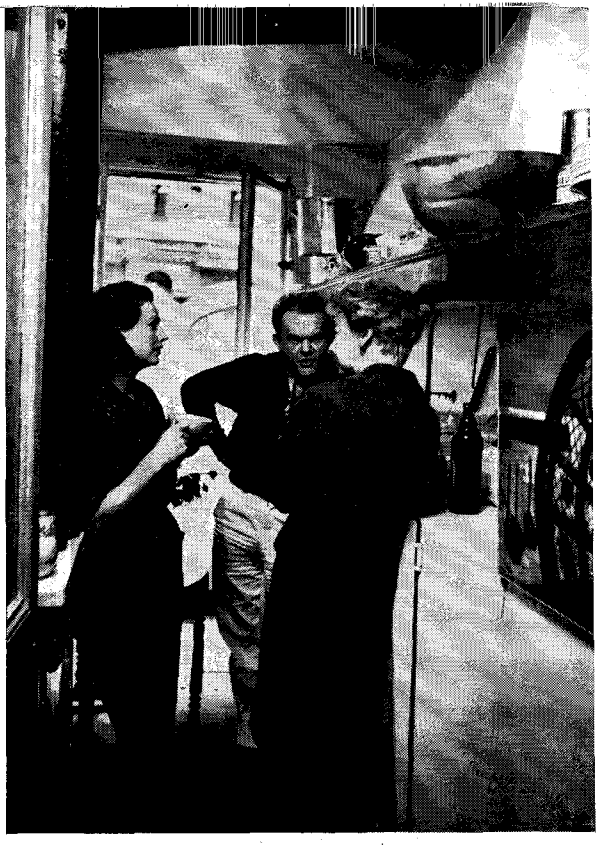


Paris currently plays host to 22,000 semipermanent Americans, including this apartment-hunting Army family.

Secretary Pat Fryatt of Waukesha, Wis., lives in quarters billed as having "all comfort." But her tiny tub is in the kitchen.



Author James Jones (*From Here to Eternity*) and his wife (left) in their flat overlooking the Seine.

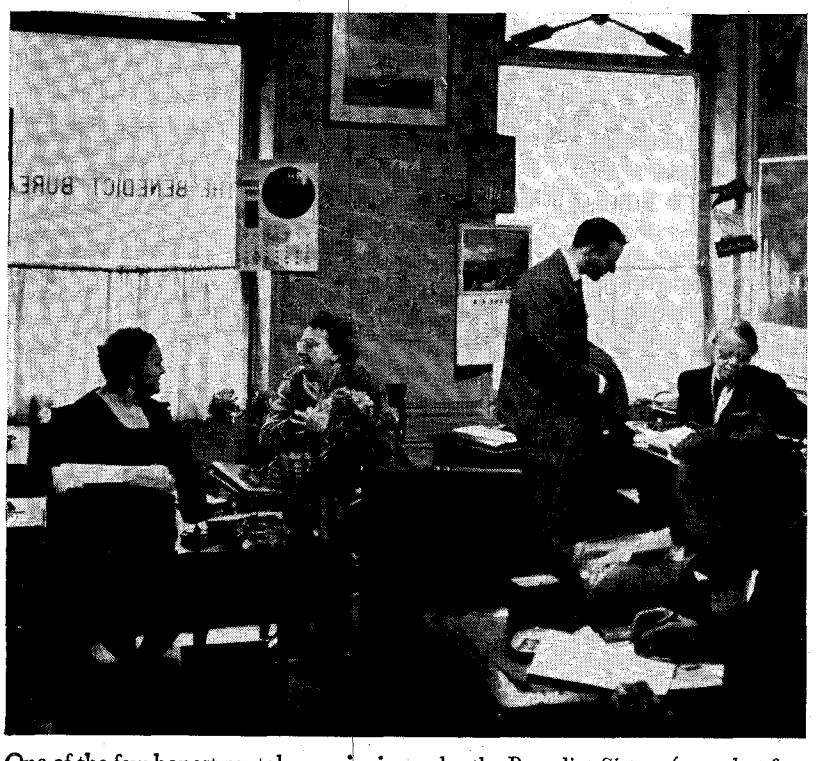
hotel rooms every spring and summer, Paris is now host to more than 22,000 semipermanent Americans, 13,000 British and an estimated 10,000 South Americans, all of whom are looking for, or perilously clinging to, a furnished apartment. Each year the scramble gets a bit brisker, as more and more Americans—remembering Oliver Wendell Holmes' dictum that "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris"—decide they can't wait that long. (Holmes, as you will remember, had a breakfast table, which is more than many an American in Paris has.) Each year we are told that the rental market is absolutely saturated and will hold no more, and each year another thousand or so land in Paris and try to muscle into "the circuit."

"The circuit" is roughly 10,000 to 12,000 reasonably expensive, furnished apartments which have been fixed up to meet American and British standards—plumbing, a gas or electric stove, sometimes even central heating. And it is within this circuit that the game of musical chairs is played, with the foreign colony milling from apartment to apartment and the French calling the tune by illegally raising the rent every time there's a new shuffle. Although the circuit is not an arbitrarily closed one—from time to time an astute Frenchman kicks in another apartment—the number who can play is strictly limited, and a newcomer's foremost hope of admission is as a replacement for someone going back home.

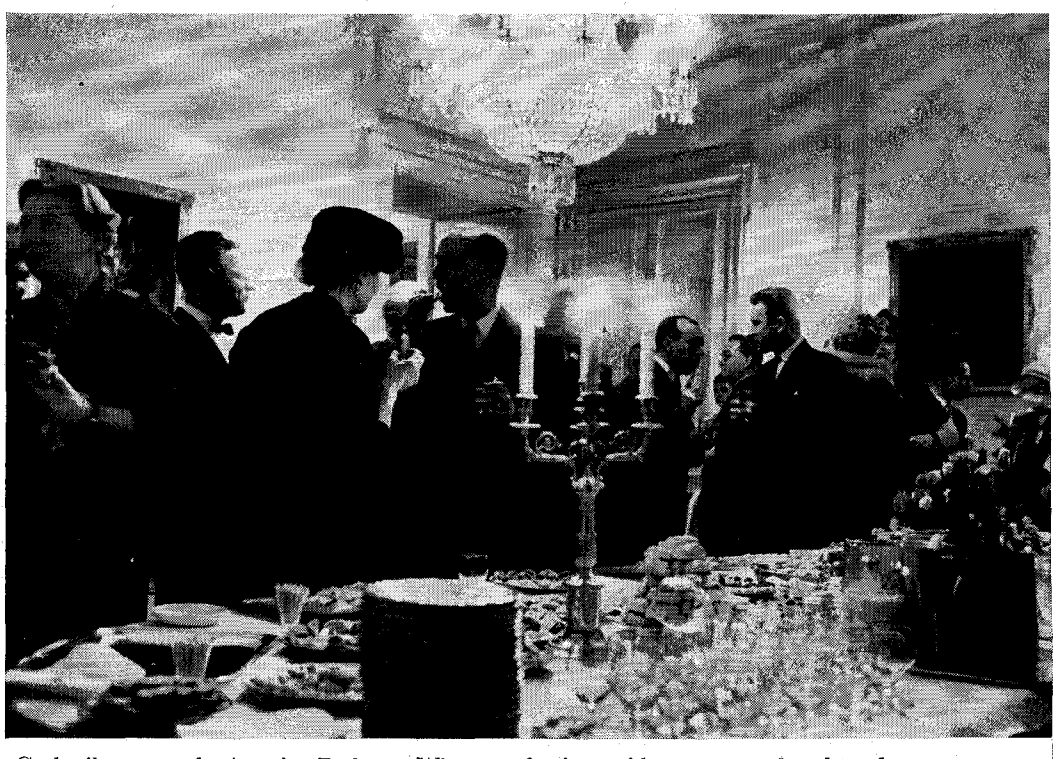
Permanent foreign residents of Paris—all those who, through marriage, job or inclination, expect to live here forever—have no need of the circuit. If they are very, very lucky and very, very wealthy, they can buy an apartment at an exorbitant price—around $5000 per room in a moderately dilapidated building—furnish it with exorbitantly expensive furniture, and then pay exorbitant French income taxes based on their "standard of living." These people can go it alone. It is the short-term foreign resident, the diplomat, newspaperman, artist or businessman who expects to live here only through a few months, a few years, a few government crises, who must claw his way into the circuit in order to find a place.

Once in, however, he must play strictly according to the rules. For we of the circuit are a little like members of the Communist Party—exclusive, jealous, dogmatic, and with our most implacable wrath reserved for deviationists and deserters.

For example, it is an unwritten rule that anyone going (Continued on Page 77)



One of the few honest rental agencies is run by the Benedict Sisters (seated at far left and right), who are Americans. But even they have few vacancies to offer.



Cocktail party at the Austrian Embassy. Whenever foreign residents get together these days, says the author, their main topic of conversation is apt to be the apartment rat race.

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"I'll lunch with you,
Dorothy.
Saida won't mind."

New Girl

On her first day in the office, she got the brush-off from the firm's most eligible man.

By GLORIA AMOURY

It was a warm spring evening—ideal wedding weather, Saida Gonsour thought guiltily as from her screened-in porch she looked out at other homes, both Arabic and American, on this splendid Narrows Avenue of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and wondered how to tell her parents and the boy she'd been engaged to all her life, as they sat planning her wedding, that she didn't intend to get married in three weeks.

The olive-skinned girl fought butterflies in the stomach, as the American said, because never in her nineteen sheltered years had she had to make an announcement like the one she was going to make. She glanced uneasily at the three who serenely ate eggplant hors d'oeuvres and sipped *arak* and water.

Her mother's face was flushed with excitement; her father's eyes misted with pride when they caught hers; Fayez gazed beyond the lawn at the waters of The Narrows, pink from the setting sun. His black eyes were serious; Saida hoped he wouldn't be hurt by what she had to say. They'd been such good friends during their engagement.

"We will have Arabic music, a rock-and-a-roll band and a music-with-champagne band," her mother decided happily.

"Have a hundred bands," her father said indulgently. "Fuad Gonsour will not stint on his daughter's marriage."

Saida said in a small voice, "It matters not what kind of band you have. I am not going to marry Fayez next month."

As the remark settled, a stunned and heavy silence filled the porch. Her parents' eyes searched her face as if they pleaded for a sign that she was joking. Fayez looked amazed.

Her father finally said, "But no one could be better for you. We are an old Beirut family, newly in Brooklyn; Fayez's is an old Beirut family, newly in Brooklyn. Fayez's father and I have, with the help of Allah, made fortunes here ——"

"Why don't you want to marry him?" her mother asked bluntly.

"Maybe," Fayez put in, "she has decided she just—doesn't want me." Although he was probably the most attractive unmarried Arabic boy in Brooklyn, he looked a trifle scared, as if he wondered whether at this last moment she objected to him personally.

"I don't want to marry him because I want to work in an American office." As Fayez looked somewhat relieved, she went on nervously, "All my life I have been in houses. In Beirut I was in the house with mother, with servants. Here, I am always in this house or entertained in houses like this one. When we marry I will be as a prisoner in Fayez's house. Before we came here I knew of no life for a woman but a life in houses, with parents first, and then with husband and children." She added softly, "But in Manhattan, I see American girls run from buildings at lunchtime—and I want to work as a free girl who never knows what exciting thing may happen to her on the next break-of-coffee."

Her father smiled. "You have nothing to offer business. You do not know the typing or the shorthand. So while the idea was interesting, we will forget it and go on planning the wedding."

So the rebellion was squelched at its birth. Saida swallowed hard at the thought that she'd never live through a working day, never know a break-of-coffee. She'd have to go from father's house to husband's house as thousands of Arabic girls had done before her, without even a glimpse inside the world that tantalized her.

"She could work as a receptionist," Fayez said surprisingly. "It takes only a few days to learn a switchboard."

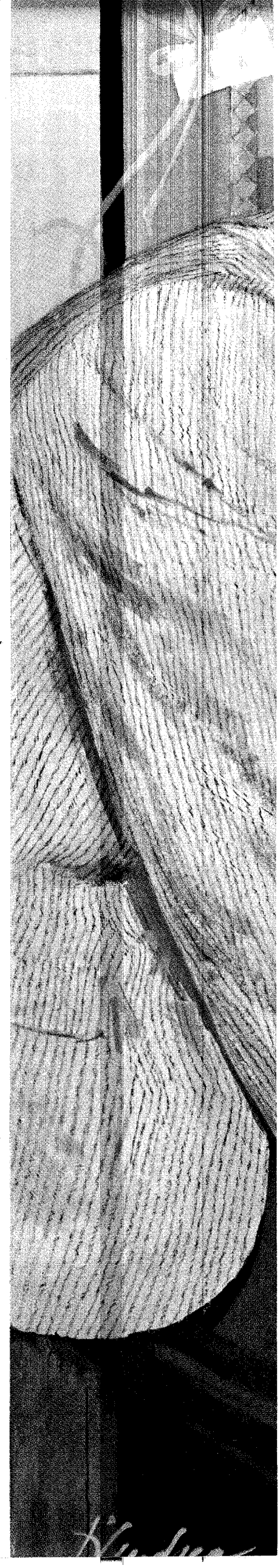
"You approve this idea?" her father said.

"I, too, am new to Brooklyn. I have noticed the different way of life of young American men. There are things I, too, would like to do."

"But the marriage!" Saida's mother's voice was panicky. "You would—cancel it?"

"Always my father told me I would marry Saida," Fayez said. (Continued on Page 79)

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea



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The Face of AMERICA

Bon Voyage!

Nearly a quarter million Americans will sail to Europe this year and another million or so will come to see them off. The excited crowd shown here, on Hudson River Pier 86 in Manhattan, is bidding safe voyage to friends and relatives aboard the *S.S. America*. Farewell parties are over, all are ashore that are going ashore, and now, as the 34,000-ton liner begins to slide astern, the good-bys have become fervent. Tugs nose the ship into the channel (small photo below), and visitors rush to the pierhead for a parting view. Ocean travel is less chancy than it was when Henry Hudson's Half Moon explored this river just 350 years ago. But even today a distinctive emotion is evoked every time a ship puts to sea. The *America*, bound for Cóbh, Ireland, and Northern Europe slips quickly downstream. And the stay-at-homes wistfully return to their humdrum routine, to dream of far places. ● Photographs by Farrell Grehan

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"He went to his safe and ceremoniously handed me five hundred dollars as a wedding gift."

DANGEROUS GIFT

By HARRY KLINGSBERG

What was behind this strange act of generosity?

The big mansion and gardens several miles from the city, amidst the engulfing housing developments, seemed a hallmark of decades gone by, and so did the aged owner who occupied its spacious rooms. Past ninety, white-haired and a little bent, he nevertheless retained considerable spirit. On this February day, as often, he was in his study, scrupulously examining through a reading glass reports and accounts on his desk, relishing the warmth of a blazing fireplace in the opposite wall.

Item by item he studied income and outgo, figures and totals, enjoying his task and the sense of accomplishment in a life now more and more isolated and without change.

He began to feel a chill; rising and moving about a bit creakily, he crossed the room and built up the fire again. A rejuvenation, the old man mused as he stood watching, hardly possible with himself. His reflective mood lengthened. Why, he wondered these days, had he lived so long? Was there, perhaps, something else in the world for him to do? Some unfinished business to attend to? Idle speculation, he decided, with an impatient shrug, and returned to the papers on his desk.

"For dessert," Martha Doowinkle said, "we'll have a cherry cobbler."

"Sounds special," John Doowinkle said. An assistant district attorney, he was a slight man, wearing glasses and, from the cut of his jaw, rather stubborn by trait.

"But we'll have it later," Martha said. "Paul and Sue Leland are coming over."

"Paul and Sue —— Oh. The newlyweds you matched up at the shore last summer."

"All I did was to have two nice young people meet," Martha retorted coldly. "Anyway, they're back (Continued on Page 73)

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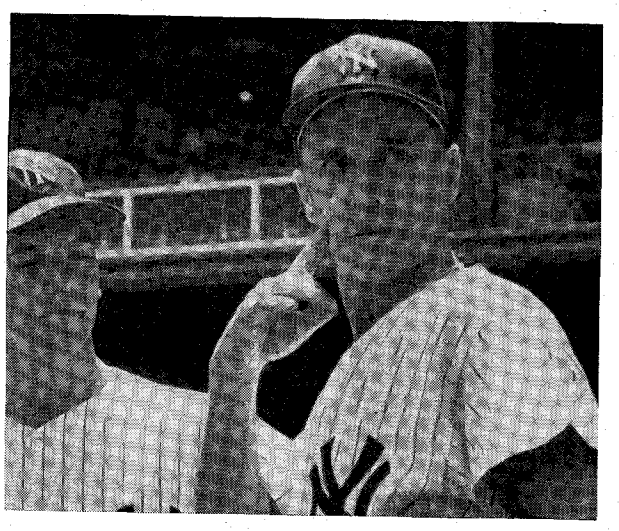
I Coach the Hot Corner

The Yankees' veteran traffic director at third discloses some secrets of his trade, including base-running and sign-stealing tricks you never heard of before.



By FRANK CROSETTI
as told to Al Hirshberg

Left: Before game time Frank shows second baseman Bobby Richardson one of the day's signals. Later, if the opposition catches on, he will switch to another set.

A third-base coach has a lot in common with an umpire. Both are natural targets for the fans. Each has to make important, split-second decisions which can't always meet with the approval of everyone in the ball park. And neither attracts much attention except when something goes wrong.

I've never wanted much attention anyhow. Since becoming a third-base coach, I've wanted less than ever. Although I've been directing traffic around third base for the New York Yankees since 1948, this is the first time I've talked at any length about my work, which also includes relaying the manager's signs.

I consider myself one of the luckiest guys in baseball. I'm by far the senior man on the Yankees in consecutive years of service. I broke in as a shortstop in 1932, and I've been collecting World Series checks ever since, first as a player and then as a coach. In all those years we've never finished out of the first division. Eighteen times we've won the pennant.

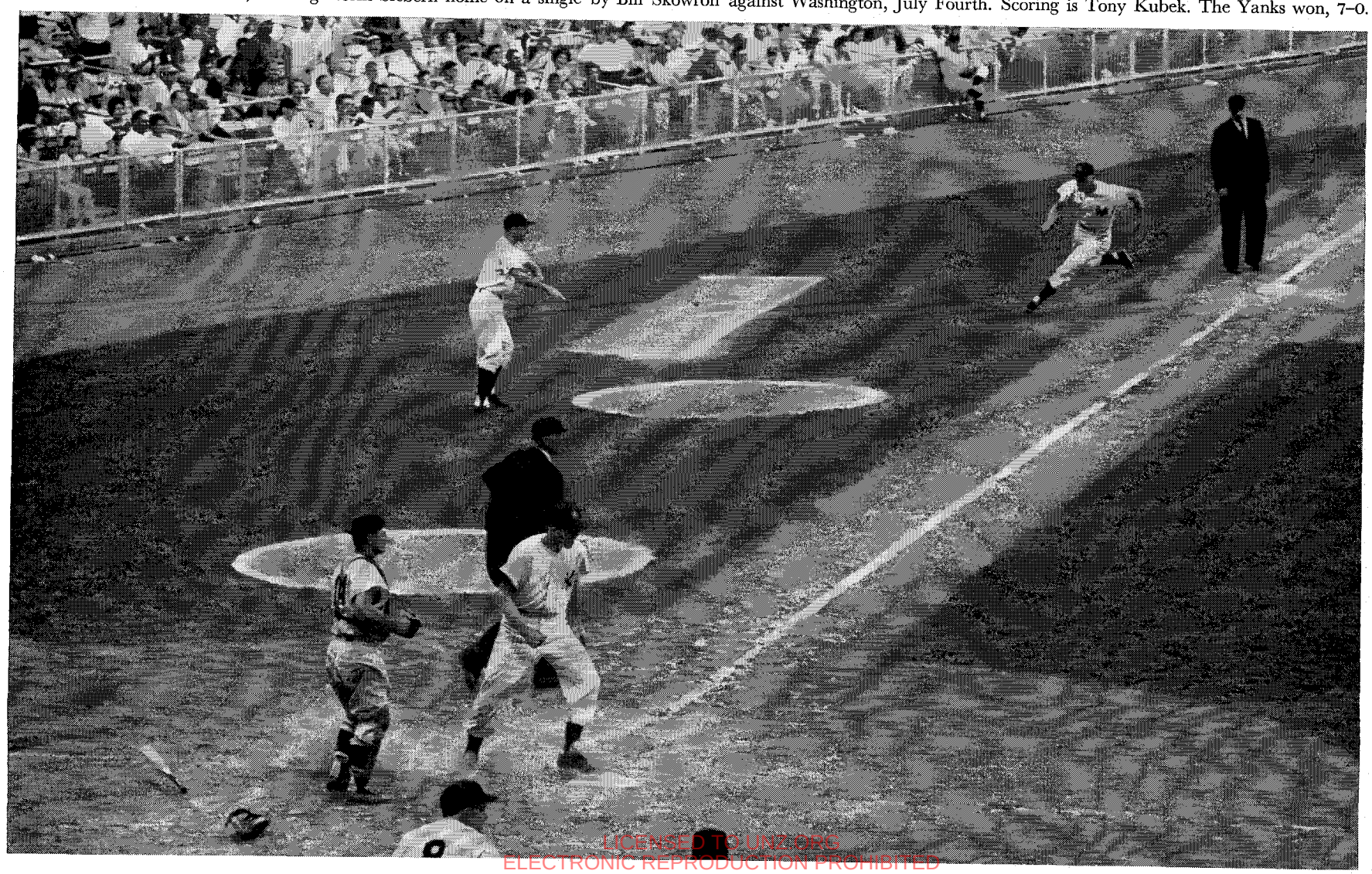
My present job of coaching at third for the Yankees isn't half as hard as it may seem. Telling some of our ballplayers how to run bases would be like telling Leonard Bernstein how to run a symphony orchestra. They don't need anyone to let them know when to go from first base to third, when to take an extra base or whether to try to score from third on a fly ball to the outfield. The only time a really good base runner needs any help is when it's a question of whether he can go home on a base hit:

With guys like Mickey Mantle and Gil McDougald on the sacks, I might as well be in a rocking chair. They are among the best base runners in the business. We have several others who are outstanding. Bobby Richardson, Norm Siebern, Hank Bauer and Tony Kubek can get along fine without me. And Yogi Berra, while not as fast as the others, is as smart a base runner as you'll find anywhere.

Berra's base running in the second inning of the seventh game of the World Series last year helped get the Milwaukee Braves into a mess they never really got out of. Yogi was on third, Elston Howard

(Continued on Page 59)

Crosetti (outside coach's box) sending Norm Siebern home on a single by Bill Skowron against Washington, July Fourth. Scoring is Tony Kubek. The Yanks won, 7–0.



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DANGER: BOSS LADY AT WORK

"The majority of people today don't know what the joy of work is," says Olive Ann, widow of the company's founder. Above her a Beechcraft Travel Air comes in for a landing at the Wichita plant after a test flight.

Mrs. Beech with vice presidents Frank Hedrick (left) and John Gaty. Hedrick is Olive Ann's nephew and one of five relatives she employs at Beech. He says, "Once you are in her doghouse, you'll never get out."

As the only woman chief executive in the aircraft industry, Olive Ann Beech runs an $89,000,000-a-year business in a distinctive and autocratic way.

By PETER WYDEN

When Olive Ann Mellor applied to be the first secretary and bookkeeper of the Travel Air Company back in 1925, Walter H. Beech, the boss, appraised her neat blond hair, steel-blue eyes, high cheekbones, generously shaped mouth and the other appealing features of her proudly erect five feet seven and one half inches. Then he announced, "You got pretty good-lookin' legs. I guess you'll do." Olive Ann was not impressed with her new twenty-dollar-a-week eminence. Beech's fledgling airplane factory shared quarters with a venerable planing mill in a decidedly unfashionable section of Wichita, Kansas. As Olive Ann left the premises, she turned up her nose at the filthy floor, the grimy coal stove and remarked, "This place certainly needs cleaning up."

Today, at fifty-five, the lady remains handsome and just as determined to kick up any dust she might find offensive. But she now is president and director of Beech Aircraft Corporation, Travel Air's descendant. She is the only woman chief executive in an industry where the curves on sales charts look like designs for roller coasters. By conservative estimate she is personally worth $7,000,000, perhaps considerably more. She earns around $100,000 a year and employs some 6000 workers, who this year will turn out about $89,000,000 worth of planes and parts. Her aircraft are rated in the industry as excellent. Among the customers who fly them happily are Gene Autry, Winthrop Rockefeller, King Hussein of Jordan, and Scott Crossfield, the first man scheduled to journey into space.

However, Mrs. B.—and only members of her innermost council call her that—is hardly

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Travel Airs (price, $51,500) on the assembly line. At present one third of the company's business is in commercial and private aircraft; the remainder is in military contracts. Within two years Beech hopes to market a radically new four-seater to sell for about $15,000.

When the "Oh, Happy Day" flag is up by Olive Ann's door, her staff knows she is in a good mood. Visiting her is Dr. Ronald Meredith, her pastor, whose study she redecorated for $10,000.

the female version of an organization man who made good. Her only formal training beyond grade school consisted of some business courses. Her technical knowledge of airplanes is minute. Her reading has been limited. Her memory is not memorable. In public she is too shy to make the briefest speech without flushing, trembling and, occasionally, breaking out in tears. In close-range business dealings her aloofness can be so arctic that more than one businessman says, "I'm scared of that woman!" A visiting German colonel once likened her to a general of his acquaintance. And Frank E. Hedrick, her nephew, who is vice president and co-ordinator of Beech and possibly the next president of the company, cheerfully confessed, "There are many people in our plant that would rather do anything than go in her office."

Yes, Olive Ann married the boss. It is also true that some outsiders still ask whether she is a mere figurehead. But O. A. Beech—as she signs herself—could not be more grievously mislabeled. Her employees, her bankers and others testify to this at length. They contend, unanimously, that Walter Beech was brilliant at building planes; that he was, to put it gently, a most difficult man who cared little about money; that Walter's companies could have soared off the ground nicely without Olive Ann, but that they might soon have cracked up without her hand at the financial controls. Moreover, Walter has been dead since 1950, never having recovered from an attack of encephalitis in 1940—an illness, incidentally, that has been kept secret from most outsiders to this day.

Mrs. Beech's personal friends are aware of her reputation in the office, but find it difficult to believe that they are dealing with the same person. They describe her as the warmest and most generous of souls, the perfect gin-rummy partner, the kind who never forgets a girl's sweater size and materializes at a sickbed regardless of other duties.

Miss Ruth Clow, a Wichita school principal who has seen the lady regularly since they shared boardinghouse meals thirty-five years ago, sized up the problem aptly. "Nobody," she says, "knows Olive Ann Beech."

Of course, some people think they do. For example, the Beech executive who was bawled out in front of me and perhaps heard her tell me, as he left, "Oh, don't worry about him. He's got ulcers." (Her maid has ulcers too.) Or the driver who was so roundly lectured by Mrs. Beech for leaving her car in the sun that he quit. Or the English professor who was given one year, an office, a researcher and a $5000 fee to turn out a Beech company history. He called it, *To Touch the Stars*. Unhappily he was never able to penetrate the fastness of Mrs. Beech's office for a single interview or to present his finished 82,000-word manuscript in person. It happened that she disliked it. "It made me out to be a homebody!" she said, and ordered it destroyed.

"People to her are just man-hours," a Wichita banker told me. "I never concerned myself with what people thought of me," said Mrs. Beech. "If I had, I'd have been pretty mousy."

To know Olive Ann Beech it is necessary to realize, first of all, that her business and private lives are astonishingly compartmentalized. When she reminisces about her late husband's engineering successes, she calls him "Mr. Beech." In personal recollections he becomes "papa," and her eyes moisten. In the office her nephew is summoned by an imperious "Hedrick!" In private conversation she refers to him as "Sonny."

It is essential, next, to know that Mrs. Beech is still searching for answers to her problems. In one section of her library there are copies of Dr. John A. Schindler's *How to Live 365 Days a Year;* Dr. Daniel Poling's *Faith Is Power for You;* E. Stanley Jones' *Abundant Living;* Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's *The Mind Goes Forth;* Dr. Smiley Blanton's *Love or Perish;* plus *Stay Alive All Your Life*, three copies of *The Power of Positive Thinking*, by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who in recent years became a good friend of Beech Aircraft's chief; and *The Art of Real Happiness*, by Doctor Peale and Doctor Blanton.

It is helpful, further, to appreciate Mrs. Beech's need for, well, flattery. When the Government named her to an advisory board on foreign aid this year, her associates decided that this was a rather routine honor. They should have known the boss better. Piqued, she complained by telephone from Washington about lack of recognition from her colleagues. Promptly they dispatched the kind of memento she expects on such occasions—a 135-word telegram lauding her "diligence, industry, insight, inspiration and understanding" and pledging to support her "enthusiastically."

It is valuable, also, to know of her faith in unremitting labor. "The majority of people today don't know (Continued on Page 85)

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THE DEATH DUST

As the first men to reach the moon, they made a fearful and unexpected discovery.

By FRANK HARVEY

The United States Air Force had named our moon vehicle *Super Nova*, which means "exploding star." We weren't going to explode—we hoped—but we were certainly going to produce one of the loudest roaring sounds heard by anyone in the world up to now.

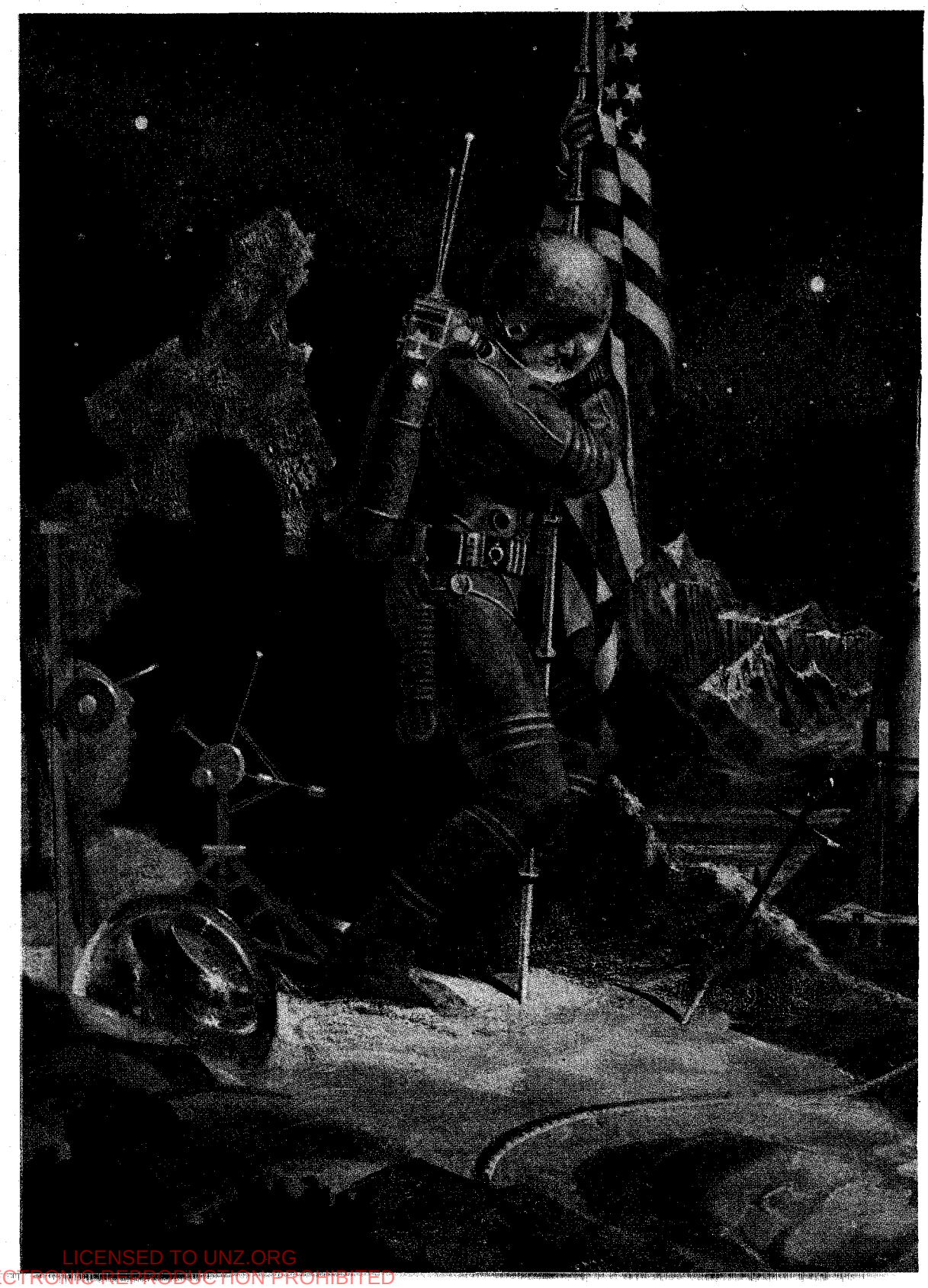
Now it was four o'clock in the morning at Cape Canaveral, Florida. There were three of us: Maj. Dick Rivero, copilot and astrogator; Dr. Charles Ferris, our medical and human-factors specialist; and myself, Maj. Jim Casey, aircraft commander. I say aircraft commander advisedly. The *Super Nova* was a gleaming metal skyscraper as it stood on the launching pad at the cape. It had five stages, weighed fifteen hundred tons and its rocket engines added up to seventeen million pounds of thrust. But the payload—the top of the skyscraper in which we would ride—was an airplane. It was a bigger and much more sophisticated version of the X-15 rocket plane which Scott Crossfield and Bob White had tested so thoroughly in the Mojave Desert. Major Rivero and I would sit side by side in front. Doctor Ferris would ride in the small cabin behind us—certainly not an ideal arrangement for a five-hundred-thousand-mile round trip, but let me say this for the *Super Nova*: It was designed to send three men to the moon and back—not for a rest-and-relaxation junket—and none of us was complaining. Returning from outer space, our X-15F would circle the earth three times, dipping a little deeper into the air blanket each time, before committing itself to a landing at Edwards Flight Test Center, in California. So, in a true sense, the X-15F was an aircraft, and I was its commander.

It was a rigid requirement that each of us be small. You wouldn't think the engineers would quibble about a pound or two after designing a space ship as high as an office building, but they had. It took twenty pounds of fuel, for example, to carry a fountain pen to the moon and back—so every ounce, even flesh and blood, had to pay its way.

I couldn't have asked for a better crew. Colonel Burns, of the Aeromedical Laboratory, had wanted very much to go himself, but he was too old and too heavy. He sent Dr. Charles Ferris, a thin-faced, solemn little guy with a dry sense of humor, full of terms like "mean diurnal cycle" and "uncompensated respiratory acidosis." Don't let it fool you. Chuck was what the USAF calls a "quiet tiger." When the heat was on, he just wouldn't quit. Once he had slit the chest of a man whose heart had stopped beating, reached in and massaged the heart—and saved the man's life. I didn't hear it from Chuck. I read it in the records.

If you follow the doings of the Strategic Air Command at all, you know Major Rivero. He's a jet-bombardment expert—one of the slickest boys in SAC when it comes to handling a K-system. He flew jet fighters, too, in Korea, which was where I met him first. We had a nice little group out there: Rivero, Dad Smith, Smoke Hunter, Pete De Flores—you know the roster. I'm an ex-fighter jock myself, and I suppose I'm partial to the breed.

Now, on the launch pad at Canaveral, I looked through the double-paned windscreen



My big moment came when Doctor Ferris took a movie of me banging an American flag through the lunar crust.

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at our target, a ghostly lemon-colored disk which hung over the Atlantic in the lilac haze. My mouth was too dry to spit. I was scared. Certainly I was. So were the other guys, even though they weren't showing it. Doctor Ferris was the coolest, I guess, but he could afford to be. The only person who'd miss Doc, if our bird wandered off toward the sun, was a certain lovely brunette who owned a smelly great Dane and drove a sports car a hundred miles an hour. She'd grieve for Doc at least a week. Then there'd be a new third party in the sports car, and it wouldn't be the lovely brunette's mother. She admitted that her favorite toy was boys, and nobody challenged the statement.

With Major Rivero it was different. Dick was married to one of the cutest little gals—and one of the best cooks—in the whole USAF. I'd eaten Jinny Rivero's Caesar salad and her enchiladas. Angels, sitting down to dinner, should be so lucky! Dick must be thinking of Jinny now, the way I was thinking of Hank. Hank's my boy. He's eleven. Since his mother died, we've been living out of the same barracks bag, and we kind of like each other.

"Launch Control to *Super Nova*," a voice said in my headset. "Final check. You ready for lift-off, Major Casey?"

I glanced sideways. Rivero's thumb was up. I twisted slightly in my contour seat, hampered by the full-pressure suit, and looked at Ferris. He grinned through his face plate. "O.K., Launch Control," I radioed. "This is Major Casey. We are ready for lift-off."

"Roger, Major Casey. We are ninety seconds and counting. . . ."

Our contour seats had been adjusted so that all of us bent forward at the waist in the attitude which Colonel Burns' tests had indicated was best in violent forward acceleration. Every inch of our bodies was supported. We did not need that support at once. The cluster of seven rocket F-1 engines that gave ten million five hundred thousand pounds of thrust to our first stage lighted off together with a sound that dug through the insulation and twisted in my ears like broken glass. Outside the windscreen, the palmettos and blockhouses on the cape were so blindingly bright in the reflected glare that it hurt to look at them. We seemed to be nailed down. Then our streamlined skyscraper began to lift, as if it were on hydraulic jacks.

"Go, baby, go," the launch controller's voice said, a whisper in the storm of sound. The cape fell away. Our tail flames turned the scattered clouds a furnace white. Still we moved slowly, like a freight elevator. The lilac haze slipped below us. Through the air blanket outer space was a delicate lettuce green and the stars winked peacefully.

"We in a balloon?" Rivero's voice said, sounding brittle and tiny. "Or are we in a moon rocket?" Then, at last, the speed began to build.

I am not too clear about the stage firings. They were automatic, of course. There were short periods of weightless coasting in between. Each stage fired harder as we grew lighter. Even in our contour seats the G loads got brutal. I blacked out in the middle of the fourth-stage firing. Stage five stayed with us. We would have to use it to escape from the moon on our return trip. A voice was speaking as I came out of the black-out.

"Hello, *Super Nova*. This is Central Control. We have taken over from Launch. Do you read us, Major Casey?"

"Loud and clear," I said. "Go ahead."

"You all right?"

"Fine," I said. "How do we look on the scopes?"

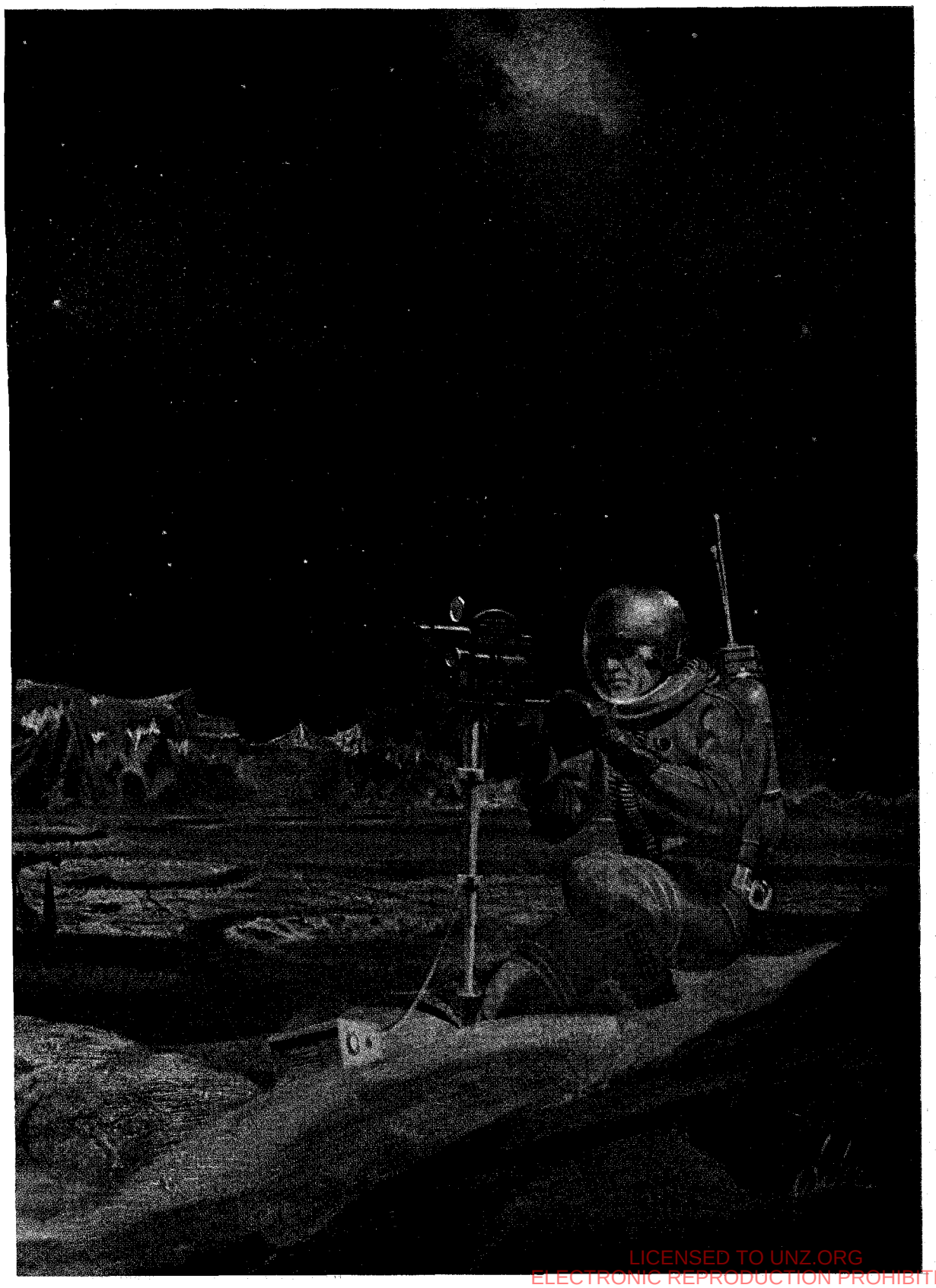
"Green," the voice said, excited and happy. "Green as a cotton-picking emerald—straight across the board. You've got escape velocity now. You can't possibly fall back. If your moon homer works, you're in."

I looked out. We were in the near-horizontal part of our flight path, very high, headed due east. As I watched we shot out of the earth's shadow into bright sunlight. I did not want to take my eyes from the scene, even for a moment. Over the intercom I asked Dick Rivero to read off our primary-panel indications. Dick's voice said, "Altitude: nine hundred miles. Speed: thirty-five thousand feet per second. Cabin pressure: normal. Everything's in the green, skipper."

I thanked him. The continent of Africa was rising slowly out of the sea and spreading out under us on the curve of the world. As we lifted I could see the whole massive sprawl of the Sahara, like a beige rug beside the swimming-pool glitter of the Mediterranean. My throat ached and there was a prickling hotness behind my eyes. This was a sight no man had seen before. Maybe this was a sight that should be reserved for God. The horizon was no longer flat—or even curved. It was gone altogether, and I was looking at the whole planet earth, a giant cloud-streaked ball of dark ocean and glowing land, floating there, like a dream, against the star blaze of deep space. Out ahead of us, across two hundred forty thousand miles of emptiness, hung our destination, incredibly clean and white, like a globe of glowing ice.

"Brother," Dick Rivero said softly on the intercom, and it sounded like a prayer. I glanced over at him. "How are you doing Dick?"

(Continued on Page 56)



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During a recess at his fourth hearing three weeks ago Hoffa berated Kennedy after stepping down from the witness stand. Hoffa's last appearance before the committee was his most defiant.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Repeatedly Kennedy thought he had the goods on the Teamsters' boss. But after the two-and-one-half-year battle, Hoffa survives. Why? And

How Long Will He Last?

The Senate rackets committee has been at work now for two and a half years. It has been the biggest, most spectacular congressional investigation in recent years. Its files fill several rooms. The printed record of testimony runs to nearly 20,000 pages. It has spent about $2,000,000. What has it accomplished? What has been its effect upon its chief target, the Teamsters Union? On the Teamsters' leader, Jimmy Hoffa? On the American labor movement generally and on American politics and legislation?

The committee was set up to investigate improper activities by both labor and management. It did bring to light some bad practices of management, and it is a curious fact that the only serious attempts to use political pressure to stop a committee investigation were made by management. But by and large the committee has spent its time and energy investigating not management but labor. It has held hearings on twelve unions—Teamsters, Bakers, United Textile Workers, Operating Engineers, Carpenters, Butchers, Allied Industrial Workers (formerly the UAW-AFL), United Auto Workers, Hotel and Restaurant Workers, Jewelry Workers, Sheet Metal Workers, and New York Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union. It has concentrated heavily on Jimmy Hoffa because, it says, his Teamsters Union is so powerful and is run by his hoodlum friends; because, Hoffa says, the committee was conducting a "personal vendetta" against him. The committee declares Hoffa "betrayed" his members repeatedly, crushed democracy and "grossly misused" $2,400,000 in union funds. That he heads the Teamsters is "tragic" for it and "dangerous" for the country.

When, in March of 1958, the committee wound up its first year's hearings, it recommended that Congress enact legislation to regulate and control union funds, guarantee union democracy, curb the activities of middlemen in labor-management disputes and clarify the "no man's land" where neither the NLRB nor any comparable state agency has jurisdiction. Congress passed a bill, drawn after the Douglas-subcommittee hearings, requiring public accounting of welfare and pension funds. Senators John Kennedy and Irving Ives introduced (Continued on Page 60)

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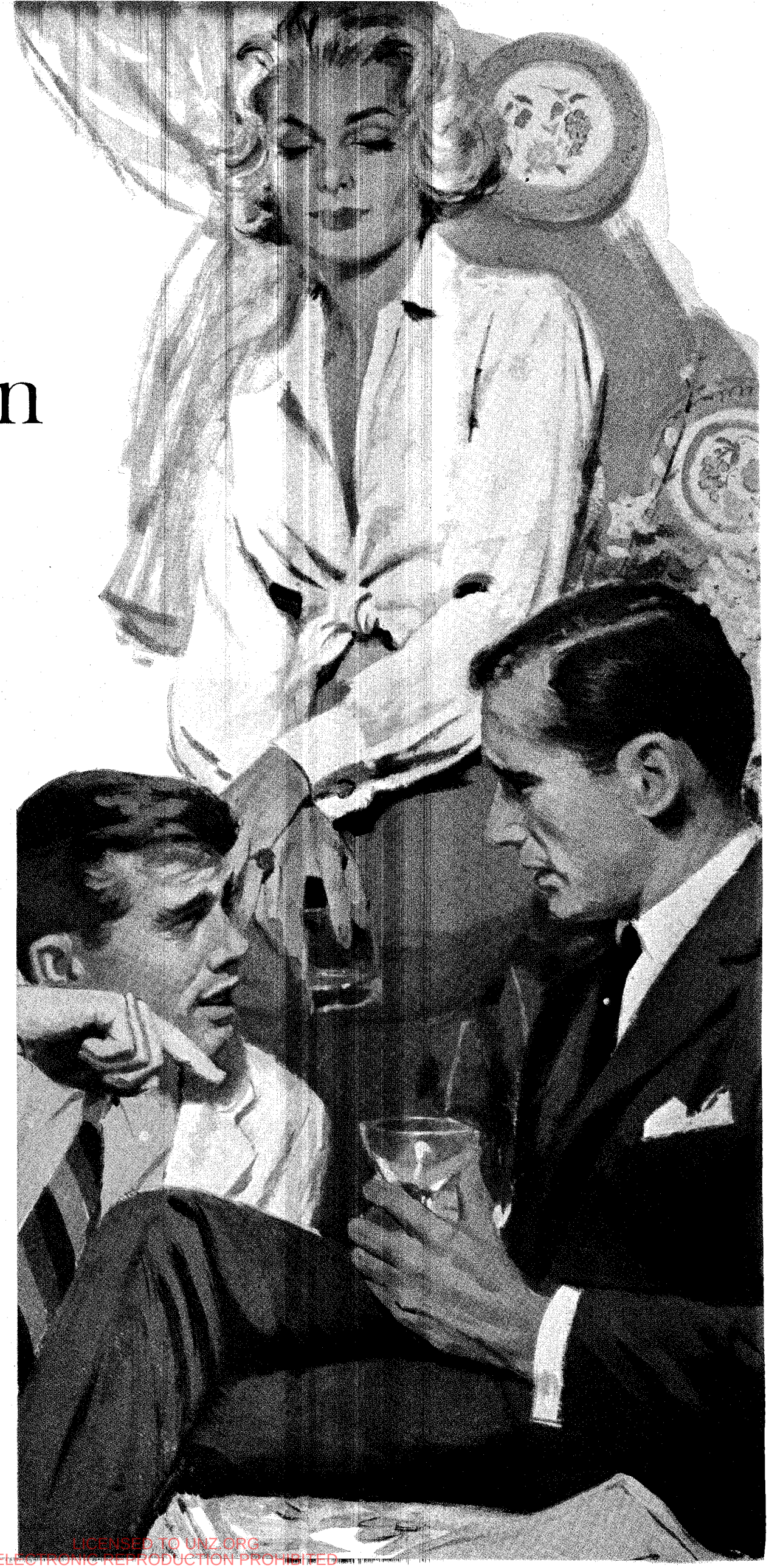
The Wrong Impression

He drastically misjudged the tastes of a very important guest.

By WILLIAM BANKIER



"Honey, stop playing with that thing and give me a hand like a good boy."

Joe Sweeney had been waiting all afternoon for the complaining to begin. But he had gone ahead anyway, unpacking each fragile component with loving care and assembling them slowly, methodically into the deeply satisfying complex of amplifiers, baffles, turntables and speakers that he referred to as "my hi-fi rig."

"Off my back, eh, sport?"

Helen Sweeney, tall, slender, honey-haired, took three steps from the kitchenette of her new apartment into the not-quite-finished-decorating living room. "Joe, he'll be here in an hour. You've got to set out the bar."

"And I plan to." Joe Sweeney rose to a sitting position, giving his red-thatched skull a respectable knock against the edge of the coffee table. "Ouch and carry two," he said. "Mr. Brill may find me lacking in many things, but he shall not find me lacking in music."

"Mr. Brill wants you to be his accountant. He doesn't care about your darn phonograph records," Helen muttered, and hurried back into the kitchen to fill little stalks of celery with pink cheese.

Joe followed her, wiping his hands efficiently, finger by finger, on the tail of his shirt.

"So, Mr. Brill. My wife says you have no music in your soul, and Shakespeare says let no such man be trusted."

"Shut up and get dressed. You look sixteen years old with your shirt tail hanging out. Comb your hair and put on a tie."

Joe Sweeney managed to put a whole stalk of celery into his mouth in two rapid bites. He licked pink cheese from his fingers.

"Look, sweet," he said through the noise, "all kidding aside, if I'm going to impress this guy I have to do it my

(Continued on Page 69)

"My good fellow," Joe said, "jazz is the only original American art form."

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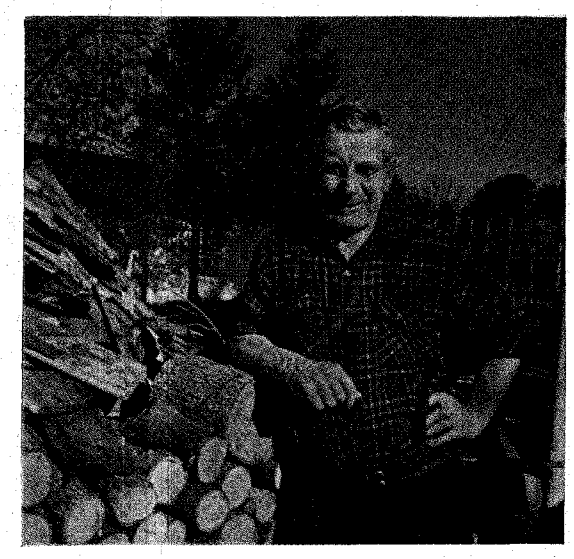
A group of Salem, New Hampshire, high-school girls examines the interior of the V Hut, one of several small stone rooms still intact at Mystery Hill Caves.

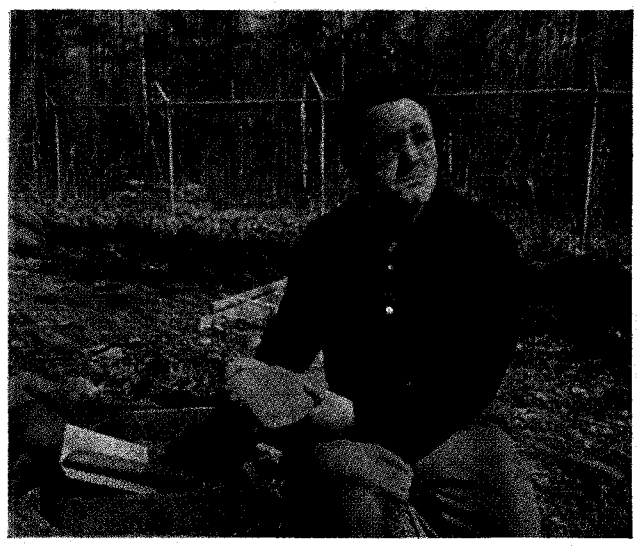
In the Y Cavern two visitors inspect the crudely chiseled drains in the bedrock floor. On one wall of this chamber there is the primitively carved figure of a deerlike animal.

Richard Elston, manager of Mystery Hill, demonstrates the speaking tube which was apparently used to transmit voices from Y Cavern to the sacrificial stone.

The North Salem Mystery



John Pattee of Salem Depot. His great-great-grandfather Jonathan, once owner of the ruins, reputedly hid everything from hard cider to runaway slaves there.



Malcolm Pearson, present owner of Mystery Hill, displays a stone shovel, believed to date back to 2000 B.C., which he and amateur archaeologist William Goodwin found at the site.

Mrs. George Woodbury, 85, a great-grandniece of Jonathan Pattee, and the family historian, says "the caves were there a long time before the Pattees."

The grotto at left below is called Tombs of Lost Souls. It was recently found to bear a startling resemblance to ancient stone chapels on the island of Malta.

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Photographs by Frank Ross

After more than twenty years of exploration and digging, archaeological experts still haven't unlocked the strange secret of this New Hampshire hillside.

By EVAN HILL

Twenty-three years ago, when he was seventy-one, William B. Goodwin, a wealthy insurance executive of Hartford, Connecticut, fell madly in love with a jumbled, rambling stone pile in southern New Hampshire.

This love affair lasted until Goodwin's death in 1950. Like many evening-of-life infatuations, it brought him frustration, scorn, laughter, accusations of senility and gentle but firm reprimands from some of the nation's best archaeological talent. He died after spending unknown thousands of dollars, and in return he received only archaeological love letters, enough to overflow a half-dozen filing cabinets.

Goodwin's enchantment was with twenty-two grotesque stone huts, partly tumbled down, partly heaved awry by struggling trees and undergrowth and partly wrecked by the deliberate destructions of at least a hundred years of hunters, picnickers, stone robbers and exploring Boy Scouts.

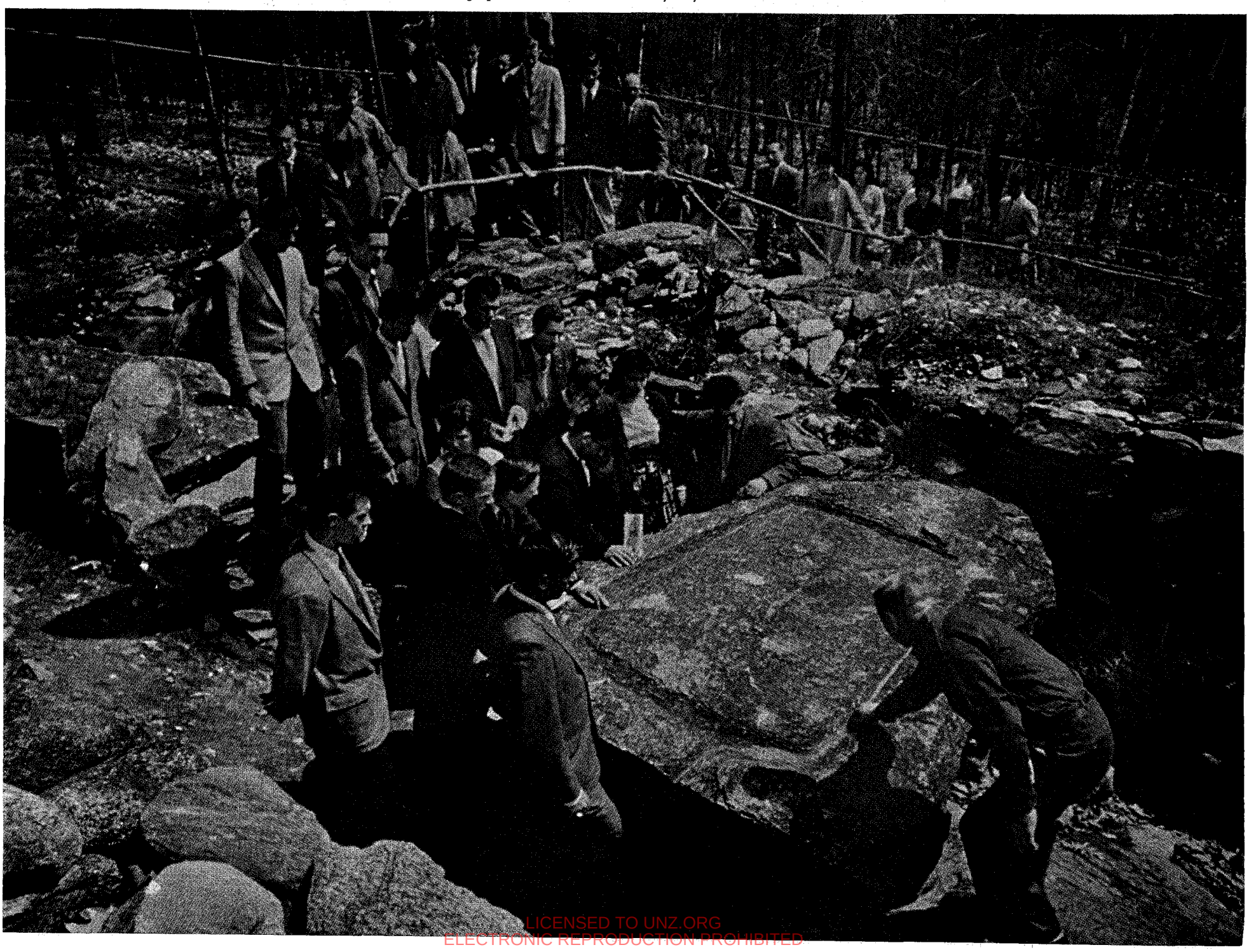
He found them on a hillside in the beautiful hardwood forest of North Salem, New Hampshire, just forty miles north of Boston. At first he had no idea who pried and levered the great slabs of bedrock and the huge boulders of the glacial age into their fantastic shapes. But his agile mind came up with a solution, and he spent the rest of his life in futile efforts to convince the world's archaeologists that he was right.

Goodwin's hypothesis is generally considered whimsical and bizarre, but his megalithic discovery still perplexes professional and amateur archaeologists on two continents. In 1955 a team of professionals dug up the hillside. Last year a Soviet scientist, S. R. Varshavskii of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., wrote for information. And for the past two summers the president of the Archaeological Society of Connecticut has been carefully troweling the area, looking for something his fellow professionals might have missed.

The mystery of the stone village in North Salem is that, although the region has been settled for 300 years, no one knows who built it, or why, or how, or when. The town history doesn't tell, and in a region of literate and knowledgeable men no record has been found that explains it.

Goodwin's enigmatic stone pile is an American Stonehenge—hundreds of tons of capstone, upended slabs, stone ramps and walks, a plaza and solitary (Continued on Page 65)

Below: The sacrificial stone. This four-and-a-half-ton granite slab is ringed by an inch-deep groove with a spout. Resembling "a great megalithic roast platter," it is the high point of the tour around Mystery Hill.



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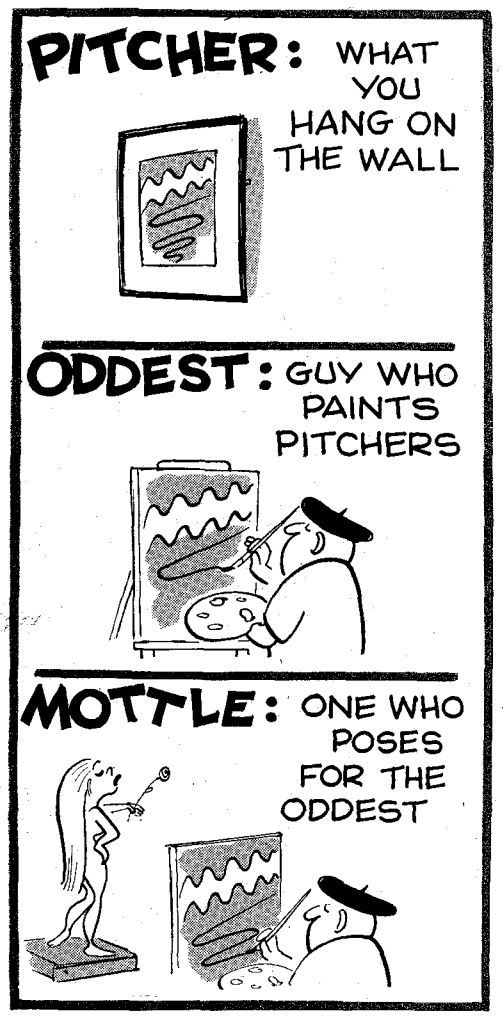
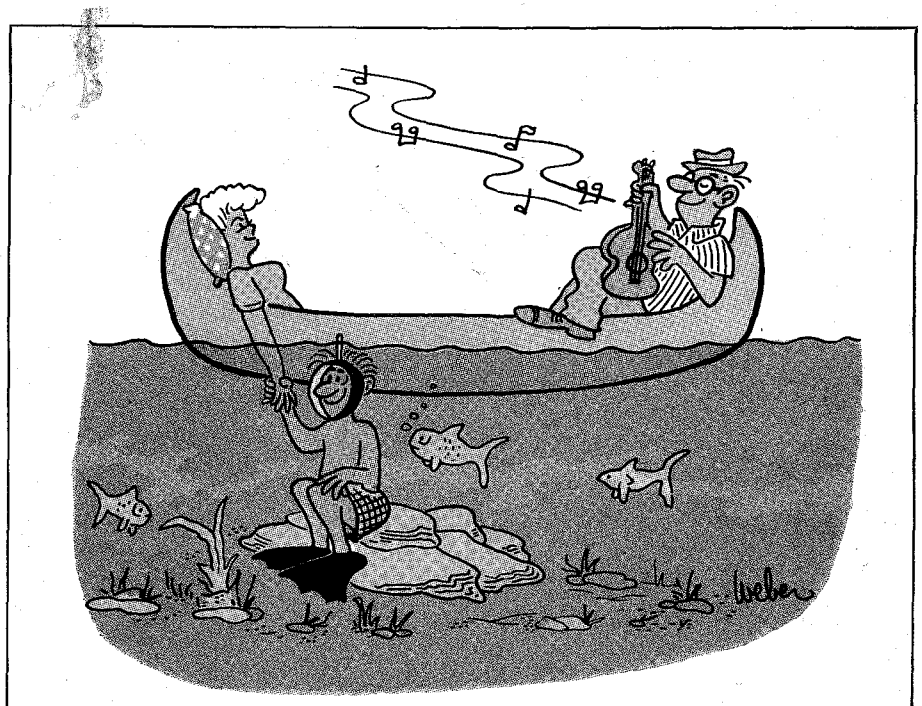
Post Scripts



BIL KEANE

"Those bricklayers make nice money!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Say "AH!"

Recently I was operated on for a receding forehead, and I was able to observe a modern hospital. The last time I was hospitalized was back in 1926 when I had my appendix out. The contrast is really remarkable.

At the time of my first opening, hospital rooms were painted buff, and the nurses looked like off-duty policewomen. One doctor did all the work and the only assistant he had was a fellow who swept up after him.

The hospital was awfully still. There were signs all over that said SILENCE. People tippytoed around, and the help wore sneakers or went barefoot.

Once you were operated on you were taken back to your room by the rear elevator and made to stay in bed for about three months. You could have visitors once a month and you could walk down the hall softly every other Wednesday.

What a difference today. They operate in the morning and by noon they ship you down with the regular passengers, who lift up the sheet, stare at you and exchange comments on your appearance and the doctor's needlework. You are accompanied by several interns, a majority of whom are, for some reason, Oriental.

Once back in your room the ceiling TV is turned on, earphone radio is connected, piped-in dance music is available and the bed can be made to turn upside down if you get tired of sleeping on top of it.

A doctor comes in every hour and marks down his fee, and then, after the stethoscope man blows it clean, the doctor listens to your heart. The thermometer-shaker comes in, shakes the thermometer, and the doctor takes your temperature. A psychiatrist appears and wants to know if you're lonesome. If you are he sends in a day nurse who doubles at the Latin Quarter.

Meanwhile, people are playing tag in the hall, visitors are holding square dances in the waiting room, and the hospital band is practicing marches in the solarium. Visitors are limited to six at a time, and they don't have to know the patient. (Visiting hours end at midnight, and all is quiet save for the night nurses practicing part-songs, the interns learning mambo and the laborers rattling trash cans down the corridors.)

About one A.M. the patients are awakened for shots, and at two A.M. anyone slumbering is shaken well and given a sleeping pill. Nothing much happens from two A.M. on except that the Oriental doctors, who are studying American ways, come in and discuss your surgery in sing-song tones.

The explanation for all this, according to the doctor in charge, is that it gives everyone an air of being well on the way to recovery and prevents gloomy and morbid thoughts. "We don't give you a chance to brood," he said. They didn't give me a chance to sleep, either.

I've recovered splendidly, though. From the operation, that is. Now I have to do something about the nervous breakdown.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Bare Fact

One reason that I like to see
A girl in a Bikini
Is that there's so much visible
Above, below, betweeny!

DICK EMMONS

New Deal at the Trading Post

I, Little Muskrat, stood straight and proud before my father, Big Muskrat. "Catch a glimpse of my new sporting jacket," I said. "Is it not a hi-fi garment with stereo overtones?"

My father's face turned to stone. "Little Muskrat," he said severely, "where did you come by enough skins to trade for it?"

"Be at ease, El Muskrat. Under a new law at the trading post, I am allowed to buy this garment on the layawake plan."

"I do not read you, my son."

"Then dig you this, Great Muskie. I pay the man one skin, and my coat is on layawake. I go home, and then each night I lay awake, thinking of how much I want it for my own."

"And how many more skins yet until it is?"

"One night it comes to me. I will go to the man and take my coat out of layawake, and I will then agree to pay him one skin a week until ——"

Big Muskrat's face darkened. "The carrying charges will eat you up," he rumbled. "When I was a young brave like ——"

"Wait," I said. "First I will fetch your blanket and saddle."

"Your tongue is forked, Little Muskrat. How so?"

"Because you are about to get on your high horse, and will need them. Listen, my father—is not our tepee itself on the layawake plan? Our ancient vehicle, our put-put machine for cutting the grasslands, our fishing canoe and our tepee stove—are they not all on layawake?"

My father sighed. "Your aim is true," he said. "I, too, am up to here with layawake."

"Then I am your true son, and I walk where you walk. Come, let us walk together to the trading post, for on the counter I saw some crazy pajamas, Old Muskie. With these nervous nighties we can lay awake in style, eh, my daddio?"

A R SWINNERTON

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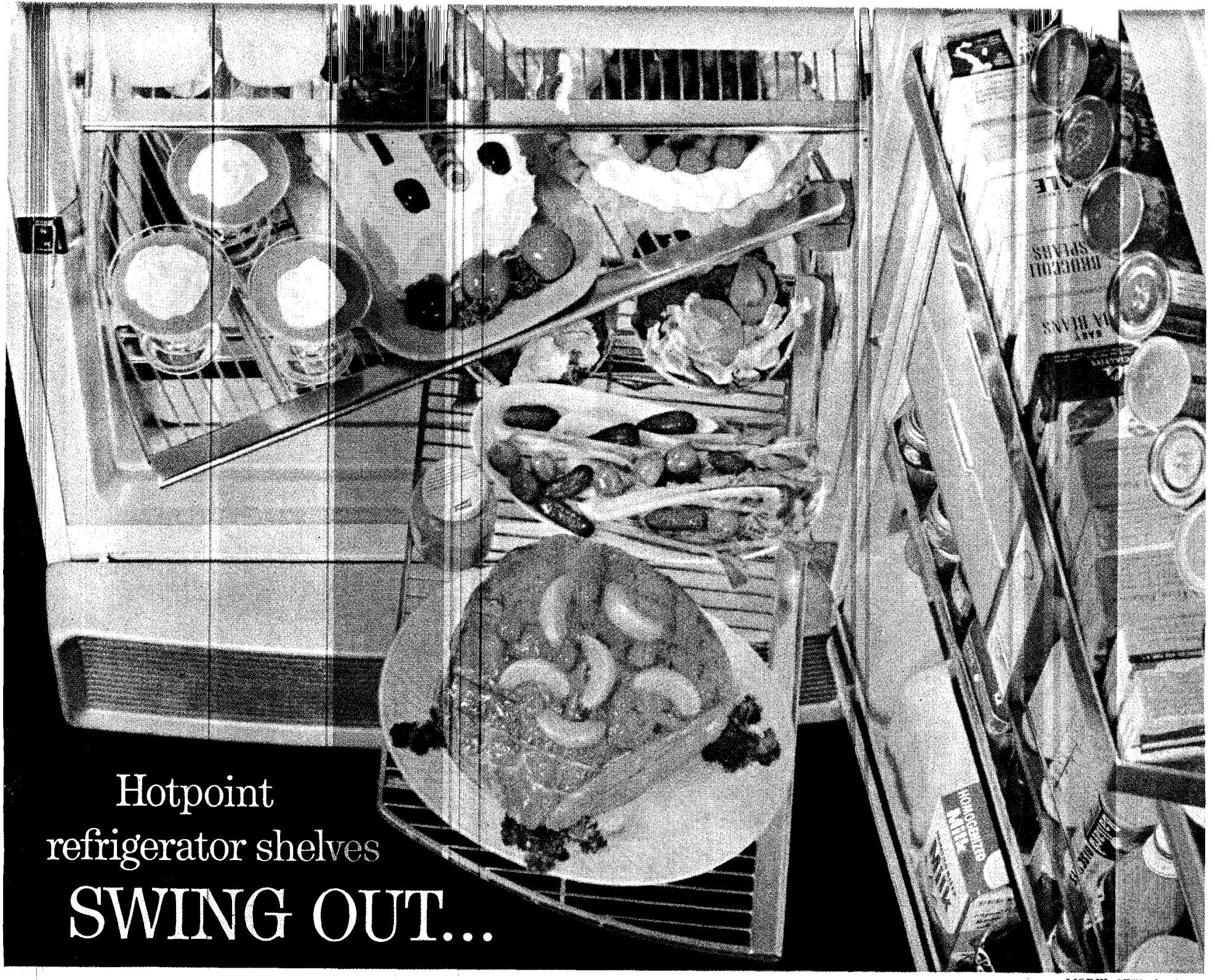
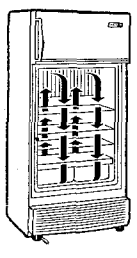


Hotpoint refrigerator shelves SWING OUT...

to put everything in easy reach!

Whether it's a jar of mustard or half a ham—nothing can "hide" or get in the way on the shelves of this new Hotpoint Refrigerator-Freezer! At the touch of your finger, a whole shelf *swings out* to put *everything* "up front"—in sight, in reach. No more fumbling! No more tip-overs! And *these* shelves are made of reinforced rod-type aluminum—sturdy enough to hold full-capacity loads. Easily adjustable, too—up or down—and they lift out completely for easy cleaning . . . You'll *love* everything about this handsome new Hotpoint—from its giant true-freezer to its deep, roomy door-shelves. See it—in a choice of four glamorous Colortones or white—at your Hotpoint Dealer's *now!*

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY



Keeps foods fresh up to twice as long! New Cold Amplifier has 987 square inches of chill surface. Reserve Coldpower circulates proper chill temperatures constantly and *naturally*—no fans or blowers. Frost-Away Automatic Defrosting in refrigerator section.

Rolls right out! Push a pedal and this obliging Hotpoint moves on wheels. No problem at all to clean beneath or behind it . . . New offset door hinges allow close-to-wall installation . . . with complete accessibility to all foods.

Hotpoint

(A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

MODEL 9EW-12

LOOK FOR THAT HOTPOINT DIFFERENCE!

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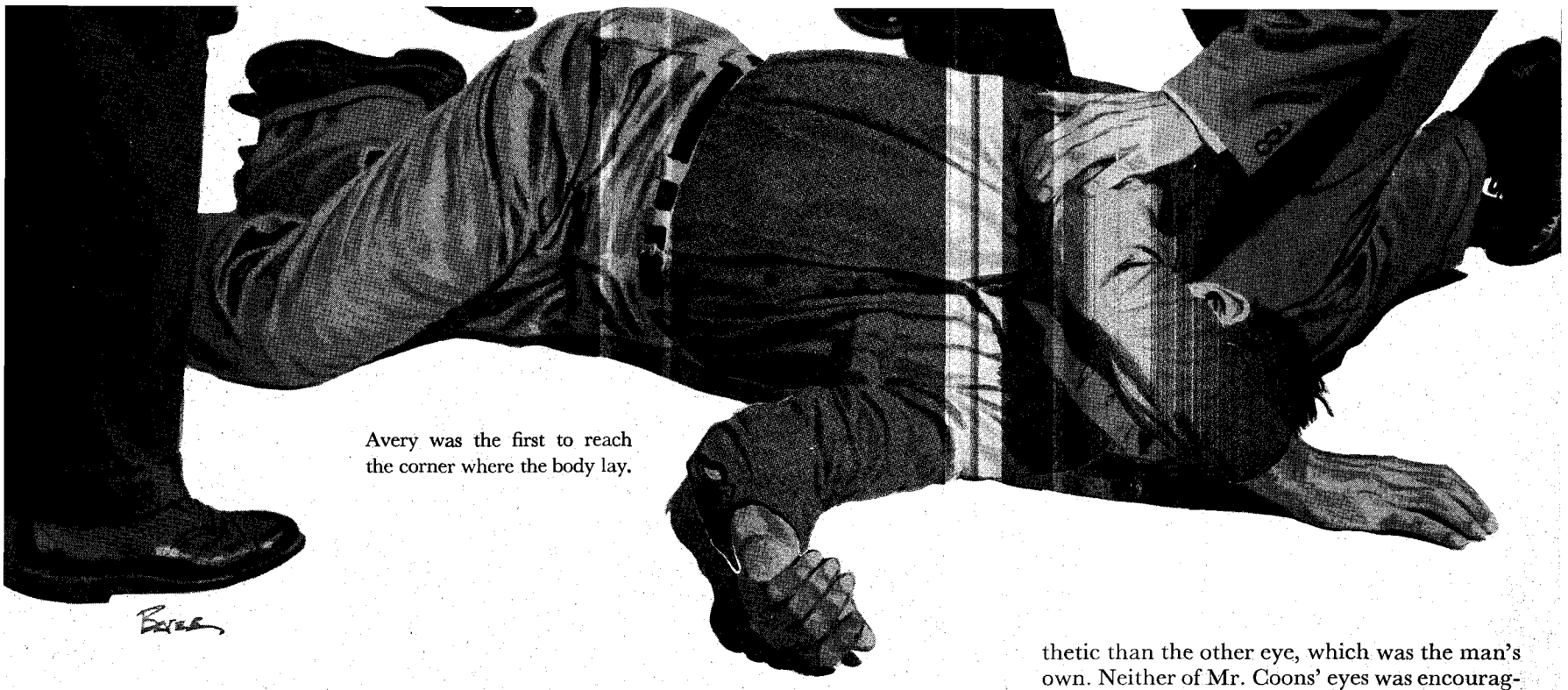

Avery was the first to reach the corner where the body lay.

Mark of Treachery

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Someone wanted control of the station—badly enough to commit murder.

"You and I may not see eye to eye," Parsifal Nebo told Avery Truslow, "but if it ever be possible for me to favor you, you may rely on it that I shall."

Avery won this strange man's allegiance by routing the two thugs who had kidnaped them. But how, Avery wondered, could Nebo help? For Nebo, like the inscrutable Philidor and his menacing Indian companion, was also trying to locate the mysterious briefcase which Felicia Sewell had entrusted to Avery's care.

Meanwhile, another advertiser withdrew his business from HARP-TV because of a program interruption which Avery's assistant manager, Deke O'Brien, believed was the result of sabotage. But other businessmen felt that the station's troubles were due to mismanagement. One of HARP-TV's principal creditors then threatened legal action if an overdue bill of $30,000 was not paid within forty-eight hours.

V

Avery Truslow III was ushered into the severe office of Abner Coons, president of Van Buren's largest bank. Mr. Coons was the first inhabitant of the city that Avery had met on his arrival, and now the young man came to the banker in the way of business. He came on an errand which was new to him. He regarded it as embarrassing because he came to ask a favor. It was not, as a matter of fact, embarrassing at all, but Avery never before had found it necessary to borrow money. He had held a low idea of fellows who borrowed, not realizing that there is a vast difference between asking a friend to loan you a hundred dollars when you are broke, and a businessman's going to a bank for legitimate financing.

As Avery looked across the teakwood desk at the man he came to see, he remembered the scurrilous story about the banker with one glass eye, which was more human and sympathetic than the other eye, which was the man's own. Neither of Mr. Coons' eyes was encouraging or sympathetic. Indeed both were bleak and hostile. Avery's embarrassment increased.

"Good morning, Mr. Truslow," said the banker unpromisingly.

"Good morning, sir," Avery responded.

"Will you be seated?" invited Mr. Coons.

"Thank you," responded Avery.

This was by no means a heart-warming start. Avery wished he had not come. He would have tucked his tail between his legs and vanished but for the hard necessity which required him to stay.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Truslow?" Coons asked with cold impersonality.

Avery felt like a schoolboy, and was inclined to flush and stammer. But that would not do. It was necessary to make a proper impression. He came to the point abruptly.

"I wish to borrow some money, Mr. Coons," he said.

"Personally," Mr. Coons asked grimly, "or for HARP-TV?"

"I do not borrow money personally," Avery said stiffly. "It is for the station."

There was no change in the banker's expression. His eyes remained inclement and austere. "How much money do you require, Mr. Truslow?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand dollars, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"A representative of one of our creditors called upon me. It seems we are in arrears in that amount on monthly installments due for equipment. He demanded instant payment."

"Threatening to take legal steps, I suppose."

"Not in so many words, but the threat was implicit."

"This debt was assumed before you took over the management of HARP-TV?"

"Yes, sir. But it was a necessary obligation for the purchase of indispensable equipment."

"The equipment was good? I mean, you make no complaints of defects?"

(Continued on Page 38)

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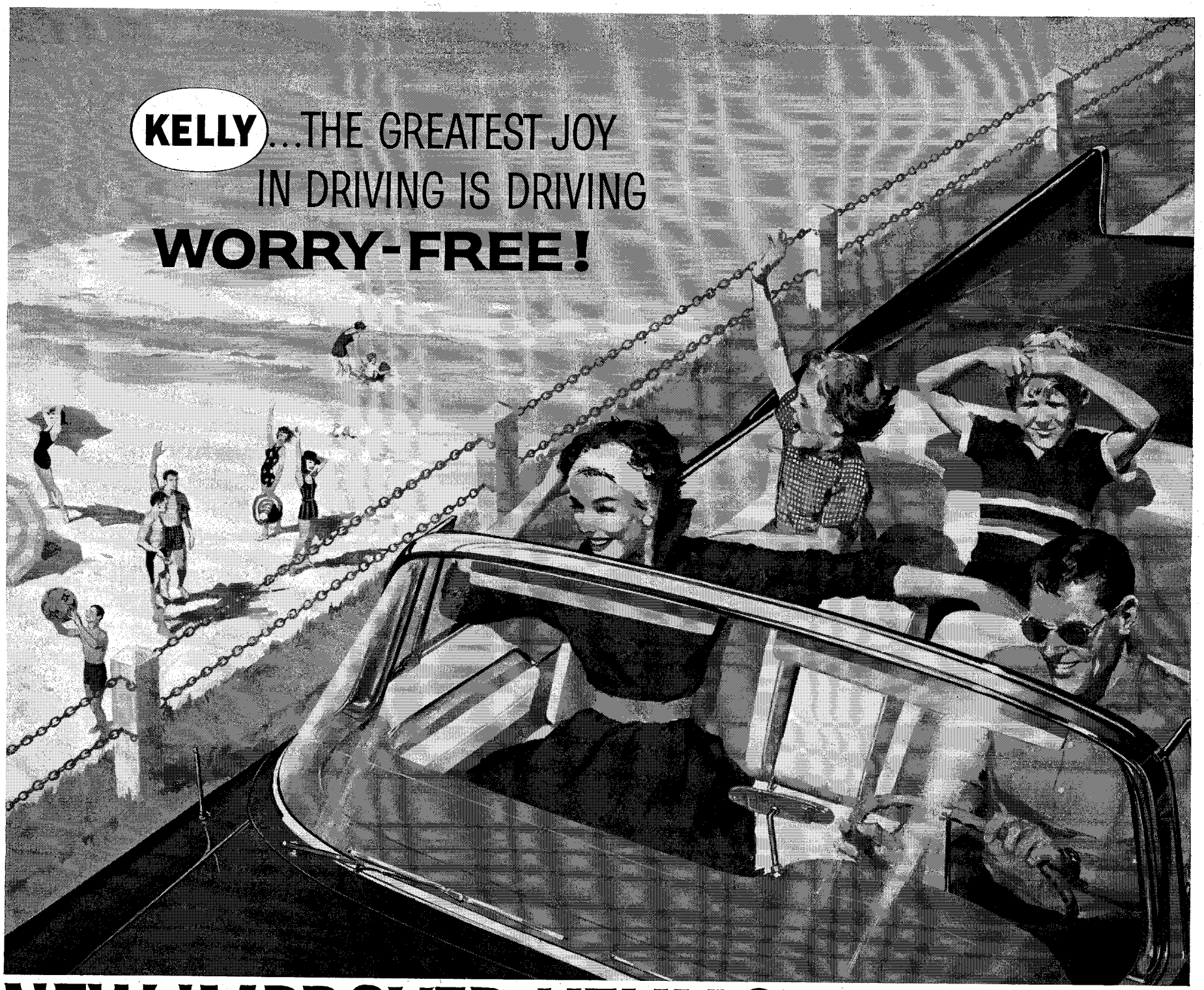

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1. EXTRA BLOWOUT SAFETY
Tougher-than-ever Nylon cord body gives greater-than-ever protection against blowouts.

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Advanced tubeless construction gives added protection against dangerous punctures.

3. EXTRA STOPPING SAFETY
New, improved safety-tread design gives extra grip for instant, sure-stop brake response.

4. EXTRA SIDE-SKID SAFETY
Extra-wide, flat tread gives added stability, reduces side-slip, boosts cornering safety.

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KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 36)

"My engineers tell me it is first-class."

"Ah, so. Ah, so. It is intricate?"

"Very."

"Are your technical employees competent to operate it?"

There it came, the thing Avery had feared. Rumors had reached Mr. Coons—rumors of incompetence in the operation of the station which had resulted in the loss of business.

"We are," Avery said, "a comparatively small station. We cannot attract the best men in the field, but we can attract good men competent to do their work efficiently. I believe they are able to operate our equipment satisfactorily."

"I understand you lost an important—er—sponsor because his program was ruined."

"That is true."

"I am informed that you lost a potential sponsor because your sample program was unsatisfactory."

"That also is true."

"Such things did not happen under the management which you succeeded?"

"That I cannot say, Mr. Coons. But I think such things did not happen when Mr. Skeen was in my place."

"What conclusions do you draw?"

"I have drawn no conclusions as yet."

... ...

Gracious Lady

Her gifts are kindness, poise,
And knowing exactly when
To treat some men like boys;
To treat some boys like men.

Richard F. Armknecht

... ...

"You are losing money hand over fist."

"We are losing money."

"And you see no present prospects of operating at a profit?"

"Mr. Coons, we have a well-equipped station in a growing area. We have affiliation with the best of the great networks. Physically, we have everything necessary for success. In Van Buren and its suburbs there are enough viewers to make this an attractive region to large advertisers. I think our equipment is equal to, if not better than, that of our competitors. Better programs are available to us, if we can only sell the time. So many elements are in our favor that I am optimistic. But our ratings are not good. We cannot make attractive guaranties. We simply have not been able to sign up the business."

"Why?"

"I have not been here long enough to find out."

Mr. Coons narrowed his eyes. "It is rumored that this unpromising state of affairs is due to your lack of experience and incompetence."

"If, sir, I had been here for some time, that charge might be justified. But I have not been here long enough to have brought about this bad state of affairs. It existed, sir, before I took on the job."

"But not the mechanical failures."

"May I point out, Mr. Coons, that I have nothing to do with the transmission of our programs? I do not handle the equipment. I, personally, could not be to blame for the garbling of any program."

Mr. Coons nodded agreement. "You have been here a very short time. You have, of course, made an intensive study of the station and its affairs?"

"I have tried to do so."

"Then, Mr. Truslow, what opinion have you reached? Do you believe that station HARP-TV can be made a successful operation?"

"I do believe so."

"Do you believe you can make it so?"

"I can only give it my best efforts, sir."

"Are you discouraged?"

"I am not discouraged, Mr. Coons. On the contrary, I am rather grimly determined."

"Why grimly, young man? It is a peculiar word to use."

"Mr. Coons," Avery said quietly, "since I sat here you have given me more than one opportunity to suggest that our misfortunes were due not to bad luck or incompetence, but to the malicious working of outside influence. Of sabotage. I have made no such allegations. I have little patience with cry-baby excuses."

"Are you so confident of your ability to make a success of this station that you, personally, would sign a note for the loan you request?"

"My signature would have little value, sir. I have no collateral."

"But would you run the risk of signing?"

"I would."

"Mr. Truslow," said Coons in his parchment-dry voice, "banks look with favor upon collateral. It is an essential part of the banking business. But any banker who is worth his salt looks to other elements than the stocks and bonds an individual can put up to secure his loan. I have known men who could deposit Government bonds as collateral and to whom I would not loan a penny."

"Yes, sir," said Avery, not understanding in the least.

"The best security in the world, Mr. Truslow, is the character and integrity of the individual. It is an old saying that some men's word is as good as their bond."

"I have heard it said, sir."

"Suppose," said the banker, "I list your assets. First, you have an A-1 background of family and upbringing, and the obligations which inhere in an honorable name. Second, even though you were what may be called a gilded youth, with family prominence and plenty of money, you never got mixed in a scandal or in anything disgraceful. Third, in college you did not trade on your name. You excelled in athletics and you were above the average as a student. These things are indicative of character. Of integrity. Your station owes this bank considerable money. I would not have loaned the former management another cent. By the way, will your father endorse your note?"

"Definitely not, Mr. Coons."

"I thought not. Mr. Truslow, as a banker, I have looked into the affairs of your station. I regard it as an excellent prospect if efficiently managed. I conceive it to be sound. . . . You will give me the station's note for thirty thousand dollars, but also, you will endorse it with your name personally. The money will be available immediately to satisfy your creditor."

"Mr. Coons," Avery said gravely, "I am greatly obliged to you." He paused and sought for words. "I—I thank you for more than granting this loan. My deep gratitude for the lesson you have taught me. For what I have learned from you about the American businessman and his way of conducting affairs."

"Nonsense. Nonsense!" said Coons nasally. "An ordinary transaction. . . . Here, sign this note and get out of here. I'm a busy man."

Avery, elated as he had not been since his arrival in Van Buren, walked back to the station and to his office. From there he telephoned Newman's company, notifying him that, if he would call at once, the sum of (*Continued on Page 40*)

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

KOPPERS ®

These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we will send you full information on the subjects you check.

Foam plastic chair frame 66% lighter than wood

You're in for a happy surprise when you lift this revolutionary new Futorian-Stratford chair. It weighs about one-third as much as it looks like it should. Fragile? Not at all. Although 66% lighter, the DYLITE® foam plastic frame is many times stronger than a wood frame.

To develop this chair, Futorian's designers needed a material that allowed greater freedom in designing the frame. DYLITE provides that freedom, because it can be molded to almost any size or shape. Every DYLITE frame is identical; there is no variation in size or shape. Thus, all covers can be pre-cut and pre-sewn. In addition, DYLITE is strong, lightweight, shock-absorbent, water-resistant and economical to use. It is also a superb insulator. Perhaps your product can be made better, stronger and at lower cost with DYLITE foam. For full information, check the coupon.

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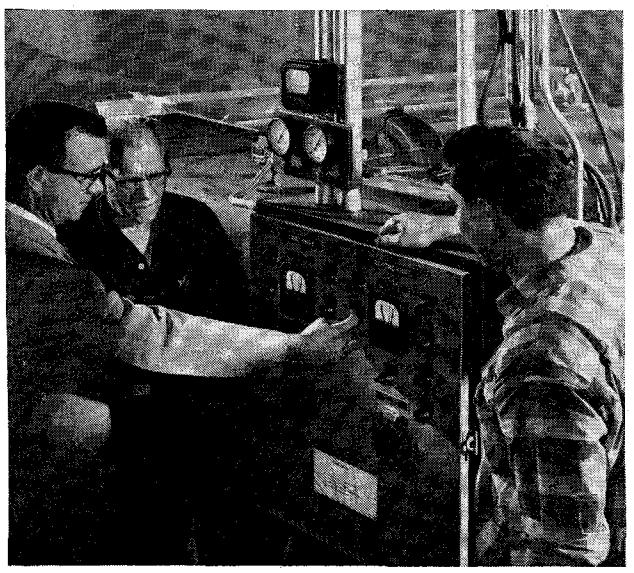
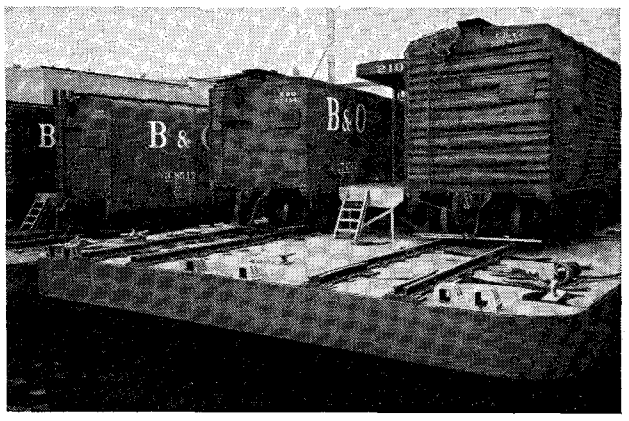


New container-making machine saves up to $50,000 per year

They're standing at the control panel of a unique "cut-off" machine that slices corrugated board into sheets for the manufacture of paper boxes. In a moment the operator will punch a button and a web of paper board will flow smoothly, swiftly under the big knife, where it will be cut to exact dimensions. Production is fast, continuous. Maintenance is minimum. And the machine is so accurate that there is practically no scrap loss. Here, speed and efficiency pay off by increasing production, and eliminating scrap loss and trimming to the tune of as much as $50,000 per year. Koppers Container Machinery Department is famous for designing and building this kind of equipment. If a similar machine can save you money, return the coupon.



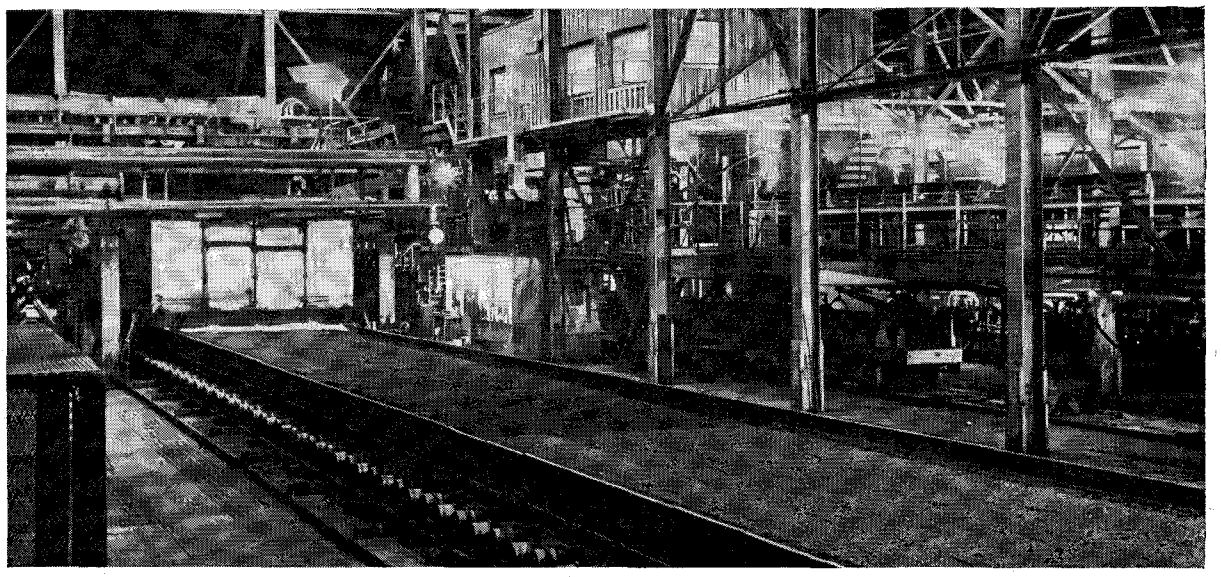
Koppers coating seals steel decks against the briny

These are railroad carfloats owned by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. They carry their cargo back and forth between railroad piers in New York, New Jersey and Staten Island. Every day they are exposed to stinging corrosive salt spray and brine drippings from refrigerator cars which dot their decks with puddles.

For the past two years, the steel deck plates of these carfloats have been coated with Koppers BITUMASTIC® Protective Coatings which, in spite of the hard service, have protected the otherwise vulnerable steel decks against corrosive deterioration. This BITUMASTIC Coating is rolled on cold and dries within two hours, getting badly needed equipment back into service in a hurry.

The B&O is using BITUMASTIC Coatings on their carfloats in the harbors of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. These coatings from Koppers Tar Products Division are really "front line" in the constant fight against corrosion. Put them to work for you, indoors or out. Return the coupon.

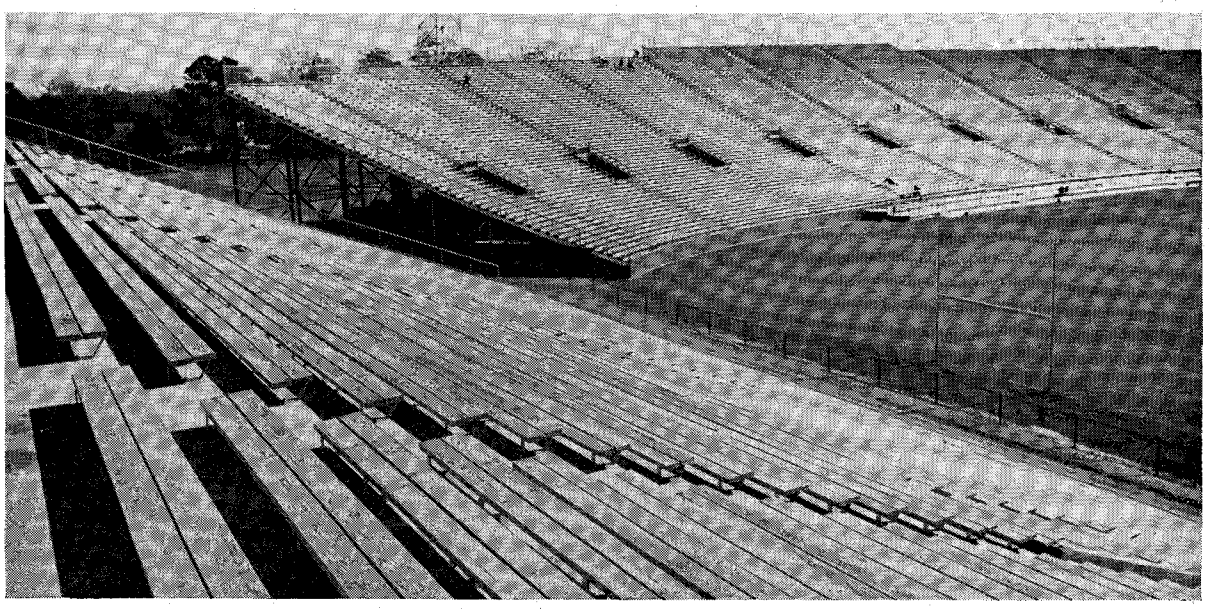
This is the fourth of a series of advertisements which illustrates how Koppers products cut costs, improve efficiency, and contribute to making a better product. If you would like copies of the complete series to date for your product information file, just write us.



World's largest sintering machine sets production record

8,400 tons of sinter product in one day, from a single unit! A staggering production figure, but when you see the giant machine in operation, it's not hard to believe. Recently installed at the Zug Island Plant of Great Lakes Steel, a Division of National Steel Corporation, the big sintering machine is the world's uncontested champ—12 feet wide and 199½ feet long. An increase of 20 to 30% is expected in the pig iron produced by the plant's four blast furnaces, due largely to the new sintering and ore handling facilities designed and built by Koppers.

For over 50 years, Koppers has pioneered in the design and construction of coke ovens, coal-chemical recovery plants, blast furnaces, sintering plants, and many other products and services used by the steel industry. Perhaps our Engineering and Construction Division can help you set production records. Why not check the coupon?



Wolman® salts keep stadium seats looking new

This is Ladd Memorial Stadium in Mobile, Alabama. When it was built in 1949, the seating capacity was 35,786 avid, bouncing sports fans. The seats chosen to absorb the shock, plus the sun, rain, wind, rot *and* insect attack were yellow pine 2 x 6's, *pressure-treated* with WOLMAN salts—a product of Koppers Wood Preserving Division.

Now, 11 years later, more seating capacity was needed. So two more grandstand sections were built —one at either end of the field, backing up the end zones. And what was used for seats? WOLMANIZED® lumber, of course. Who's going to argue with the perfect performance those original seats have given for 11 years? And the new seats (in the foreground) match the old seats so well, the stadium looks brand new all over again.

WOLMANIZED lumber is clean, odorless and paintable . . . perfect for all types of wood construction. Sound like the answer to your wood deterioration problem? Then return the coupon for the full story.

KOPPERS

Divisions: Chemicals & Dyestuffs • Engineering & Construction • Gas & Coke • Metal Products
Plastics • Tar Products • Wood Preserving • International

PUT THESE IDEAS TO USE NOW!

To: Fred C. Foy, President
Koppers Company, Inc., Room 1422
Koppers Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

Please send me further information on the following money-saving products and ideas:

- ☐ DYLITE EXPANDABLE POLYSTYRENE
- ☐ CONTAINER MACHINERY
- ☐ BITUMASTIC COATINGS
- ☐ WOLMANIZED LUMBER
- ☐ ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTION SERVICE

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

Occupation or Job Title_____

Company_____

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(*Continued from Page 38*) thirty thousand dollars would be awaiting him. Mr. Newman arrived promptly, received his check and gave a receipt in exchange. He was manifestly ill-at-ease. Avery thought the man was both surprised and disconcerted.

"Mr. Truslow," Newman said as he placed the check in his wallet, "I hope you will not feel that I was too hard on you."

"You issued an ultimatum," Avery said coldly. "I take it you did not expect I would be able to make this large payment."

"It seemed highly doubtful," Newman said.

"Did your doubt originate with yourselves or was it prompted by unfriendly information?"

"That, Mr. Truslow, is a most improper question. It is one I will not answer."

Avery looked at the man. "You have answered it," he said. "That your company should send you here to inquire why we should have been remiss in our payments was justified. That, upon your arrival, you did not come at once to me for information was improper. That you should first have sought information from the head of a bitter competitor, Henry Greet, of GPHR-TV, I consider to be unethical. And that you should have dined with him, as I am informed, and with the recently discharged head of this station last night savors of double dealing and malicious intention."

"But I ——"

Avery shrugged. "I doubt if your superiors would be amused by your capers here."

"I assure you, Mr. Truslow ——"

Avery interrupted with some sternness, "It is I who assure you, Mr. Newman. I assure you that if such conduct is repeated, or if I discover that you have been in communication again with Henry Greet or Tom Skeen, I will take the first train to your home office and lay the matter before your superiors. And ponder over this until morning. I dislike dirty play. It makes me very mad. You've heard that I'm young and inexperienced, but you've not heard that when I get mad I can be very tough indeed. From now on, tough is too mild a word for what I mean to be. . . . Good day, Mr. Newman. If your firm sends a representative in the future, I would suggest it be someone other than yourself."

When Mr. Newman had made a disorderly retreat, Avery touched the buzzer for Gwen Silver. "Will you ask Mr. O'Brien to come in when it is convenient?"

"At once, Mr. Truslow," she said, and returned to her cubicle, where he heard her rather shrill voice say to a typist, ". . . butter wouldn't melt in his mouth." Avery smiled thinly.

It was ten minutes before Deke O'Brien entered in his disjointed way and flopped into the comfortable chair. "I've been reading up on the God Siva and his boy friends," he said in his drawling voice. "I'm going to get me a silk scarf and practice. A little whiff of thuggee would baffle the local cops."

"It was a daft exhibition," Avery said. "A case where it didn't pay to advertise. . . . And it was advertising I called you to talk about."

"What advertising?"

"Bend your ear. What is the thing that makes radio and television possible?"

"Advertising."

"It must work or people wouldn't spend so much money on it."

"It works."

"In your judgment, will good advertising help to sell anything?"

"I think it will."

"It will sell soap and lipstick and beer. Those are tangible things that you can touch and use. But how about something intangible? Something you can't pay for over the counter and carry home."

"Such for instance as?" Deke asked.

"Television programs," Avery said. "We've got to get ourselves more viewers. We've got to better our ratings. It's a thing to try. What's your opinion?"

"It's sudden. Of course, we run promotionals, but what else?"

"Newspapers, billboards ——"

"Cost money," Deke said dubiously.

"How much do the cigarette people spend a year?"

"About a jillion dollars, I guess."

"But it sells their product and they make a profit."

"Right. And razor blades and this and that. So it doesn't matter how much money you spend on advertising if it shows a profit."

"Deke, I'm going to start an intensive advertising campaign to sell station HARP-TV—as if it were razor blades or tobacco."

"Where'll you get the money?"

"Make the advertising provide it," Avery said grimly. "Get in our advertising and publicity boys. Pronto. I want to get the jump on our competitors. And show possible sponsors that we're alive and kicking."

"Pal," said Deke in his lazy voice, "if I may be so familiar as to call you such. I'm for trying anything once. We got no place to go but up. Me, I'm all for hiring a skywriter on the off chance."

"I want," Avery said, "to start quarter pages in the papers Monday. I want billboards ready day before yesterday. Hop to it. Let me see layouts. You've got a soft snap around here, with practically nothing to do but three men's work. Scram."

Deke straightened to his full height and salaamed. "To hear, master, is to obey. But don't rub the lamp too hard, Aladdin. The metal's wearing thin."

"A Mr. Parsifal Nebo to see you," Gwen Silver announced.

"Show him in," Avery said.

The behemoth of a man came in with his flowing, lumbering gait. His trousers, necessarily ample, flapped about his columns of legs, and his loose coat, Avery thought, contained enough fabric to make a pavilion. Two sharp noses were thrust from side pockets and shrill little canine voices uttered tentative yaps.

"With your permission," Mr. Nebo said in his most courtly manner, "I will release Dan and Beersheba from their confinement. I assure you, sir, that they are house-broken."

He set the two wee Chihuahuas on the rug, whereupon they promptly signified their gratitude by sitting up alertly on their little haunches.

"And now myself," said Mr. Nebo, lowering himself into the comfortable chair and sighing with the exertion. He beamed upon Avery. "I find eccentricity a useful device," he said. "It distracts attention from one's more utilitarian qualities."

In spite of well-justified suspicions, Avery found himself attracted to the enormous man with the courtly manners and stilted conversation. Indeed he found himself tempted to display a comparable vocabulary.

"Is your call, sir, one of business or pleasure?" he asked.

"Strictly speaking, it is neither. There are social implications, but they are subordinate. Nor is business, such as is indulged in on the marts of trade, my objective. I wish to be presented to a charming young lady. Object not matrimony."

"What young lady; and why do you wish to meet her?"

"My objective," Parsifal Nebo said impressively, "is to discuss a common peril and to devise means of averting it. The name of the demoiselle is Miss Felicia Sewell."

"You are asking me," Avery said, "to assume the responsibility of introducing you to Miss Sewell?"

"I assure you, Mr. Truslow, that I am socially eligible. I guarantee that Miss Sewell shall suffer no harm as a consequence, but on the contrary may have reason to be grateful to you."

"Why should I become your sponsor, Mr. Nebo?"

"Because, my young friend, you, also, are involved. For example, the melodramatic events of a recent evening where your athletic prowess was most beneficial. . . . By the way, are you not surprised that there have been no repercussions? One man must have been severely injured by your falling secretary. . . . My present urgency is beca use an individual using the romantic name of Philidor has made himself visible. Shall we say in a menacing manner? With his human gorilla and his not too domesticated practitioner of the art of thuggee."

"Who, Mr. Nebo, is this Philidor?"

"At the moment, a free agent. A useful, adroit and ruthless person. Employed heretofore on regrettable international errands by various nations having unsavory commissions to perform."

"When do you wish to meet Miss Sewell?"

"Forthwith," said Mr. Nebo vigorously.

Avery, impressed by Nebo's urgent manner, and also moved by a certain justifiable curiosity, lifted his telephone and placed a call. In a moment there was a response. "Judge Morningstar's residence," said a voice.

"Avery Truslow speaking," Avery said. "Will you be so good as to see if Miss Sewell is available?"

"One moment, Mr. Truslow," the voice said. And then, after a brief pause, Felicia's voice came over the wire.

"Good morning, Mr. Truslow."

"Miss Sewell," Avery said, "a gentleman sitting in my office requests me to introduce him to you. His name is Parsifal Nebo."

She laughed softly. "I can't believe it," she exclaimed. "There's no such animal."

"It seems to be a matter of some urgency," Avery assured her. "With relation to that man who intruded at our table last night, Mr. Philidor."

"Is Mr. Nebo a friend of Mr. Philidor?"

"The contrary seems to be the case."

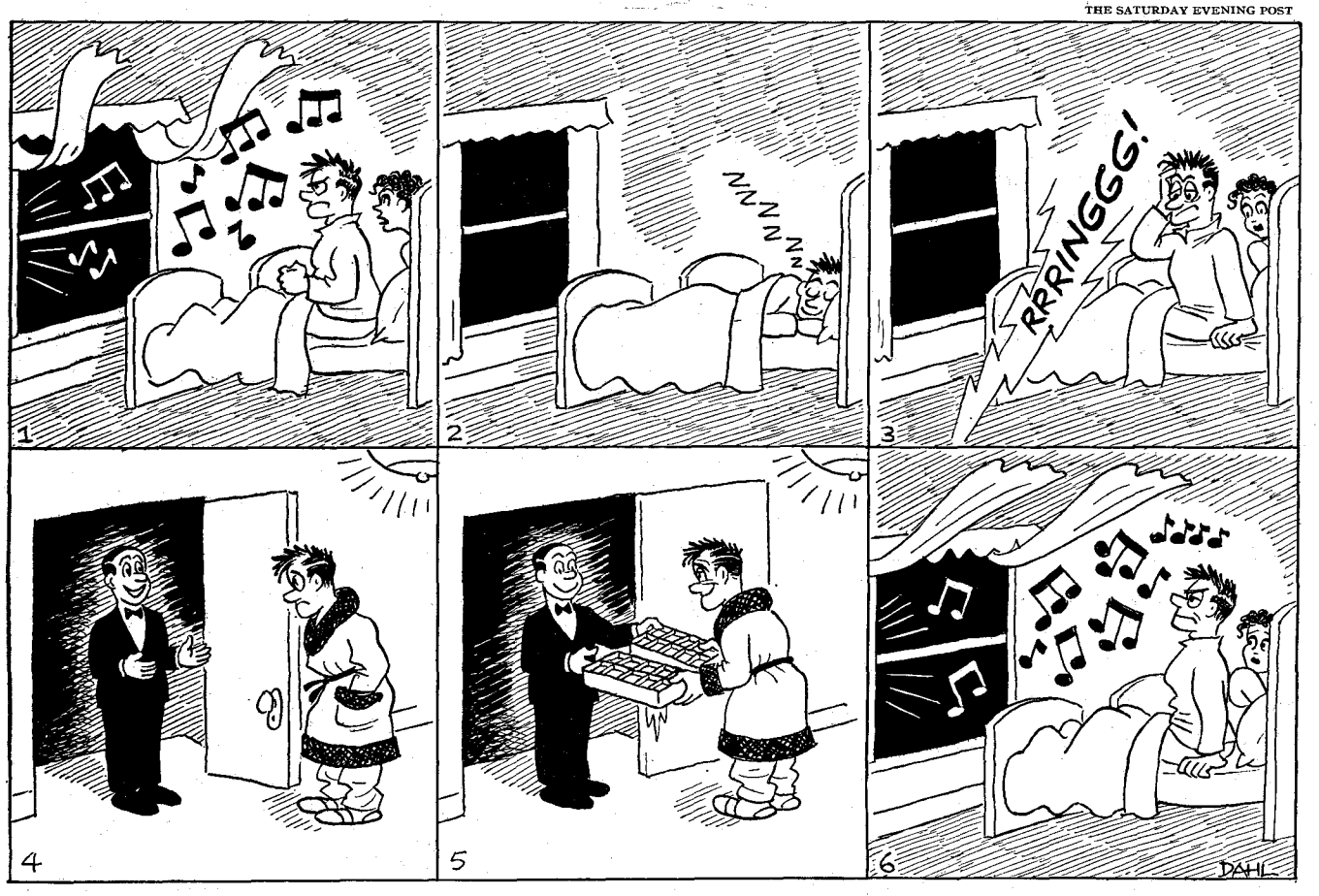
There was an appreciable pause. Evidently Felicia was considering. When she spoke again it was to ask when Mr. Nebo desired to call.

"As soon as it will be convenient."

"I can receive him in half an hour," Felicia said. (*Continued on Page 44*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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THEY ARE HUNTING FOR A SUNDAY RIDE... A WARM HOUSE

They are oil field "roughnecks" in hard hats. And in a sense, each man is a visionary, though he certainly never thinks of himself that way. For what our nation will be in the future depends on the labor of men like him.

You'll find these men on the 40 to 50 thousand wells the petroleum industry sinks annually. Why so many? To find more than 3,000 gallons of crude oil it must provide each year for your family . . . and every other family in the United States. We need fuel for our cars and Sunday drives. We need oil to warm our homes. We need oil's energy to make things move . . . and make things from—fabrics, medicines and thousands more. We need more men like them because we're going to need a lot more crude oil. In just 16 years, the industry will have to provide more than 5,600 gallons of crude oil for every family, and there will be over 15½ million more families.

Right now the petroleum industry is ahead of our needs. But with the way our population is growing—235 million by 1975—we're catching up.

The oil industry is ready. We have the men, like those in the picture. And we have the machines . . . like the mighty Caterpillar earthmovers and diesel engines.

There's a lot of work ahead if we're to have progress instead of simply growth.

Preparing for our nation's future needs is a job for all of us. After all, if *we* don't do it . . . who will?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

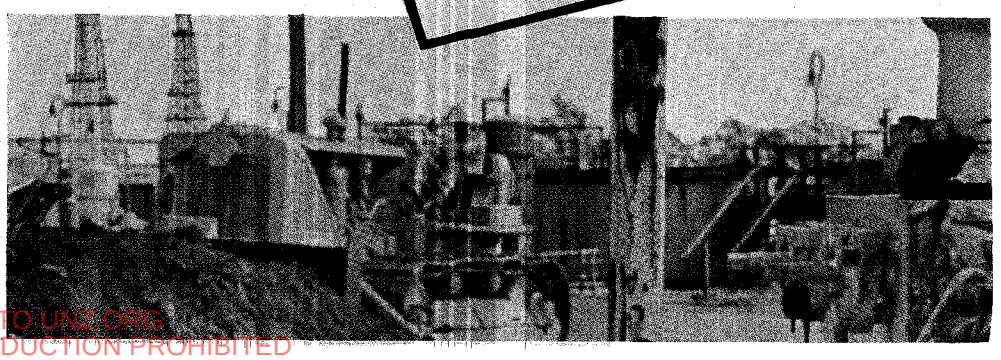
CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

MACHINES THAT BUILD
FOR A GROWING AMERICA

Petroleum is just one need of our fast-growing nation.
By 1975, our nation must have *. . . tens of thousands more miles of new roads • almost double our present water supply • double our school facilities • 20 million new homes • 20% of our present houses rebuilt • 2½ times more oil • 60% more lumber production and double today's pulpwood production • 55% more metal ores • soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 farm acres • 123,300 new dams and 1,200 miles of levees • double our present hospital facilities • 250% more electric power*



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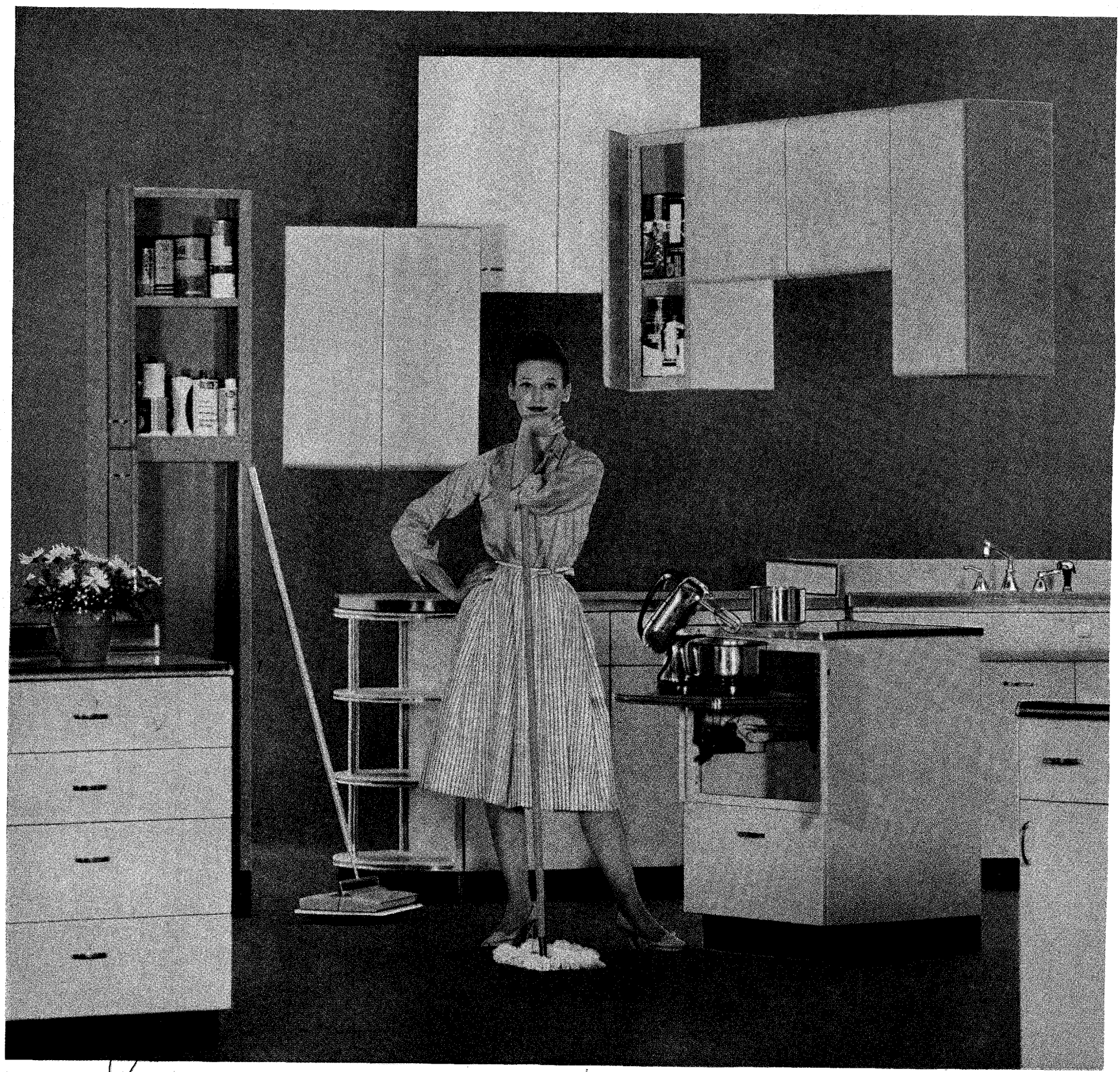
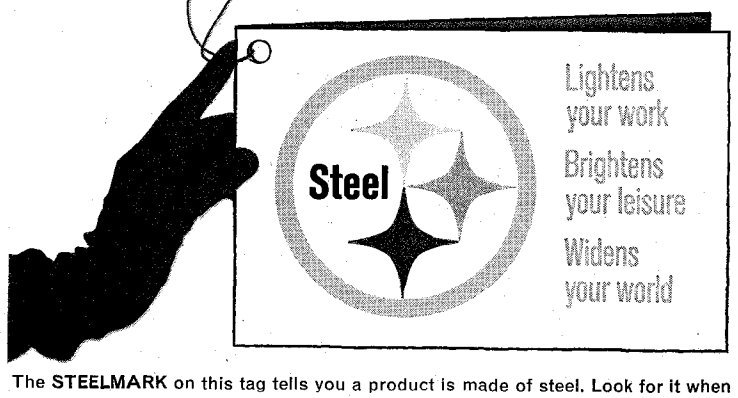
Today's USS steels lighten your work...brighten you





The **STEELMARK** on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

Organization girl. She plans her kitchen around units of steel—bright, colorful, endlessly variable, in sizes and shapes to fit every need. Follow her lead. Write for free, illustrated, kitchen-planning booklet to: U.S. Steel, Dept. A, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

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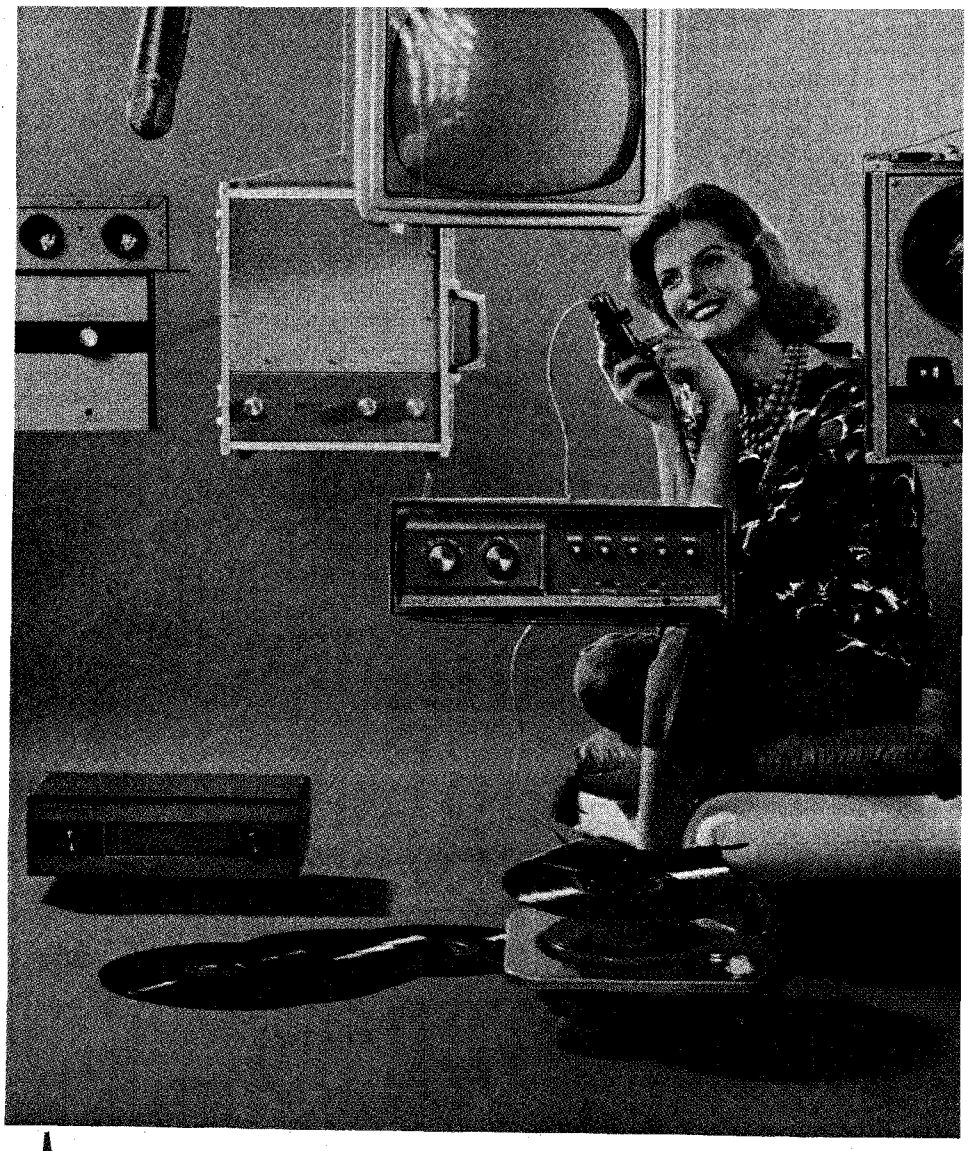
It's a fun world—and steel hoists you cloud-high to enjoy the view. Those interlaced beams . . . the great circle of the Ferris wheel . . . they're patterns for pleasure only steel could supply. Have fun . . . get out and *relax* with steel!



Stereo bug or TV addict, you'd be lost without steel. Electronic parts can be shaped to microscopic tolerances in steel. Cabinets can be curved to the latest styles. USS steels amplify your enjoyment—looking or listening.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

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Continued from Page 40) "Thank you, Miss Sewell. I will drive him out at once."

He replaced the instrument and turned to Parsifal. "Miss Sewell will receive us," he said. And then, his eyes grim, "If harm comes to Miss Sewell because of this," he said, "I would be seriously annoyed."

"There is only one person for whose welfare I am more solicitous than Miss Sewell's," Nebo said gravely.

"And that is?" Avery asked.

"Myself," said the huge man. He stooped, gathered up his two diminutive pets and stowed them in his pockets. "I'm ready," he said.

"My car is across in the parking lot," Avery said, and then remembered with shock that the envelopes which had been in the briefcase imposed upon him by Felicia Sewell were in the glove compartment of his automobile. He shrugged mentally. Perhaps that was as safe a hiding place as could be devised.

As they drove out to the Morningstar residence Avery thought very hard about the girl they were going to see. There was so much about her that was contradictory; so much that was enigmatic. In that long, cross-country ride she had disclosed nothing of herself. On the occasions when he had met her in Van Buren, in such different circumstances and in so different a character, she had given him no confidences, had not even by inadvertence dropped casual facts about herself and her past. Here, in the family of Judge Morningstar, she was an honored guest—a fact hard to reconcile with her first incarnation as a servant girl thumbing her way to a destination.

Last night, by the man Philidor, it had been hinted that her father was a man of distinction, of importance in the State Department. And she had betrayed the fact that she was familiar with the capitals of Europe.

The point that baffled Avery was that a girl of her refinement and beauty and family had found it necessary to disguise herself as a menial and, entrusting herself to a stranger, take flight halfway across the continent.

He remembered with misgiving that her first meeting with him had been to the accompaniment of the skirling of police sirens—and that those sirens, as he read subsequently in the papers, announced the speeding of officers of the law to the scene of the murder of a man named Hubert Aldrich.

There was no evidence of a connection between Felicia Sewell and the Long Island tragedy. The Van Buren papers had not followed up the original story. All Avery knew about it was the scanty item carried by a press-association wire.

And now he was going to meet her on an extravagant, not to say preposterous, errand of presenting to her socially a questionable and eccentric individual named Parsifal Nebo. One would scarcely have expected a girl of Felicia Sewell's social position to consent to receive the man upon Avery's mere request to do so. The mention of Philidor's name, coupled with the fact that Nebo was no friend of Philidor's, had done the trick. Which only increased the intricacy of the puzzle.

They turned into the Morningstar driveway and stopped under the old-fashioned porte-cochere. Lurking under the trees of the meticulously kept grounds were metal deer and other sculptures admired by an earlier generation. Nebo regarded them with satisfaction.

"Our forefathers," he said mildly, "possessed most vile artistic taste, but I find it somehow charming and admirable."

Avery rang the bell, which was answered by a maid.

"Mr. Truslow and Mr. Nebo to call upon Miss Sewell," he said.

"Miss Sewell will receive you in the library," the girl said and showed them into a homelike room at the right of the hall.

Felicia was standing in the bay window, looking out upon the grounds. She turned as they entered and stood poised, with lifted brows. As she stood there, with the light behind her shining through the nimbus of her hair and outlining her gracious, slender, desirable figure, Avery was struck anew with her young loveliness—with her beauty and her poise.

"Miss Sewell," he said formally, "may I present Mr. Parsifal Nebo?"

Felicia did not extend her slender hand. A grave inclination of the head sufficed for acknowledgment of the presentation.

"Will you be seated?" she said. Then her eyes widened as a tiny head popped into view from Nebo's pocket. "My goodness!" she exclaimed.

Nebo scooped out both Chihuahuas with a courtly gesture. They sat upon his enormous palms and regarded Felicia pertly.

"My inseparable companions, Dan and Beersheba," he said. "They are charmed, Miss Sewell. Are you not charmed, my friends?"

Both little dogs barked sharply, signifying they were indeed charmed.

"And I," said Mr. Nebo, "share their admiration. It is gratifying to perceive true beauty coupled with intelligence and dignity." He bowed and seated himself in a large leather chair.

If the average man had it all to do over again he probably couldn't afford it.

DWAIN A. BASS

Avery remained standing. He peered narrowly at Felicia. Her face registered nothing but polite waiting.

"Mademoiselle," Parsifal said genially, "I am not an adroit man. I am direct. I come to the point without circumlocution. Do you have it?"

"Do I have what, Mr. Nebo?"

"Ah," said Parsifal, and his jowls shook as he nodded his head. "So we play games! So we chase each other around Robin Hood's barn."

"I was not aware that Robin Hood had a barn," Felicia said. "I thought he lived in the greenwood." Suddenly she seemed childish and naïve. Her face, which had been keen and quick with intelligence, became vacant and big-eyed. "I do not like to be chased," she said. "I do not like to chase people. I do not like rough games. Why should we chase each other?"

"Miss Sewell," Parsifal said earnestly, "the man who had it, or them, was murdered in a clumsy, complicated manner. His name was Hubert Aldrich. It was a futile crime because the perpetrator did not acquire what he wanted. Of this I am assured, because he diligently thereafter has pursued his quest. Therefore, someone forestalled him."

"You are talking riddles," Felicia said. "I do not like riddles. They confuse me. You have not yet said why you have come to see me. Mr. Truslow, why has this gentleman come to see me?"

"I've no idea," Avery said, "but I think you may be sure he had a definite purpose."

"I do not spread my wings," Parsifal said severely, "and fly off on wild-goose chases."

Felicia's lovely face, with its high cheekbones and eyes that tilted up a trifle at the corners, mirrored juvenile delight. "Oh, Mr. Nebo! You're so funny. Imagine you flying! It would be comical. Wouldn't it be comical?"

He was not offended. "I will choose a more apt figure of speech," he said. "I do not cast my bait where there are no fish. The thing I seek was in the possession of the late Hubert Aldrich. It passed from his possession, but not into that of the individual who engineered his death. Ergo, it was abstracted by someone else. Obviously not by myself, or I would not be here inquiring. The third parties in interest would be members of the Sewell family. Ergo!"

"I never actually heard anybody use the word 'ergo' before," declared Felicia. "I think you are a very funny man."

"Funny, mademoiselle! In spite of my girth and my admitted eccentricities, I am no figure of fun."

Avery agreed with Mr. Nebo. Whimsical the man might be. Capricious. Fantastic. But not comical. His appearance, his bulk, the way his clothes were draped upon his three hundred pounds, might, indeed, be clownish. But, somehow, it was not a laughable clownishness. Avery considered warning Felicia, but thought better of it. Perhaps the girl knew what she was doing.

"I didn't mean funny, ha-ha. I meant the other kind of funny, like puzzling," she apologized.

"Miss Sewell," Nebo said gravely, "please do not seek to confuse me. I am impervious to it. For reasons, doubtless sufficient to yourself, you are making pretense. You are wearing a false face, but I am not to be bamboozled. You are an intelligent young woman. You are astute. You are capable of teaching your grandmother to suck eggs. So, will you please to lay aside this alias and become your admirable self?"

"You," retorted Felicia, "enjoy dialectics. I enjoy playing parts. You delight to baffle. I delight to throw off balance. You haven't baffled me, nor have I upset your equilibrium. It's a tie score."

"Shall we, then, start again?"

"As you like, sir."

"Very well. Back to first principles. Have you it or them?"

"I have not it and I have not them."

"Do you know where it or they are at this moment?"

"I do not."

Avery felt compelled to speak. "Miss Sewell," he said, "do you know what Mr. Nebo is talking about? Do you know what *it* is? Do you know what *they* are?"

"Of course she does," Parsifal said with a paternal nod of the head. "Miss Felicia, I am psychic. My familiar whispers in my ear that you had a hand in abstracting *it* or *them* from Hubert Aldrich's safe. Your father was in London—is in London. So, who else but you? I confess I lost track of you for a time. Your movements during that interim are unknown to me. You came to light in Van Buren and I hastened here. Others, mademoiselle, have reasoned as I have done. The jackals gather. As for me, I am only fractionally jackal, but my rival, Mr. Philidor, is all jackal, with the additional disagreeable quality that he has rabies. . . . Now, at long last, I come to the point. Miss Sewell, I offer you alliance."

"Against Mr. Philidor?"

"Against all comers."

"For a consideration?"

"I am a reasonable contestant. I will settle for fifty per cent of the purse."

He surged to his feet, replaced Dan and Beersheba in his capacious pockets. "Time presses, Miss Sewell. You will want a time for thought. I grant it. Presently I will telephone for your decision. . . . And, Fräulein, miss, mademoiselle or signorina, bear in mind this modified adage: Half a loaf is better than a slab in the morgue. . . . I bid you a respectful and admiring good morning."

Avery had spent an annoying half hour in argument with a Mr. Longway, the promoter of a real-estate subdivision who sponsored an evening program of Western adventure. This gentleman had been encroaching upon the time of the entertainment portion of the program with ever-increasing commercials. He was demanding editing of the film, so that he could take more time to boast of the merits of his houses to a point where the sales department had felt compelled to refer the matter to Avery.

The flamboyant executive of the realty enterprise loved the sound of his own voice. He was arrogant. He pointed out that he was paying for a half hour's time on the air and was entitled to use it in any way he desired. He informed Avery that if HARP-TV did not let him have his way, then another station would be more lenient.

Avery listened patiently while Mr. Longway told him how to conduct his business and finished by laying down what amounted to an ultimatum.

"Mr. Longway," said Avery, "a television station is bound by certain obligations to the public. These obligations have been stated in a code of conduct adopted by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. This code is reasonable, Mr. Longway. It has been adopted alike for the benefit of sponsors, broadcasters and the public. Without the good will and respect of the public, television as an advertising medium would lose its effectiveness. Among other things, sir, a viewer must not be made to feel that he is being imposed upon. He resents the feeling that he is a captive audience. He is reasonable in accepting the necessity for the interruption of commercials to an acceptable extent."

"Who pays for the time? Who gives the public a free show?" Longway demanded.

"You pay, Mr. Longway, for the attention of the viewers. If their attention strays or if they are irritated by too frequent commercials, they turn off the program, or, to put it bluntly, they resent the sponsor. Instead of winning their friendship and patronage, the commercials turn them against the product. The sponsor, if he is greedy, fails completely to profit from his advertising and reaps a crop of resentment."

"Bosh," snorted Longway.

"Long study and investigation has established time standards for advertising commercials. These standards are fair and reasonable both to sponsor and viewer. As a matter of fact, Mr. Longway, they give the advertiser the best of it. Here are the time standards for programs of various lengths: An advertising message for a five-minute program may last one minute; for ten minutes, two minutes; for twenty-five minutes, two minutes and fifty seconds; for a half hour, three minutes; for a full hour, six minutes."

"They got no right to lay down the law to me," Longway said.

"But," Avery answered, "they have the right to lay down the law to *me*. I am required to abide by these regulations."

"But I'm not."

Avery continued to speak in courteous tone. "So long, sir, as you make use of the facilities of HARP-TV you will be required to adhere strictly to the code's time standards. I'm sorry, Mr. Longway, but this is final. I hope you will see the reasonableness of the rules and abide by them."

"GPHR-TV will be mighty glad to have my business." (*Continued on Page 46*)

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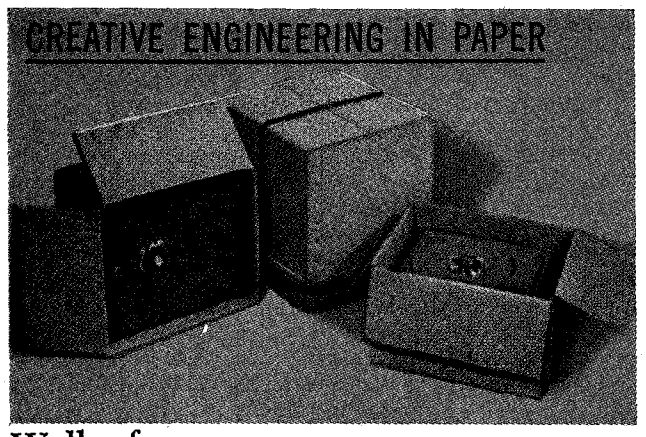
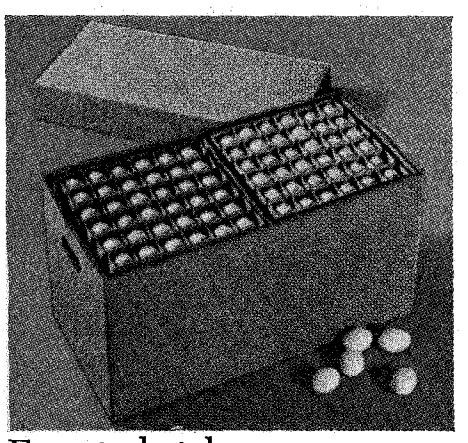
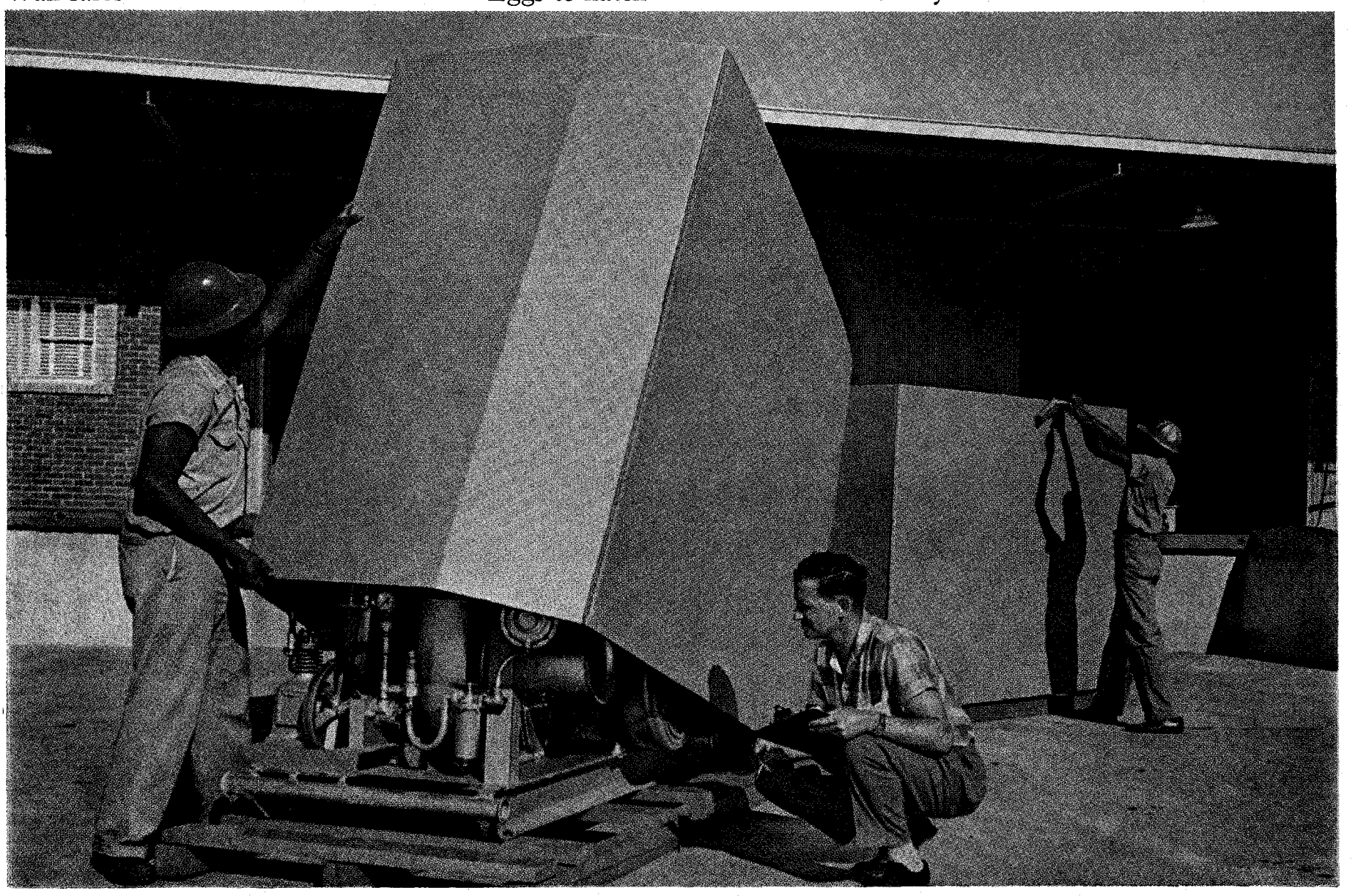


Wall safes



Eggs to hatch

Locks by the ton



Even 3000-pound oil heaters are shipped in paper boxes designed and made by Owens-Illinois

You name the product and the chances are that Owens-Illinois can devise a corrugated or fiber paper shipping container for it . . . a container that is lightweight, rugged and economical.

Consider these widely different examples.

Wall safes which used to be shipped in wooden crates now go in O-I corrugated paper boxes. O-I boxes not only keep fertile eggs safe in transit, but are designed so that they can be re-used. O-I corrugated paper trays which become compartments in paper shipping boxes have greatly reduced both manufacturing and shipping costs for a manufacturer of automobile locks. A maker of 3000-pound oil heaters ships his product in a unique O-I paper sleeve and cap.

That's why we say with conviction: "If Owens-Illinois can't package it in corrugated, nobody can." And the same type of research and imagination that is behind Owens-Illinois paper boxes is behind all of the Owens-Illinois product family.

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass television bulbs glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
[illegible]	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
[illegible]	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

PAPER PRODUCTS DIVISION
FORMERLY NATIONAL CONTAINER

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*) "If, Mr. Longway, they take it on your terms, they are welcome to it."

Longway sprang to his feet and flung out of the office. Avery slid down in his chair, chin disconsolately on his chest. Here was another piece of business lost.

Internal conditions in the station did not improve. Of all the staff only Footsy and Deke O'Brien were open partisans of Avery's. Probably the majority went about their business, taking no sides; but there remained a very active and troublesome group who made evident their antagonism to the new executive head. Even Fritz Larkin, whose wife had been the recipient of real favors from Avery, presented a sullen face.

Avery pretended, as he had done from the beginning, not to notice the attitude of his employees, treating one and all with that courtesy which was natural to him, and ignoring even blatant bad manners. Perhaps the worst offender was his secretary, Gwen Silver—the one from whom he was entitled to expect the greatest loyalty. He knew that she was in constant contact with Tom Skeen and Henry Greet of GPHR-TV, but he restrained himself from even calling her on the carpet and reading the riot act. Justified as he would be in discharging her, he did not do so. It would bring matters to a head, with what results he could not foresee. So, he concealed resentment and went his stoical way.

Deke O'Brien, in casual conversation, mentioned that young Ferd Perini was in a jam again. Perini was the young artist who did lettering and pictures for display advertising and the like. "He's a sucker for the installment plan," Deke said. "Good boy and has talent, but just no common sense. Nice little wife. And she hasn't any sense either. So now the finance company is going to grab his car."

Later, after Deke had left the office, Avery sent for Perini, asked him to be seated and complimented him upon a recent piece of work.

"By the way, Mr. Perini," he said, "I don't want to meddle, but I hear you're in a bit of a financial snarl."

"I seem always to be," the young man said miserably. "I'm not much of a manager, I'm afraid." He was almost in tears. "Vera and I—well, we buy things. If we don't have to pay for them today."

"The insidious installment-plan salesman," Avery said and smiled. "It's the automobile this time?"

"Yes, Mr. Truslow. I—I know it doesn't look good. But I hope you'll overlook it, and a couple of garnishees I've had. Vera and I have made a resolution ——"

"How much must you have?"

"Three monthly payments. A hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Truslow."

"Can you repay that sum at the rate of five dollars a week?"

"If it breaks my neck," the boy said eagerly.

"Right. This is personal between you and me. I'll expect you to make good on the weekly payments." Avery drew a check for the necessary amount and handed it to Perini.

"I—I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Truslow," the boy said.

"One thing, Mr. Perini, please do not mention this little transaction to anyone."

The young man went out with lightened steps. Avery returned to an examination of the series of advertisements which were to run in the local papers, the first of which had appeared that morning. Gwen Silver opened his door. "Mr. Henry Greet on the telephone, Mr. Truslow," she said.

Avery lifted the instrument. Greet's voice came over the wire.

"Listen, Avery," he said angrily, "what the hell are you up to?"

"If," Avery replied, "you asked more courteously I might tell you. Specifically, what's your trouble?"

"Your quarter-page advertisement in the morning paper."

"Yes?"

"It's a waste of money."

"Not your money," Avery said.

"Listen, if you go in for newspaper advertising we'll have to do the same."

"That is your problem."

"I hear you're intending to use billboards too."

"That is possible."

"It's ruinous. We can't afford it."

"Then," Avery said crisply, "stay away from it."

"Listen, I'm coming over to see you."

"Always glad to welcome you, Mr. Greet. But if you have an idea you can dissuade me from this advertising campaign, you may as well save your time. It has started and will continue."

"Truslow," Greet raved, "you're a blasted fool. The industry knows it. The trade knows it. The town knows it. You were wrecking your station before this. Now you're trying to wreck us. Either quit this idiocy or you'll be sorry for it."

"Good morning, Mr. Greet," Avery said evenly, and hung up the receiver.

For the first time since engaging in the television business he was pleased. Maybe his station could not afford an advertising campaign. It was a venture. Quite possibly it might prove to be a failure. It might not attract a dozen more viewers. But if the principle behind advertising was sound, then advertising would sell the product of a television station just as well as the product of a soap manufacturer. At any rate, he had got a rise out of a competitor.

The advertisement, within its limited space, had been eloquent about a new network show that was to have its première in Van Buren that evening at eight o'clock. It was a situation comedy with a satisfactorily high rating. Selling the station to this sponsor constituted a real achievement. Indeed, it was the first genuine ray of light that had shone on Avery's darkness.

To celebrate the event, Avery invited to dinner at the club Felicia Sewell and Phryne Morningstar. Miss Morningstar was not enthusiastic.

"Who," she asked in her brittle, uninflected voice, "are to make up the party?"

"A very small party, Miss Phryne," Avery told her. "After dinner we will come to my office to see the new show that begins tonight. I'm sure you will enjoy it. It is called Ups and Downs With Dilly."

"It sounds," said Phryne, "very driveling. It doesn't lure me. I would rather curl up with a good book. I suppose you will include some stupid businessman."

"Only myself in that category," Avery answered. "I'm sorry you don't care to come. Deke O'Brien will be disappointed."

There was no pause before Phryne's reply came crisply over the wire. "Who in blazes blurted that I didn't want to come? This, nor any other evening, is my time to disappoint that dunderheaded O'Brien. But if you fail to deliver him ——"

"I'll fetch him in handcuffs," Avery assured her.

The young men called for Felicia and Phryne in Avery's car and drove them to the club for dinner. Hardly had they seated themselves and given their order when another party of four entered the dining room. The men were Tom Skeen and Henry Greet. The girls were the twin sisters, Gwen and Clarabel Silver. Gwen was first to see her employer and his friends. It was evident that she was nonplused. Her lovely lips parted and her cheeks reddened. When Avery nodded, she seemed not to be able to make up her mind whether or not to respond. But she did jerk her head in acknowledgment. She spoke in an undertone, and Skeen and Greet turned and bowed with elaborate sarcasm.

"Looks like our pussy cat singed her whiskers," Deke said tartly. "Giving aid and comfort to the enemy, what! Friend Truslow, as a conspirator that gal hasn't got the sense God gave geese."

"Is there a contretemps?" Phryne asked. "Does something occur that we do not understand."

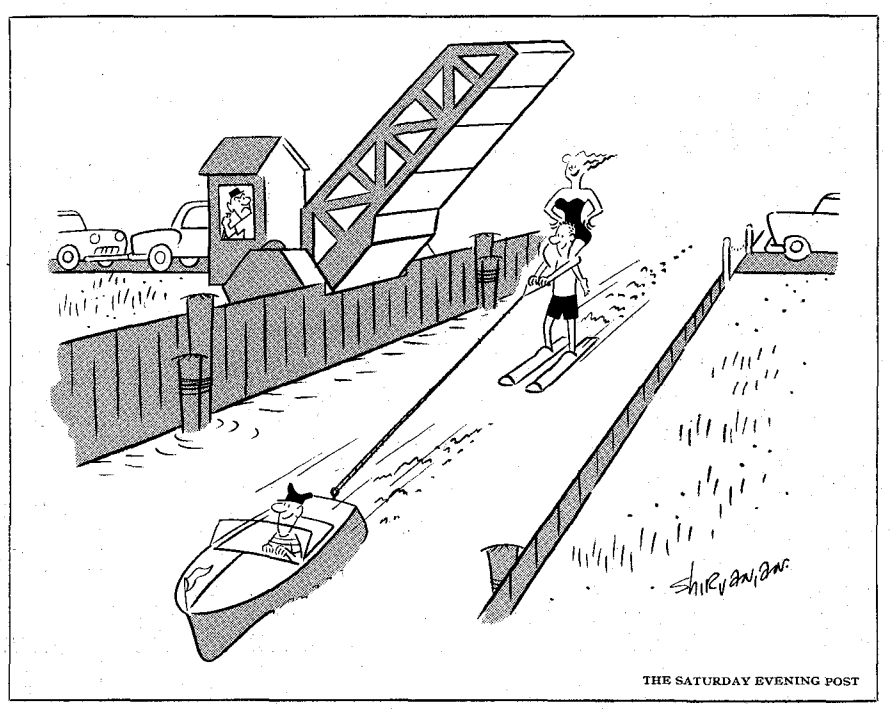
"Only," Deke answered with a scowl, "that the boss' confidential secretary and her sister are fraternizing, or sisterizing, with the opposition."

"Is that inexpedient, vicious, or frowned on by the book of etiquette?" Phryne asked.

"Well," Deke said dryly, "it's kind of analogous, as we of the upper classes say, to a ball game between the Yankees and the White Sox and Mickey Mantle sneaks up to bat for Chicago."

"Do you mean, Mr. Truslow," asked Felicia, "that your confidential secretary is disloyal? That she—she carries information to your competitors?"

"I can't prove it," Avery said.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Felicia nodded her head three staccato times. "You're right to keep her, Mr. Truslow. She may come in handy."

"Felicia Sewell," Phryne said rebukingly, "you are a sly, scheming, skulking, furtive and generally underhanded moppet. And I love you for it."

Their food arrived and for a time conversation slackened. Avery glanced at his watch. "Just time for dessert and coffee," he said.

Five minutes later they arose from the table and walked toward the elevators. As they passed the table at which the quartet sat, Henry Greet, of GPHR-TV, called to Avery, "Good luck to your new program, Truslow."

"Thank you for your good wishes," Avery responded.

Tom Skeen said something under his breath which Avery did not catch, and Gwen Silver placed a warning hand on his arm.

Avery drove his guests to the station and escorted them into his comfortable office. The girls eyed it critically.

"Does himself pretty well," Phryne said dryly.

"Reprehensible luxury," Felicia said.

"Which, if all reports are true, he can ill afford."

Avery, after seating them to the best advantage, crossed to the television cabinet and waited, watch in hand, for eight o'clock to arrive. He snapped off the overhead light and turned the proper button. A commercial was just ending. There came a station break and Avery waited with anticipation for his new, advertised show to commence. Nothing happened. There were not even moving streaks and patterns of light on the screen. There came no sound.

Avery, startled, fiddled with the buttons. The screen remained blank. No sound came from the instrument.

"What's wrong?" Deke demanded.

"Don't know. See if you can get something."

Deke, a skilled television man, had no better fortune than Avery. He forgot his manners. He did not excuse himself, but flung out of the office and ran down the corridor toward the control room. Avery, equally disconcerted, followed.

Phryne raised her brows at Felicia. "Where there's excitement there go I," she said. "Come on, darling."

They followed the retreating footsteps to the control room, where there were confusion and desperate activity. The only words spoken aloud were expletives. The sound man and the picture man were working desperately, but to no purpose. The chief engineer, pale to the lips, opened cabinet doors and peered at wires and connections and electronic gadgets. His attention was upon the complexity of the synchronizing generator, the heart of the television operation—a complex of tubes and wires. His eye could detect nothing amiss. He straightened and hurried out of the room to get to the back of the cabinet, and, as he stepped into that constricted compartment, he uttered a shout. The others crowded to the door and stood staring. For prone in a corner was a body, and on the floor was an increasing pool of blood.

Avery reached the spot first. He knelt. Whoever the man was, he had suffered a punishing blow at the back of the skull. Avery gently turned him, disclosing his face. It was a young face, ashen now, with closed eyes. He was breathing unpleasantly. It was Footsy Bundle!

"Someone call an ambulance," Avery said in a hard, cold voice. He looked up and peered into face after face. "So," he said almost in a whisper, "they don't stop even at killing."

TO BE CONTINUED

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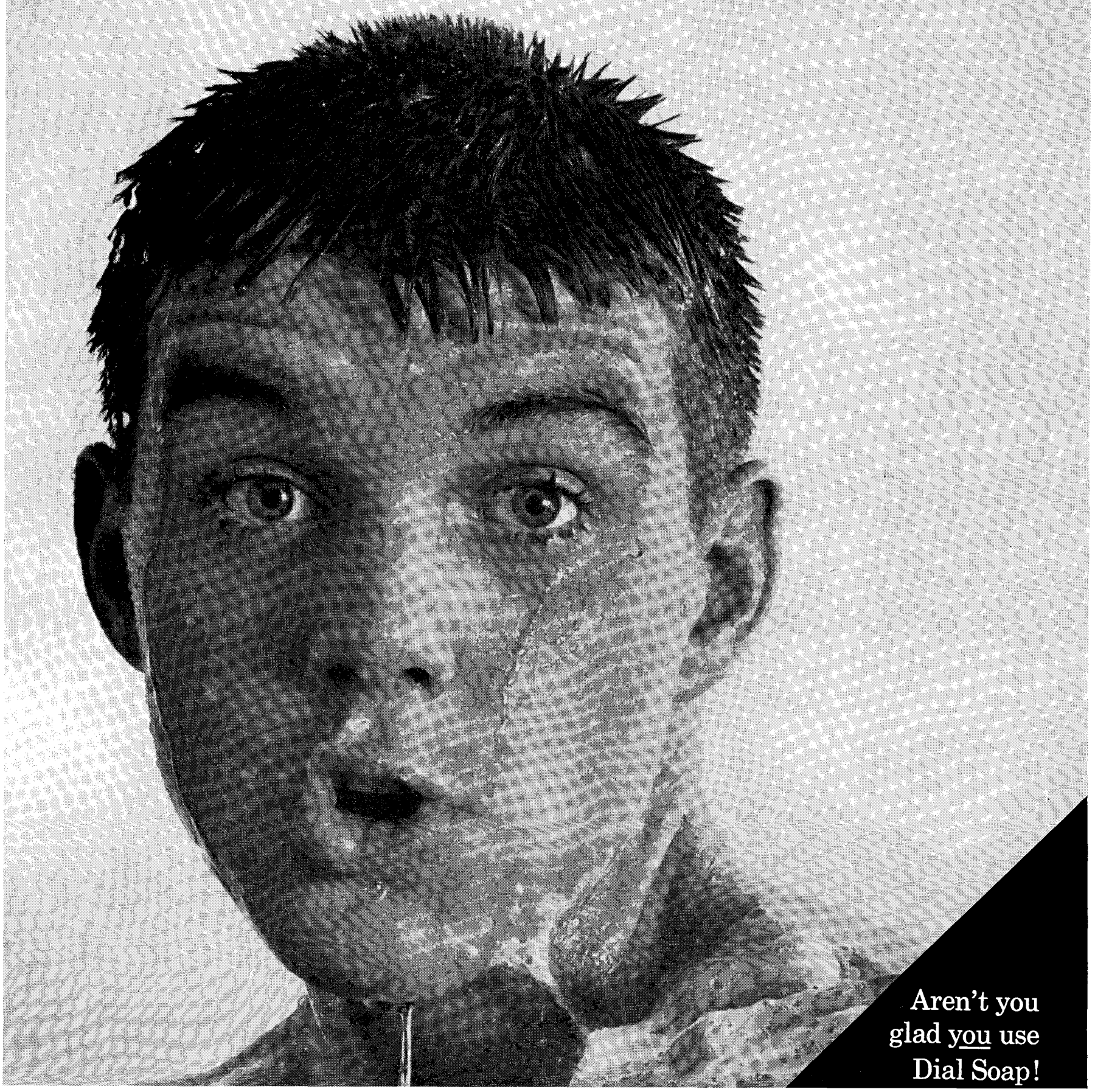
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why worry? People who bathe with Dial never worry about perspiration odor. Because Dial's AT-7 removes the bacteria that cause it. Gives them better protection than anything else they can use. That's why people who like people like Dial. Millions of them!



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How many willing slaves in your household?

Who sweeps the floor, beats the cake mix, saws the wood? Who dries your hair, blows warm air through your house, tumbles the laundry? Who pushes the toy train, ventilates the kitchen, washes the dishes?

Who? Dozens of little electric motors! The average home uses from twenty to thirty. Ever try counting the motors in your home?

The working heart of these tireless servants is a stack of flat steel laminations made of steels alloyed to contain precise percentages of silicon, a common element found in clay and sand but which, in steel, enhances the magic of magnetism. Republic Steel is one of the world's largest manufacturers of silicon steels.

Businessmen have done wonders with fractional horsepower to make living more fun. And businessmen have also freed more time for you. Increased leisure comes from good managers of business and industry who, decade after decade, have invested in more productive machinery, developed more economical processes, and so have made possible our nation's enviable standard of living.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Cleveland 1, Ohio

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Set Up for Murder (Continued from Page 16)

out of sight, under wraps until we need him?"

"He's a stranger," Carnevan said. "We can put him in a hotel, put men on him ——" He stopped, and then just sat and looked at his hands.

"Nobody blames you," Long said, "for what happened that time. You couldn't have done any more than you did, getting yourself shot up."

"Except keep him alive," Carnevan said. And then, "All right. We lock this one up? Rough on him, but at least he'll be safe."

"There's a better way," Long said. "We'll give him a break. He deserves it. And this time we'll make sure there isn't any leak or any chance of somebody stumbling over him. He'll drop out of sight. There's a little town up the river, and the local police will co-operate."

Carnevan walked back to his own little office. He was just jumpy, he told hmself, and maybe a little tired, too, up most of the night and only two weeks back on the job. He would be as good as ever after a while, the doctors had said; times like this he wondered if it was true, if a man was ever quite the same again after the doubts had been planted in him by the weeks that turned into months and nothing to do but lie in a bed and think—doubts, and fears about how it might be next time, after his luck had run out. He tried to shake that feeling as he went into the office and closed the door.

Fallon had the books of pictures closed. "Their pictures aren't there."

"O.K.," Carnevan said. It had been too much to hope for, and yet ——

"But maybe this will help," Fallon said. He held out a piece of paper. "Once upon a time I thought I was going to be an artist. Not that it matters. Does this do any good, lieutenant?"

Carnevan looked at the faces, caricatures really, but expressions, even personalities, caught with precision. He nodded. "Good for you." And he could even smile faintly. He put the paper down. "Now," he said, "we know what we're looking for, and we get you out of sight until we find him. Here's what you do. You don't even go back to the Park Hotel ——"

Fallon said, "But my things ——"

"We'll take care of your things. We don't want anybody seeing you, remembering you. You understand that?" The jumpiness was gone now. "Don't get hero ideas. I told you these were professionals, and pros don't like loose ends, and you're a loose end, awful loose. One way or another we're keeping you under wraps. If we have to, we'll lock you up."

Fallon looked down at his hands. "What do I do?" He listened quietly, and when Carnevan was done, he said merely, "I guess you know your business." He stood up. He hesitated. "I hope you do, lieutenant." He was gone.

Carnevan picked up the caricatures again and looked at them, but found no identities to go with the faces.

From the doorway, Captain Long said, "Did he give you an identification?" He came in, closed the door.

"Not in the mug books," Carnevan said. "But he did this." He held out the drawing. "We're still in luck."

Long studied the faces. He looked at Carnevan. "Recognize them?" And then, "Neither do I." He did not put the paper down, and he still watched Carnevan's face. "You don't look very good."

"I'm all right."

"No." Willie Long shook his head. "You'd better go home, get some sleep." He held up the paper. "This is routine. I'll take care of putting it out." And he smiled faintly. "And I'll take care of the newspaper guys. They're raising a fuss."

It was funny, but that jumpy feeling was back again, and Carnevan could not explain it. "I'd rather ——"

"Beat it," Long said. "You look like death." He walked out.

Carnevan got out of his chair. He put on his hat. A nice guy, Willie Long. The department was full of nice guys. Oh, some weren't, and some, a few, only a handful, really, from time to time, were scum, the worst thing Carnevan could think of—crooked cops. And the crooked ones were all the public thought of, knowing nothing of the pride that was in the rest of the force, the sense of belonging, of knowing yourself a man among good men. There was comfort in that thought. He was tired, that was all the jumpiness amounted to. Bed was what he needed. He hoped that Fallon was following his instructions.

Martin Fallon was in a movie theater, one of the big ones, eating the first popcorn he had tasted in four years. On the screen the film was coming to its end for the second time. "You're safe as long as you're in a crowd," Carnevan had told him. "Walking on a street where there are lots of people, going to a ball game, anything like that, nobody's going to pick you out. Kill the afternoon that way."

Even then, back in Carnevan's office, Fallon had listened with a sense of unreality that was almost disbelief. That feeling was stronger now, and tinged with resentment. He had behaved like a good citizen and gone to the police with what he had seen. And they had said, in effect, "Thank you very much. Now just abandon your clothes and anything else you may have in your hotel, and any plans you may have made during the last four years, and get yourself lost for the afternoon, and don't argue because we know best."

When the house lights came on and he looked at his watch, and saw it was time, he got out of his seat and walked out of the theater and headed for the station, just as he had known all along he would do. The mobs of commuters wrapped themselves around him like a protective cloak, and it was, somehow, better then. At least he was doing something.

He found the right train with no trouble, and let himself be swept with the crowd onto the dank platform and aboard the nearest car. He found a window seat. Across from him four men set up a bridge game in an efficient way. Everybody else either read a newspaper or talked with his seatmate. It was all so automatic, even amusing, and yet Fallon felt a sudden, unreasoning dread of being conspicuous. Then a girl sat down beside him and opened her newspaper, and the dread disappeared because he was no longer alone.

They came out of the long tunnel and into the area of tenements, stores, signs, some of them in Spanish. Fallon smoked a cigarette and watched the river. The girl beside him read on. When the train made its first stop, Fallon took out his timetable and studied it. The girl glanced at him, smiling faintly. And when, later, the timetable came out again, she said, "Which one do you want?" Mere friendliness. And when he told her, the girl said, "That's mine. You can relax. I could get off in my sleep."

The trip seemed longer than the hour Carnevan had said it would be, but the girl said finally, "This is us." Her paper was already neatly folded. They were together among other commuters down the aisle and out onto the dark platform. "You can walk into town," the girl said, "or take a taxi ——"

"I'm going across the bridge."

"Then don't take a taxi. I tried it once. They charge a fantastic fare. There's a bus ——"

"I'm being met."

"Then you're all set." She smiled again.

"Thank you," Fallon said. He watched her walk off down the platform, tall, straight, at ease in her daily routine. He walked out to the front of the station.

There were cars parked, most of them with women at the wheel. There were taxis which filled quickly and pulled away. Up the street the bus waited in an area of light and people walked toward it.

And then he saw the car, and he stopped suddenly in the shadows, not really knowing why, feeling merely a sense of wariness. It was not the same car he had seen last night. That was the first thing. But it waited in the same way, without lights, its engine turning over. There were two men in it, their faces merely blurs through the windshield.

Fallon stood quite still, watching the car, while he tried to think, and now the sense of unreality was strong, almost overpowering; and a new feeling began, as of tiny mice feet scampering up and down his spine, sending a prickling sensation into the base of his scalp.

He did not panic easily. Still he stood there, uncertain, feeling the mice feet scampering furiously. And then he turned away, back to the darkness of the platform, walking slowly at first in his hesitation, and then faster. When he reached the platform he began to run, toward the parking area where the girl had gone.

He thought that he had missed her. And then he saw her just getting into her car, and the relief was a warm flood in his mind. He slowed to a walk as he came up to the car window. "I'm sorry," he said. "My ride isn't there. And the bus has already gone."

The girl watched him in silence.

"If you'd be good enough," Fallon said, "to give me a ride across the bridge. I know it's an imposition, but ——"

"There won't be another bus," the girl said. "But the taxis ——" She stopped there. She shook her head. "I can't wish their fare on anybody." In the light of the instrument panel her face was wearing its faint, friendly smile, a calm face, a strong face. "Hop in."

Walking around the car Fallon let his breath out in a long, silent sigh. He got in and said, "I am grateful."

They bumped out of the parking area and onto the road in front of the station. The car still waited, without lights, and as they passed it the driver's head was briefly in profile. Fallon saw, and tried to compare it with memory—the set of the head; the curious, intent, almost coiled appearance—but it was futile. It could be the same, but ——

"Where are you going?" the girl said.

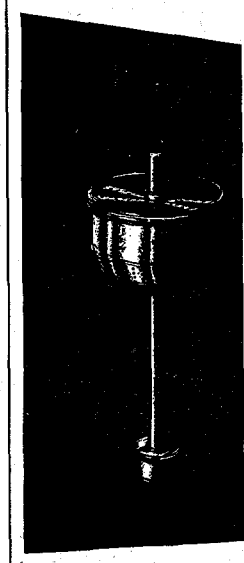
Backlog

My reason for rush work
unfinished as yet
Is sound as can be:
Triple, the number of things
to be done;
Single, the number of me.

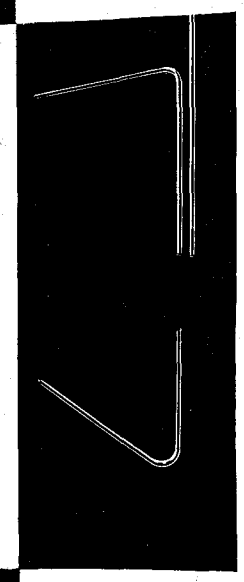
Paul Armstrong

A GAMUT OF REPUBLIC STEELS

for *living better electrically*



TUBING is one of many forms of steel for appliances. For instance, when America reaches for the morning coffeepot, the happy bubbling is taking place in a Pump Tube. This percolating tube in many popular pots is made of stainless steel tubing—so easy to clean, so durable, so free from taste contamination. Republic is one of the world's largest makers of stainless steel tubing.



ELECTRICAL METALLIC TUBING

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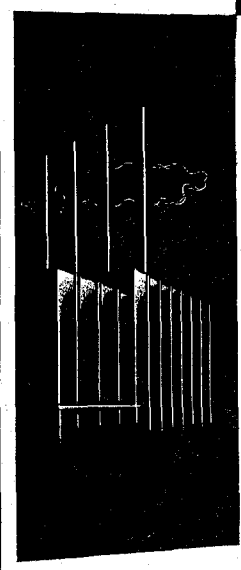

BOILER TUBES

Electrical Living really starts at the huge boilers of a generating plant. Boilers are banks of tubes carrying water vapor and steam from drum to drum. Thousands of tubes are inside one boiler. Each tube must be absolutely dependable under tremendous pressure and high temperature. Republic Steel is one of the world's leading makers of boiler and heat exchanger tubes.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Steels and steel products for electrical generation, transmission, and application.

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He answered automatically. "There's a hotel called The Inn ——"

"There's only the one hotel," the girl said. "I'll drop you there." She switched on the radio. An announcer's voice worked its way through a commercial. In the little car this was the only sound.

They turned onto the bridge ramp, slowed for the toll station. Fallon held out a bill. "Please." The girl took it, held it out of the window. The radio crackled as the wires in the roadway touched the bottom of the car. ". . . development in the Russo killing," the announcer's voice said, and Fallon sat stiff and straight in his seat as the voice went on. "An eyewitness has disappeared, police announce. His name is Martin Fallon, and his present whereabouts are unknown. Captain William Long, speaking for Lieutenant Carnevan, who is in charge of the investigation, announced late this afternoon that he fears Fallon may have met with foul play. Fallon left police headquarters early this afternoon, ostensibly to return to his hotel, but has so far failed to arrive. It was only six months ago that another eyewitness to a gangland killing, Peter Morris, was shot to death in a New York hotel in a gun battle in which Lieutenant Carnevan, guarding the witness, was wounded. Lieutenant Carnevan has only recently returned to duty. The missing man, Fallon, is six feet tall, one hundred and eighty pounds. His hair ——"

They were past the toll station, onto the bridge itself. "Your change," the girl said. And then, "What's wrong?"

Fallon sat quite still. The announcer's voice went on, telling of trouble in Algeria now. "Are you sick?" the girl said.

He shook his head dumbly. Why? Carnevan knew where he was. Carnevan had given him the instructions, precise instructions. Carnevan. . . .

Carnevan came out of the bedroom of the little apartment, wearing only the bottoms of his pajamas, yawning still. Clara was in front of the television, her long legs tucked beneath her. She sat up, all in one long smooth movement, and switched the set off. "Feel better?"

"I'm fine," Carnevan said. "How long did I sleep?"

"Three, four hours." There was something in her voice, but he failed to catch it.

"Funny," Carnevan said, and added no more. In that once-upon-a-time, one hour, two hours of sleep at the most, and he had been fit and ready again if it was necessary, maybe a little edgier than usual, but alert. Now he felt merely dragged-out by the sleep, and the jumpiness had not left him. Clara's eyes were on him, but avoiding his face. "What're you staring at?" Carnevan said. And then, "Oh." And he looked down at himself, at the scars, still reddish purple, ugly; but nothing, really, compared with the scar on his back where one of the bullets had come out. "I should have put on the pajama coat. Sorry, baby."

"I've seen them before."

"Sure you have, but I don't have to wave them at you."

"Are you awake enough for a beer?" Clara said. "And then some dinner?" This time there was no mistaking the false note.

"No beer," Carnevan said. He sat down, his eyes on her face. "Speak up, baby. What's your trouble?"

"One of those days, I guess. How about that dinner?"

"Baby." Sharper this time.

She stood silent, indecisive, watching him, no longer even trying to smile. Clara took a deep breath. "It isn't fair. It's not your fault, but the way they make it sound, bringing up—that other time ——"

"Make sense," Carnevan said. "What's happened?"

She turned and pointed dumbly at the television set. She took another deep breath. "On the news," she said. "Your eyewitness. He's gone, and they think the same thing happened to him that happened to—the other one. They brought that up, made a point of it. They didn't say that you were more dead than alive trying to protect ——"

Carnevan was out of his chair. He had her shoulders in his hands and he turned her, shook her gently. "All of it. Right from the beginning. Fallon's gone where? And what do they think?" He stood there, his hands still on her shoulders, watching her face, listening. And when she was done, he let his hands drop, and then merely stood, strangely shrunken, stunned.

"But it isn't your fault," Clara said. "You were here, asleep. Willie Long told you to go home. They can't blame you. If they blame anybody ——"

Carnevan turned away as if he had not heard her. He walked into the bedroom. Clara followed him to the doorway, and Carnevan said, "Make some coffee." He walked into the bathroom and sloshed cold water on his face, combed his hair, which was streaked with gray now—this, too, a constant reminder that he was no longer what he had been.

Clara was gone when he came out and began his dressing, fast, efficient, the movements of a doctor used to being roused out of sleep; or a cop. And while he dressed he put it all together in his mind, and then took it apart again and started over, but it came out the same way, and here, then, was the root and the cause of the jumpiness, not fatigue or anything else, merely this. Because all along his mind, his inner, cop's mind that continued to function whether he wanted it to or not—all along this part of his mind had smelled something bad right from the first moments in Willie Long's office.

Dressing, he thought of all this, seeing it clearly and objectively. Yet he still half disbelieved it, because only Willie Long could have engineered it this way, and if that was so, that meant that Willie was scum; and worse than scum, a crooked cop, probably crooked for a long time—Willie! It didn't seem possible, but everything pointed that way.

Only he and Willie Long knew what had been said in Willie's office, the decision to send Fallon to the little town up the river. And only he, Carnevan, had talked to Fallon, told him to get lost this afternoon, take this train this evening, get off at this station where he'd be met, go to this hotel.

But now Willie had told a different story to the newspapers and radio and television guys, and he was attributing it to Carnevan, too, that Fallon had been told to return to the Park Hotel in the city, but he never got there. So what did it add up to?

There was only one reason for sending Fallon up the river all alone, and then telling the second story. Fallon was a sitting duck for the two hoods in the car. And when somebody found what was left of him, where would the finger point? Why, at Carnevan, who'd sent him there and then told Willie he had sent Fallon back to the Park Hotel. Willie Long could make his own story sound plausible: When Fallon didn't show up at the Park Hotel, Willie would say he got worried and gave out the story to the press guys and put out a thirteen-state alarm, doing all the right things—and who was to say different? Who was to say different?

Not Carnevan, his word against Willie's; Carnevan who had already lost one witness to another killing six months ago. Sure, Carnevan got himself shot up that time, but wasn't it just possible that that had been an accident; maybe that somebody, trying to make it look good by merely winging Carnevan, had made it look a little too good? What else would anybody think?

And still that inner cop's mind refused to stop analyzing, seeing how it would be. Even if something went wrong up the river and Fallon, by some miracle, managed to get back alive with his story, what then? What would Fallon's story be? He would say, he would have to say, because this was all he knew, "Why, Carnevan sent me up there. I don't know anything about any other police officer. It was Carnevan."

He turned around as Clara came into the room. She had a cup of coffee in one hand. In the other she carried a small package done up in brown paper, and her face was still troubled, but it was puzzled too. She held out the package. "This came just now. A messenger. You expecting something?"

Carnevan took the package slowly, automatically wary. He hefted it. It was heavy, but not too heavy. He held it to his ear, and heard nothing, and the paper felt soft and flexible in his hands and he had never heard of a bomb that felt that way, and why would anybody be sending him a bomb anyway? Still —— "Put the coffee down, baby, and get out of here. Close the door."

"No."

"You heard me," Carnevan said.

"No, Carnevan." She moved closer. "Open it."

The string was not sealed, nor attached anywhere that he could see. He worked it with his fingers, slid it off. Nothing happened. He unfolded one corner of the brown paper and peeked. And then he opened the whole package. "Worse than a bomb," Carnevan said, and was unaware that he spoke the words aloud. "Much worse."

Clara's hands just opened and the coffee cup dropped to the floor with a clatter and a splash and she paid no heed. She stared at the package; the pile, thick as a man's hand is broad, of bills, used bills, a twenty on top; and, as Carnevan's hands moved, tilting the stack, fifties and tens and more twenties peeking out.

Clara opened her mouth. No sound came out.

So now he knew for sure; now there was no longer room for any doubt. Carnevan said, and his voice was not quite steady, "It's a frame, baby. I set a man up for murder. I'm right in the middle."

Clara's tongue came out between her teeth, moistened them. "Fallon?"

"Fallon," Carnevan said.

They were across the bridge now, and the girl turned down the ramp. Fallon still sat silent, numb, feeling the tiny mice feet scampering and the prickling in his scalp, and feeling, too, naked and vulnerable.

It had to be the two men from last night waiting in the car back at the station. It made sense no other way. And yet he still couldn't be sure, because that feeling of unreality would not be denied.

"If you're sick," the girl said, "there's a hospital ——"

"No. I'm all right. I was just—thinking of something."

"You had me worried," the girl said. The faint smile appeared again. "Here's your change." She dropped the money in his hand. "The Inn is just ——"

"I've changed my mind," Fallon said. "Just drop me off. Anywhere. And thank you for the ride."

The girl was frowning now. "Are you sure you feel all right?"

"I feel rotten," Fallon said. "But I don't want to go to the hospital, and I don't want to go to The Inn. I have to do some—thinking. Let me off anywhere."

The girl glanced at him again. "You're in trouble?"

"It looks like it."

"Bad trouble?"

Fallon said gently, "I haven't done anything, if that's what you're wondering. The funny part of it is just that: I haven't done a thing." And, "Anywhere here."

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know yet."

There was a long silence this time. Then, "I have a house," the girl said. "If you want to think, you can do it there." Where was the harm in that?

Fallon looked at her, studied her. He nodded. "I am grateful," he said.

It was a small house, set back from the road. Two large plane trees seemed to protect it. This much Fallon saw in the glow of the headlights. The girl said, "I wasn't brought up in a city, and unless you are, I guess apartment-house living isn't for you." She was not quite sure why she was talking, except that Fallon sitting beside her was so silent. They walked up the steps. "I tried it," the girl said, "living where I could walk to work, but I missed trees and a garden ——"

"Sometimes I think he's outside the main stream of American thought, and sometimes I'm not so sure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fallon said unexpectedly, "I know. I've missed trees too." And that was all. And then they were inside, and he stood by, feeling out of place, an intruder, while the girl stroked the two cats, spoke to them. The cats eyed Fallon warily.

"This is your thinking room." She walked into the kitchen, the cats following, tails erect. While she fed them, petting them as they ate, she kept her ears tuned to the other room. There was no sound. She stood up at last and walked to the doorway. Fallon was just sitting, looking at the fireplace, and his face, unguarded, seemed younger than before, almost boyish, and bewildered. The girl walked into the room and said, "How is the thinking coming?"

He had a faint smile. "I can't find a place to begin."

"Try the beginning." The girl took a chair, curled her legs beneath her. "Do you want to tell me?"

"I don't know."

The girl said nothing.

"Yes," Fallon said suddenly. "I do want to tell you." And the words began, in all of their disbelief, even incredulity, sounding wild and melodramatic here in this quiet room. The girl listened to the end in silence. "So there was no reason for the radio report," Fallon said, "unless ——" He left it there, his eyes on the girl's face.

She shook her head. "You tell me."

"Why mention me at all?" Fallon said. "Particularly, why lie about it, when they know where I am because they sent me here?" He paused. "Unless they're trying to set up a cover, trying to give the impression that I ran away, or that somebody got to me, it makes no sense at all."

The girl said slowly, hesitantly, "You think—what?"

"I think that the car I saw at the station was waiting for me, and that the two men in it are the ones I saw last night." Saying it aloud like this, it was somehow better, easier; not much, but some. "I think that the police sent me up here and told the men where I'd be. They—missed me at the station. Now they'll go to the hotel to see if I'm there." Then, "You don't really believe me, do you?"

"I—don't know."

"Like a bad dream," Fallon said, "and making no more logical sense than a bad dream. It's been like that all day. I don't blame you." He took a piece of paper from his pocket, held it out to her. "There it is, Carnevan's handwriting; which train, which station, the hotel here called The Inn."

The girl handed the paper back to him. "What are you going to do?"

He shook his head, and his hand moved automatically, took a pencil from his pocket, began to doodle on the back of Carnevan's paper. "I don't know yet." Always he could think better with a pencil in his hand. He watched the lines take shape and form, the same caricatures he had drawn for Carnevan. "Maybe I do know," he said. He stood up. He handed her the paper again. "That's what they look like." And he paused. "Thanks for the ride. Thanks for the—thinking room. Thanks for everything."

The girl still held the paper, looking at it. Then, "Where are you going?"

"It doesn't matter. Forget you ever saw me, picked me up."

"You're going to The Inn," the girl said. "You have to go there before you go to the police, because you still don't know for sure. But if the two men are there, then you will know, isn't that it?"

"Forget it," Fallon said.

The girl was already standing. She said, "I'll drive you to the village, the edge of the village."

"No."

"Where is the harm in that? On these roads you'd wander around, get yourself lost. I know. I've lived here only a few months and I'm just beginning to know my way around."

"You're no part of this," Fallon said.

"I'm not trying to be. I don't—want to be. Maybe that's wrong. I don't know. I'll let you off at the edge of the village and tell you where The Inn is, that's all. Where is the ——"

"Just because you gave me a ride ——" Fallon began.

"Just because I gave you a ride," the girl said, "yes. And just because you'd been away for four years and wanted to walk late at night and were a good citizen and went to the police with what you saw, and just because you happened to hear the radio." She shook her head. "Funny how things work out, isn't it?"

"Excruciating," Fallon said. He shook his head in slow wonder.

"Shall we go now?" the girl said.

Fallon hesitated. Then, "The edge of the village," he said. "No farther. That's a promise?"

"Promise," the girl said. "I'm no—heroine."

"You know," Fallon said, "I think you're wrong. You are something pretty special."

Carnevan was putting his hat on. Clara said, and her voice was tight, strained, "What can you do?"

"Try," Carnevan said. "That's all there is to do, baby; try to find Fallon before somebody else does." He took out his gun, checked it, put it away again.

"O God," Clara prayed. And then, "Maybe they've already found him. Maybe they haven't." And this was worst of all. "Maybe by the time they get to him, you'll be there too."

Carnevan shook his head, knowing no words of reassurance.

"Let somebody else do it this time. Send somebody. Telephone ——"

"There isn't anybody else," Carnevan said. "Not the way Willie's set up the frame. And to the local cops up there I'm just a voice on the phone, a crackpot ——"

"Carnevan."

He stopped, turned to face her. He was silent. Between them there had never been lies or even evasions. "I've got to go," Carnevan said. "For Fallon, and for me too. I've got to—find out if I'm the man I used to be."

"You are. You don't have to prove it. You don't ——"

"Good-by, baby." He closed the door gently and trotted down the stairs.

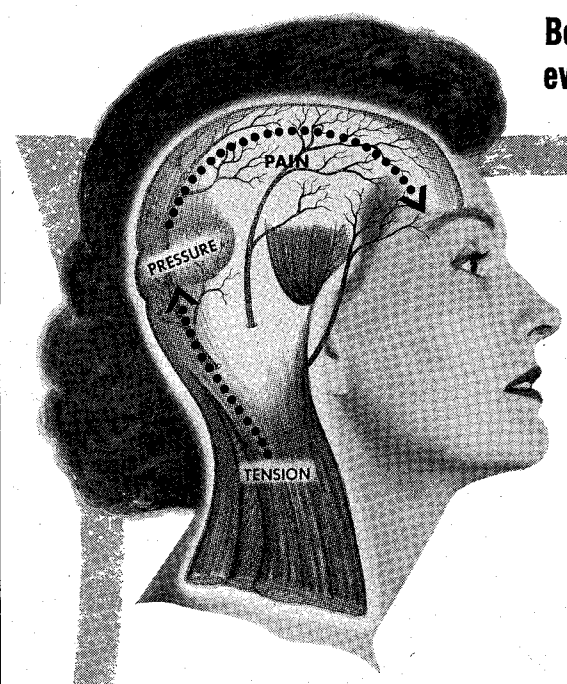
The hotel called The Inn was small and white and old. There was a lobby. There was a bar. The one man waited in the bar with a kind of stolid patience, drawing aimless little circles on the tabletop with one finger. His name was Mark, and he liked beer and city lights. He enjoyed walking alone at night in the crowded streets of the theater district, picking out a face here and there, studying it and thinking, *You, or you, or you—if I wanted to. Right now, here, with everybody watching*. At such times people passing stared at him curiously and wondered what prompted the secret smile.

When Johnny came back from the pay phone in the lobby, Mark merely looked at him and waited, and his finger continued to draw the aimless little circles. Johnny said, "The copper says he doesn't know why the guy hasn't showed. He was supposed to come here. He took the train. The copper's coming up. He'll keep the local law out of our hair and try to see what's gone wrong." He was a smaller man, with quick (*Continued on Page 54*)

How you can break the vicious cycle of

NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



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Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens the muscles in the back of the neck and scalp. This tension puts pressure on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure — makes your headache worse. To break this vicious pain cycle and obtain fast, more *complete* relief — you should try the special medication in Anacin, *not obtainable* in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

releases pressure • relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin is a special *combination* of medically approved ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect in pain relief because they relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast. They break up the vicious pain cycle! Safer, too. Anacin does not upset your stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in ····

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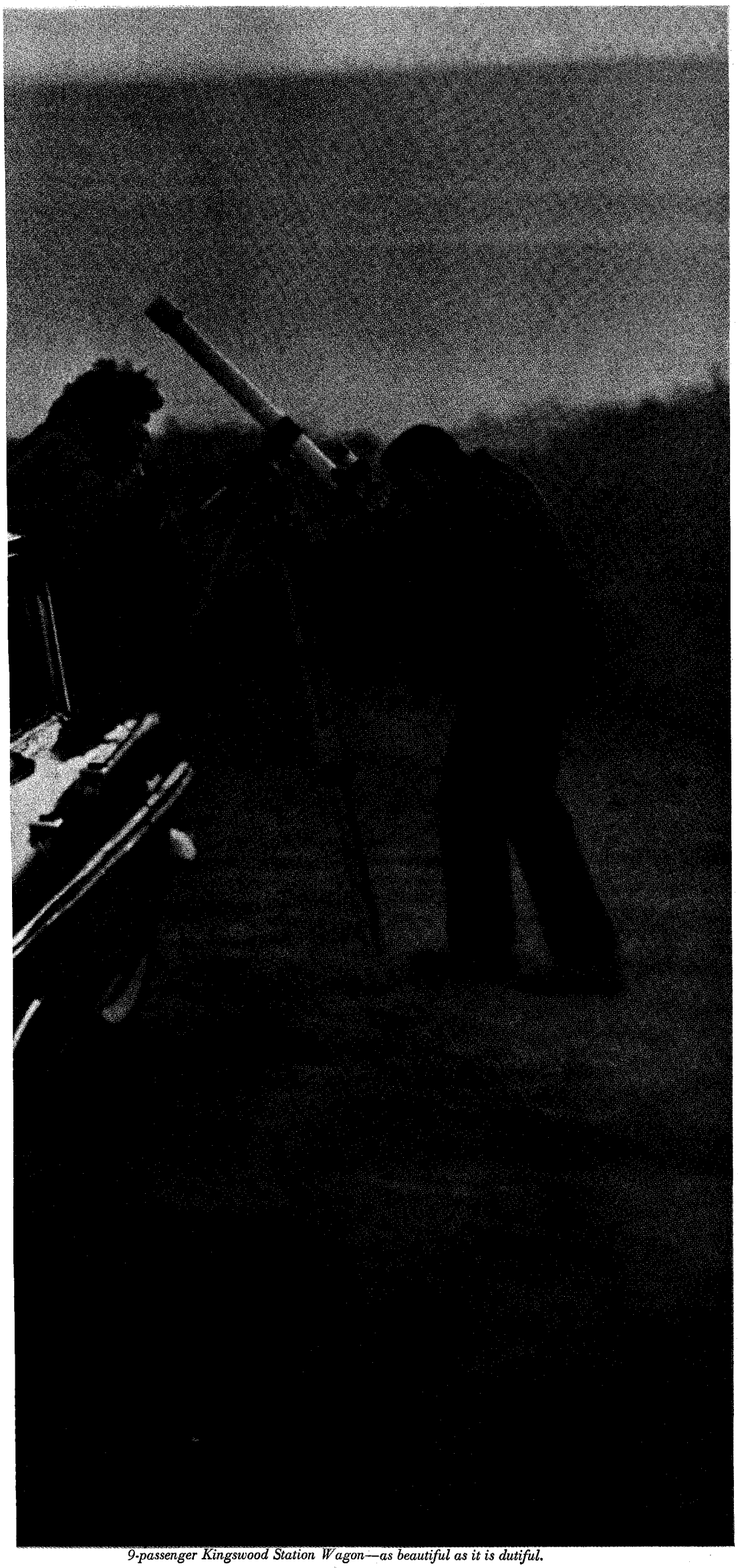

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Even people who want for nothing find themselves wanting this one!

We're really not at all surprised to see so many people with expensive tastes behind the wheel of a low-priced car like this one. For here's the plain truth: more car than this new Chevy is mighty hard to find at any price. For relaxing room, a restful ride and zestful response, it's almost sure to strike your fancy. Unless, of course, you just like to pay fancy prices.

Your dealer's waiting now to show you why these advantages are converting the owners of so many other makes—low priced and high priced as well—to the new Chevrolet!

BIGGER, SAFER BRAKES — built for up to two-thirds longer lining life, with more lining area than even many heavier, higher priced cars.

MORE MILES PER GALLON — a pair of Chevy sixes with Powerglide came in first and second in their class in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, ahead of any other full-size car.

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MOST ADVANCED ENGINES — Chevy alone in its field gives you the oil-hushed smoothness of hydraulic valve lifters on *all* standard engines. Every engine also has an automatic choke.

FULL COIL SUSPENSION — no other leading low-priced car coddles you with coil springs at all four wheels.

HIGHER TRADE-IN — consistently the highest of any low-priced car. Last year *(based on Official Guide Book figures of the National Automobile Dealers Association)* Chevy averaged up to $128 more on used car lots than comparable models of the "other two."

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CHEVROLET

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(*Continued from Page 51*) movements and the tension of a spring kept under tight control. "He'd better," he said.

"So what do we do now?" Mark said.

"We wait."

"O.K. We wait."

"It doesn't bother you a bit, does it?" Johnny said.

Mark looked at him, and shrugged.

"The guy was right there, on the sidewalk," Johnny said. "That's what the radio said. That's what the copper said. And he saw us plain. Right there all the time, but you didn't see him."

"I was busy," Mark said. He liked the submachine gun, its chatter. He liked what it did.

"What a dump," Johnny said. "One hotel. Not even anybody driving by." He paused. "The guy's here somewhere. He's got to be."

"So we wait, like you said."

"At least," Johnny said, "you can knock off drawing pictures on the table. You'll drive me nuts."

The girl drove without haste on the winding road. From time to time she glanced at Fallon's face, finding it, as Carnevan had found it, a face to believe. And yet the doubts remained, nagging at her mind. Stories like his happened, yes; you read about them in the papers. But they happened to other people; people who were, somehow, already entangled. They didn't happen to ordinary people, like herself, like Fallon.

Fallon said suddenly, "What do you do? I mean work?"

She looked at him quickly. "I'm a dress designer for a clothing firm. Nothing exciting."

"I've been away four years this time," Fallon said. "Before that it was three, and before that a couple of years in the Army, mostly overseas."

The girl shook her head slowly in puzzlement.

"I don't know anybody here in the States any more," Fallon said.

"Oh," the girl said, and that was all.

"Maybe," Fallon said, "when this is—over." He paused. "I know where you live now." He was silent.

"And you know which train I take," the girl said. "Yes." And a faint smile appeared. "If you want to find me, you can."

"I will," Fallon said, and he looked ahead and saw the lights of the village. "This is far enough."

The girl stopped the car. "The main street runs up from the river," she said. "The Inn is near its foot, a white building ——"

"I'll find it."

"The police station is two or three blocks farther up."

"I'll find that too." He opened his door. He got out, and stood there, looking back inside. "Thanks."

"Yes."

"I keep feeling," Fallon said, "that I'm going to wake up any minute. I'm going to feel pretty silly if this is all my imagination." He closed the door and was gone into the darkness.

The girl put the car in gear and started to back around, turning on the narrow road. And then she stopped, the doubts still strong. After all, what harm could it do, just driving past? And she would never know, otherwise, whether Fallon's story had been real, or what.

She reversed the car's direction and drove toward the village. She turned right on the main street and drove slowly past The Inn. She saw nobody. The lobby was empty, and the café curtains of the bar blocked any view. The Inn looked as old and harmless as it always had.

At the foot of the street she turned around and drove back up, smiling at herself now for even half-believing that here, in this village, big-city happenings could reach out, touch ——

There was a man standing at the bar window as she went past this time, and for a moment his face was clear in the reflected glow of her headlights. It was the thinner face of the two sketches Fallon had shown her, even to the tenseness he had caught with his pencil; and the smile in the girl's mind was gone all at once, and there was a kind of sudden emptiness in her chest and in her stomach that was no part of anything but fear.

In the bar, Johnny turned back from the window with a scowl. Mark said, "What's the matter with you?"

"No cars go by," Johnny said. "And then here comes one, headed down for the river. What's down there? And then here it comes back already."

"So what's that prove?"

• •

The Girls I Remember

By SHELDON WHITE

When I boast of pretty girls
I've known,
The light of my life just
laughs,
And for miserable purposes
of her own,
Produces their photographs.
Whenever I want to
reminisce
Those pictures appear,
and yet
The only thing they prove
is this:
Photographs forget.

• •

"A dame," Johnny said. "All alone. Why'd she do that?"

"Who knows?" Mark said. "Who cares?"

"I care," Johnny said. "I can't explain it, so I don't like it. Finish your beer. Let's go."

Mark's face showed mild surprise. "Where?"

"We'll wait in the car," Johnny said. "I don't like it in here."

From the far side of the street, keeping close in the shadows of the buildings as a matter of rudimentary precaution, Fallon saw the girl's car come back past The Inn, and he stared at it, frowning, too far away to see and recognize the man in the window. He stopped walking and turned, watched the car as it went on by, up the main street past one intersection, two, and then suddenly it swung to the curb, and Fallon saw the girl get out and walk quickly, almost running, into a building where a lighted sign hung overhead.

He stood there, uncomprehending, feeling the mice feet scampering again and the prickling in his scalp. The girl came out after merely a matter of moments, got into the car and drove away. Then at last Fallon turned back toward The Inn. He was in time to see the two men crossing the street.

This time there was no mistaking them. They walked without hurry, confidently, almost arrogantly, and he watched them until they disappeared around the corner below him, and then he let his breath out in a long, quiet sigh.

If the prickling feeling had been bad before, it was almost paralyzing now. The palms of his hands were damp. He rubbed them against his trousers, standing there, flattened into the shadows, waiting, watching. The two men did not reappear. Still he stood, and tried to think.

Now he knew. There was going to be no awakening from this bad dream. The police station was up the street, the girl had told him. He looked up the street, seeing all of the lighted areas he would have to pass, seeing ——

A red light showed up the street, coming fast. There was no siren. Fallon froze himself in the shadows again. The car went past him without slowing, and he turned to watch. The car swung to the curb in front of The Inn, and both doors opened immediately, and two policemen jumped out and ran across the sidewalk and up The Inn steps. One of them pulled out his gun as he ran.

So that was explained too. The girl, somehow, had seen the men, recognized them, telephoned the police. Now she, too, knew that it was no dream, no wild imagining. Fallon stayed where he was, motionless, waiting, watching, and after a time the two policemen came out of The Inn, got into the car, made a U turn and drove back up the street, no red light showing this time. Still he waited. The two men did not appear.

Sitting in the car, watching the cops arrive, Johnny said, "So now we know." He was in no hurry. They would wait until the cops were gone.

"Now we know what?" Mark said.

"She fingered us," Johnny said; and he almost, but not quite, not daring, added, "Stupid."

"Who?" Mark said.

"The dame in the car. It has to be that way. She drives past, she drives back. Why, unless she's casing the hotel? That means she's looking for somebody, us. That means she knows what we look like, me, anyway, or why would she go straight to the cops? That means the guy we're looking for told her what we look like, because he's the only one who knows. That means she knows where he is."

"So?"

"I saw her car," Johnny said. "I'll know it again. When we find it, we find her; and when we find her, we find the guy. Simple as that. A hick dump like this, how many houses are there? We'll find it." He felt better, much better now, the period of waiting over. When the police came out of The Inn and drove off, Johnny started the engine. "Now we're cooking," he said. He swung the car around, away from the main street.

Carnevan pulled in front of The Inn. He walked into the lobby, with one wary glance at the empty bar. This was the starting place; it had to be. The register lay on the desk, and he checked it without waiting for the clerk. No one had registered today. Carnevan looked up as the clerk appeared. "Just help yourself," the clerk snapped, taking the register from Carnevan.

He was cop now, all cop, back in the routine. "Police business," he said. "I'm looking for a man, alone, no luggage, six feet tall, hundred and eighty pounds ——"

"Does he have a name?"

"He'll be a stranger to you."

"Can't help you," the clerk said. "Haven't seen him."

"All right," Carnevan said. "Two other men, one big and solid, the other one a little guy, nervous, tight." Fallon had sketched well.

"You and everybody else," the clerk said. "They were here. They left ——"

"Alone?"

"Alone. Then Charlie Noble came running in waving his gun ——"

"Charlie Noble?" Carnevan said, short and sharp.

"He's one of the local cops. What's going on, anyway?"

Carnevan made no answer. He walked out of The Inn and down the steps to his car. Now it came, and there would be questions from the local cops, lots of questions, because he had no doubt that Willie had done all the right things, put out a thirteen-state alarm, gone through all the motions just as if he hadn't known all along where Fallon had gone. So the local cops would want to know why Carnevan was up here, and why Fallon was supposed to be up here, and just what was going on, anyway? So Carnevan would answer the questions as best he could. There was no other way.

Driving up the street, he wondered by what miracle the two hoods had missed Fallon so far. And he asked himself how long a man's luck could hold. The frame Willie had set up was tight, too tight; heads, Willie won; tails, Carnevan and Fallon lost. The only thing to do was keep punching. There was no other way.

Fallon had waited, but the two men had not reappeared; no car had come around the corner below him. Logic had it then—and he tried desperately to think with logic—that either they still waited, unseen, or they had driven off, away from the law. In either event, the main street, for all its lights, was temporarily safe. And he could not just stand here indefinitely.

He stepped out of the shadows and headed up the street. When he reached the first lighted window, which was a luncheonette, he made himself hold his pace steady, but he could not keep his eyes from the lighted interior beyond the window and the posted menu and a theater bill and a bus schedule, the kind of thing you would expect to find. There was a waitress inside and three kids at the counter, and nobody even glanced at him as he went by. In the relative darkness again he felt he had passed one hurdle.

Two or three blocks, the girl had said, to the local police station. And not all cops could be Carnevans. He would tell them the whole story, ask—no, demand that they lock him up. And then—this new thought slid easily, smoothly into his mind—and then he would have the local police notify the newspapers, tell them that he was here, that he had been sent here, and once the real story was out in the open, Carnevan would not dare to do other than play it straight. He felt better, clasping this thought.

He passed the lighted sign where the girl had gone in to telephone. It was a drugstore. He saw nobody inside. He passed an open supermarket, and a bar, and a small delicatessen. And then he was home free, and a green light burned right ahead of him in front of a stone building with NO PARKING signs at the curb.

The police car he had seen at The Inn was in the white zone and another, shabby sedan, both empty. Fallon started up the steps. And then he stopped.

He could see through the window into the battered office, and beyond, to a smaller office, its door open. There were two men in the smaller office, neither of them in uniform. One was a large, sleepy-looking man with a pipe in his hands. He was shaking hands with Carnevan.

Fallon turned away. This time he ran, down the side street, into the darkness, and the echo of his own footsteps sounded like pursuit.

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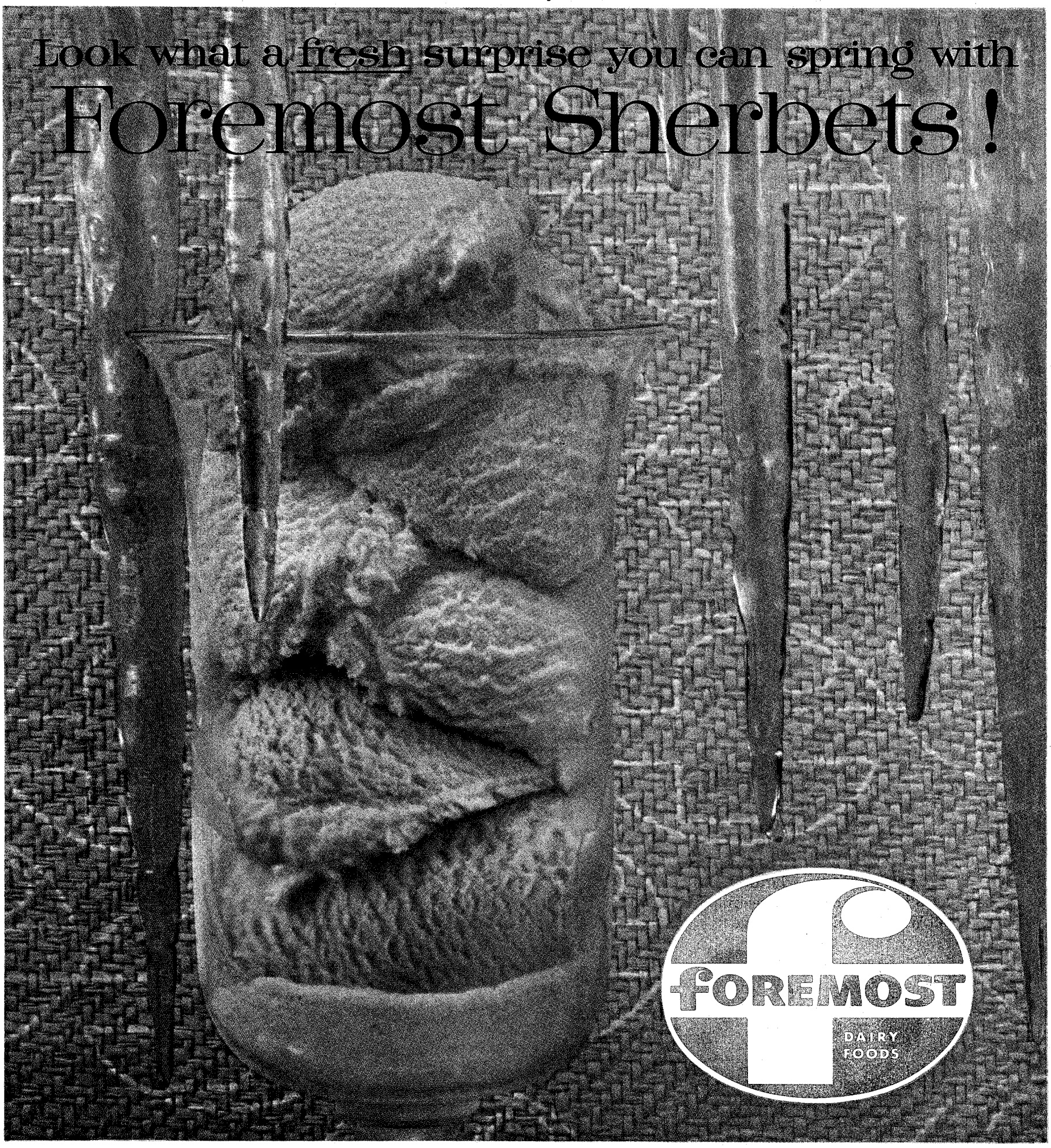

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The Death Dust (Continued from Page 29)

He snapped back instantly, and was his old kidding self. "Skipper—you know what the paratrooper said before his first jump?"

"No. What did the paratrooper say?"

"He said, 'I wish the folks back on the farm could see me now—*back on the farm!*'"

It was good for a laugh. We all had to laugh or cry, and laughing was a lot better. Doctor Ferris said, "I hope Dr. Wernher von Braun is right."

"Right about what?"

"He wrote a science-fiction story about the moon. Said there was no dust. Not a speck. People ran around with wheelbarrows, gathering rocks. It was a ball."

"In two and three-tenths days," Dick Rivero said, "we will know if the good doctor is right. If our moon homer works, that is. If it doesn't—we are in for a good long trip around the sun."

"Like eternity?" Ferris said.

"Yeah," Dick Rivero said. "Like eternity."

We passed through the Van Allen belt too rapidly for the deadly radiation, trapped by the earth's magnetic field, to get through our shielding. We were weightless, of course. It was an unpleasant feeling—and dangerous. If any of us became violently nauseated, we could drown in our own stomach fluids, there being no gravity to empty our throats. We'd brought special pumps for this contingency, but we didn't need them. We were too busy to be sick, and after a while we built up a tolerance to weightlessness, and the queasiness went away.

The X-15F was fitted with a meteor bumper designed to vaporize anything up to the size of a pea and prevent it from reaching our pressure hull, but no impacts were really expected, and none occurred. We did hit very fine space dust about eighty thousand miles out. It eroded the observation windows slightly, destroying the lens-bright surface, but did not threaten our cabin integrity at all. The radar and radio reception was good except for bursts of solar static at times. Those monster antenna dishes on earth were following us with focused beams, and it was working very well. They even sent us hi-fi recordings of Nat King Cole, and at one point we heard a rebroadcast of a Yankee baseball game. Actually, after the excitement of the blast-off wore away, the trip became pretty humdrum. We had our helmets off, but we kept our pressure suits on. We'd need them if and when we reached the moon, and they were the very devil to get into in cramped quarters. Even our meals were no treat. Because of our weightless condition, we had to squeeze our food into our throats out of big plastic tubes—like eating tooth paste.

However, as we left the earth behind and the moon got larger ahead of us, the tension grew steadily. We had all studied the flight profile, and we knew that just a few hundred feet per second in burnout velocity, back near the earth, could make a disastrous difference in our chances of reaching the moon. We also knew that a degree or two of error in path angle could throw us off the target by thousands of miles. We were placing our faith in the infrared homing equipment. I won't go into detail except to say that the homer was supposed to work somewhat like a magnet. It was supposed to seek out the moon for us, lock onto it and bring us down automatically, firing short bursts of rocket power to correct for deviations.

When we were many hours out, I called earth and checked on our profile. "You're doing just fine," they told me. "According to our radar indications, you're right on the button. No sweat."

"Thanks," I said. If I'd been sitting in some air-conditioned radar room on earth, I'm sure I wouldn't have been sweating either.

"You should transfer from earth gravity to moon gravity very soon now," the earth radio said. "Watch for it."

"What's the guy think we're doing?" Major Rivero said on the intercom, not taking his eyes off the homer. "Playing tiddlywinks?"

We watched the moon in silence. It was half full. The sunlight, coming in from the side, made furry-looking shadows in the craters. Even the dark side glowed with reflected earthshine. The place looked very beat up, as if a peevish giant had worked on it with a sledge hammer. Rivero said, "Oh, oh—looks like ——"

I felt my body sag in the seat.

"There goes a guidance rocket!" Rivero yelled. "We got it made, you guys! Our homer just locked onto the moon!"

We didn't have it made. We had a chance to make it. There's a difference. I looked through the windshield. I had made a study of the moon's surface. We were coming down in one corner of a flat area which the astronomers call Mare Imbrium. It looked like a mud flat after a crowd of kids has tossed a bunch of junk into it. There were strings of tiny holes, such as water droplets would make. There were cozy cups, like the imprints of pebbles. And there were wide pie-crust

"Say—how many more days of my vacation do you have left?"

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craters. The whole area was baked hard and white by the sun.

"Let's get into our helmets," I said. "I don't look for any emergency on the landing, but we have to be ready, just in case."

When we were all fully suited, I turned the X-15F around, using the hydrogen-peroxide jets in the nose and wings, and we began to drop toward the moon tail-first. There was a large booster stage still fastened to our tail. It would serve two purposes: reverse rocket power for the moon landing and enough solid-fuel energy to blast us back to earth on the return trip. The homer had swiveled automatically as I reversed our heading. It was now firing at intervals to reduce our speed and to keep us on course.

I was now very tense. The homer would carry us close to the moon. Then I would take over manually for the landing. I watched the backdown mirror. The moon's surface now looked a great deal like the California desert, except that there were no gullies or bushes. The sun's rays were horizontal, as in late afternoon on earth, and every rock and hummock had a knife-sharp shadow stripe. Those pits which had seemed like water droplets were now half a mile wide. The piecrust rings were cliffs reaching up toward us.

I said, "Extend landing gear!"

Rivero said,"Gear coming out, sir!"

I saw the steel tripod sprout from its streamlined nest in the booster hull.

"Landing gear down and locked!" Rivero said.

"Very well," I said. "Now stand by for an emergency lift-off if we strike a hole and start to tilt dangerously."

As we approached the surface, I saw the white floor of the Mare Imbrium begin to stir nervously, as if it were alive, under the downthrust of the landing rockets. It was white dust. It boiled and churned wildly, and then we settled into it as into an arctic white-out, and I cut the power. There was a bump, a tilting as the tripod legs automatically positioned themselves to keep the moon rocket vertical, pointed back toward earth. The sink meter slowed to zero and stopped, and Dick Rivero's voice said, "Don't look now—because you can't see a thing—but I think we just landed on the moon!"

It was cut and dried from here on out. We were programed to spend exactly fourteen hours on the moon, and every moment of that time was covered on our check list. First we had to preflight the space vehicle for blast-off. We did not anticipate any difficulties, but it was only sensible to have the back door open and the hinges oiled. We had flipped coins, back on earth, to see who would be the first man to set foot on the moon—in case we reached it—and I had been lucky. I'd go down the ladder first, followed by Doctor Ferris, and Major Rivero would stay inside the ship and monitor the temperatures and pressures on its instruments. It was our home away from home, and we didn't want anything to go wrong with it while we were outside working. Dick would have his chance to walk around on the moon as soon as we returned.

Getting out of the cramped space lock and positioning the descent ladder in the blinding fog of dust was a slow, irritating job. The stuff was as fine as talcum powder and, since there was no atmosphere and very little gravity as compared to earth, it merely hung there, glowing and opaque in the brilliant sunlight. I made a Geiger-counter test on top of the ladder and again at the bottom, standing in what felt like eider down, and there was no dangerous radioactivity. "O.K., Doctor Ferris," I said on my helmet radio. "Come on down. The coast is clear."

"Clear?" Chuck Ferris' voice said. "You call this clear?"

"Of course it's clear," Dick Rivero's voice said from inside the ship. "There's no dust out there. It's your imagination."

Several moments later Ferris loomed dimly beside me, a talcum-powdered ghost in the glowing mist. We joined hands and began moving cautiously out into the fog. We staggered like a couple of drunks at first, being unused to the reduced gravity. But as we left the vicinity of the rocket ship, the dust thinned—there was no wind to scatter it—and walking became easier.

"Hey, you guys," Dick Rivero said, and I couldn't miss the excitement and impatience in his voice, even on the radio. "Seen any little polka-dotted men yet?"

"None," I said.

"Any green cheese lying around?"

"All right," I said. "You watch the gauges. We'll take care of the local sightseeing. Your turn is coming."

In perhaps ten minutes we were out of the dust fog altogether, standing on the floor of a snow-white lunar valley. It was completely silent, of course, as there was no air to transmit sound, and I have never seen anything so eerie or so lonely. The peaks that rose into the black-velvet sky were like molten bronze in the level sunlight. The stars were like tiny clusters of diamonds. Over the rim of the bronze mountains the earth shone so brightly I had to squint when I looked at it. North America was now in sunlight.

"It's afternoon at Yankee Stadium," Doctor Ferris said on the radio at my elbow. "Wonder how Mickey Mantle's doing at bat?"

"Mantle should hit one here," I said. "He'd probably drive it into lunar orbit."

I heard a muffled exclamation—pain and irritation mixed—and looked quickly to see if Doctor Ferris had fallen. He had not. He was looking with concern at me. I said, "Rivero—that you?"

"Yeah, dammit!" Dick Rivero's voice snapped.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing—I just tore a little hole in my glove in the space lock."

"Space lock!" I said, suddenly angry. "What the devil are you doing in the space lock?"

For a moment Rivero did not answer. Then his voice sounded sheepish, like a kid caught with his hand in the cooky jar. "It's nothing, skipper. I just stuck my hand out to get a sample of this white dust. I'm back inside now."

"You're inside now," I said. "And you are staying inside until we get back. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!"

"We'll be back in less than an hour."

"Yes, sir!"

Doctor Ferris and I got down to business. We dug through the cushion of white dust and brought up some rock samples which looked like limestone. We stowed them in our back packs. We unstoppered our gas-collector bags and left them open while we checked lunar temperatures, both sun and shade. Earth scientists had been close in their predictions. In the sun the thermometer registered one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. We were in the twilight zone, near the dark half of the moon, and hence relatively cool. I was glad we had not landed in the glowing heart of the bright side. It might have been too hot to leave the ship. The shadows behind rocks were ink black and very cold; almost two hundred degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Personally, my big moment came when Doctor Ferris took a color movie of me banging an American flag through the lunar crust, with the planet earth hanging beside me as a sort of incidental decoration. Too bad Columbus hadn't been equipped with color cameras. He'd have had quite a laugh on the boys who were predicting he'd go over the brink of the flat world in a giant waterfall.

"I've got a feeling I have to hurry before the sun goes down," Doctor Ferris said. "I keep forgetting the lunar day is fourteen earth days long."

Then suddenly I heard Dick Rivero's voice. "Skipper—this is Rivero. Do you read me?"

"Roger, Dick," I said. "Go ahead."

"You guys about through out there?"

"Pretty near. Why?"

"Hurry it up, will you? I—I don't feel so good."

"What's wrong?"

"I took off my helmet and gloves. I felt stuffy, couldn't seem to breathe right. Now—well—I feel like I might be going to throw up, and there's a funny rash on my hands."

"Hold tight, Dick," I said. "We're coming in! Right now!"

I didn't even wait to fool with the gas collector. I began to run. I was scared. I realized now how close to the panic point we all were. We were living on the razor edge of death, and had been ever since we lifted off the pad at Cape Canaveral. We'd done a lot of kidding. We'd put up a good front. But the fear was in every one of us: We took it in and breathed it out with every breath we drew. One slip, one mistake, one miscalculation, that's all it took on a space mission.

It took us fifteen terrible minutes to get back to the spaceship and another five to get through the space lock into the cabin. When I saw Dick Rivero, sprawled in his contour seat with his helmet off, I knew instantly that it was very bad. His face was bright red, as if he'd spent the day in the broiling sun. His eyes were already hollow, and they burned feverishly. I had on my space helmet and I could not hear his voice, but I could tell by his lips what he was saying. "Dust," those lips whispered. "Dust—dust. . . ."

I saw the white stuff then. It was all over the cabin, as if somebody had broken open a sack of flour. Doctor Ferris and I were coated with it. Doctor Ferris pushed past me and lifted one of Dick's hands from below the edge of the contour chair. I had to bite my lips to keep from yelling. That hand was horrible to look at. It was swollen and blackened like the paw of some animal. It looked as if it had been held in a raging fire.

I said, on my helmet radio, "Doc—what is it?"

"I don't know," Ferris replied, "Some anaerobic bacteria, possibly. The symptoms are like hemorrhagic fever. I saw it in Korea. Miserable stuff. Broke the blood vessels under the skin."

"Is there an antidote?"

"I've got some serum that might help," Doctor Ferris said. "There's one way to find out. Try it."

"The dust," I said. "It's all over the place."

"Yeah," Chuck Ferris said. "The place is a bit messy. But we have no choice, have we?" Then he did one of the bravest things I've ever seen a man do. He took off his space gloves and began hunting swiftly in his medical locker for his hypodermic and his serum.

I'm inbound now for earth. I was able to blast off alone. Dick Rivero couldn't help because he was dead. The serum which had relieved hemorrhagic fever in Korea had done him no good at all. Doctor Ferris had given his own life for nothing. A few hours after we left the moon, Chuck's hands got pink, got red, then blistered, and he knew that he, too, was doomed. On his helmet radio, Chuck told me about the bacteria, or virus, or whatever it was that filled the white dust. It must be almost impossible to kill, Chuck said, or it could never have survived the savage heat and bitter cold of the lunar crust. Obviously it attacked human tissue with frightening and lethal speed. Perhaps it killed animals, too, and plants—any living thing. If it reached the earth —— Chuck stared at me through his space helmet. "If you take it in," he whispered, "you may turn our earth as white and barren as the moon." Then he pulled the helmet off—I guess he didn't want to die with his head in a bottle—and when I looked at his face I had to shut my eyes. . . .

I am the only living person in the X-15F now. I have been in radio contact with the earth for some time. I have explained the danger of the white dust. At first they suggested burning the X-15F immediately after landing. But while they talked, I looked out and saw the dust clinging to the ship in the vacuum of space. If I used reverse rockets to slow down and entered the earth's atmosphere at a moderate speed, some of that white death might blow off and sift down on the green continents as the X-15F wheeled around in orbit, prior to landing.

The earth is growing fast now. It fills the sky. I have not fired my retrorockets. I have not turned the X-15F around, so they could not reduce my speed. I am coming in nose first, and the Gulf of Mexico is dead ahead. I have removed the safety cover from the retrorocket firing switch, and now I press it firmly and feel my body sag heavily back in the contour chair as the rockets fire. They do not act as a brake. They increase my speed rapidly: twenty-six thousand miles an hour . . . twenty-eight thousand . . . thirty-three thousand. . . .

It will be quick. A sudden smear of meteor fire—then nothing. But I have beaten the deadly stuff in the white dust of Luna. None of it—not an atom—will reach the planet earth. Now I am thinking of Hank, my son. I brace myself. I lean forward. I do not shut my eyes. . . .

THE END

... ...

Summertime Insomniac

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Awake while others soundly sleep,
I watch the trysts my flowers keep
With moths that come by dim moonlight
To do their courting out of sight,
And snails that travel silvery routes
To press in silence their slow suits;
While overhead my star-struck trees
Whisper sweet secrets to each breeze
That happens by, and in the hedge
That marks my garden's farthest edge
A mockingbird has things to say
I'd not hear, sleeping night away.

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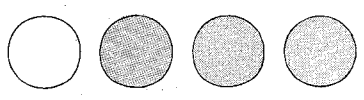

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I Coach the Hot Corner

(Continued from Page 25)

was on first, and there were no outs. Jerry Lumpe was the hitter. At the time we were trailing by a run.

"If the ball goes to the infield, make a bluff for the plate," I said to Berra. "Maybe you can draw a throw."

Lumpe hit a grounder to Frank Torre, the Braves' first baseman, and Yogi made as pretty a bluff as I've ever seen. He started fast toward the plate, stopping short at the point where he knew he could get back safely if he had to. Torre could have made an easy play on Lumpe, but Berra distracted him. When Torre finally got around to thinking about Lumpe, he had to hurry his throw to first base. Instead of tossing accurately to Lew Burdette, the Braves' pitcher, who had gone over to cover the bag, Torre hit Lumpe with the ball, and we had the bases loaded with nobody out. Before the inning was over, we scored two runs, and we went on to win the game, 6-2, and the series.

It's no accident that we have so many good base runners. Manager Casey Stengel used to be one of the best himself, and he wants all his players to know their way around the bases. From the first day a rookie reports for spring training at St. Petersburg, Florida, he gets the full treatment. So does the veteran who, for one reason or another, hasn't learned.

Everyone is told to keep his eye on the ball after he hits it. The big secret of baserunning success is to know where the ball is every second. Over the years the Yankees have been famous for taking advantage of the breaks. One reason they generally are good at it is that so many of them are prepared to take an extra base if an opposing fielder fails to play the ball perfectly. The only way a hitter can know this is by watching the ball and the man who is handling it.

No coach can help a man as much as he can help himself. Baseball is a game of split seconds. By the time a coach can tell a runner what to do, it may be too late to do it; whereas if the runner had gone ahead on his own, he might have taken an extra base or scored.

We try to teach our men all the standard rules, and also the exceptions. For example, with one out, a runner on first or second usually goes halfway up the line when an outfield fly is hit. But if he's on second base in Boston, and the ball is hit to left field, he always stays close to the bag. Left field is so shallow there that he might be doubled up. With nobody out he should always tag up if he's on second, regardless of the ball park.

If he's on first base with none or one out, and a fly is hit to deep center field, the procedure is different in Detroit, New York, Washington and Baltimore—where the outfields are long—than it is in the other parks. He tags up if it looks as though the ball is going to be caught, because he might have a chance to go to second after the catch. In the other American League cities, where the fences are closer, he can't possibly do that, so he drifts between bases. Then he has plenty of time to get back if the ball is caught, and if it isn't, he can take an extra base.

As a rule it's best not to take any chances with men on base and nobody out. Here the Yankee strategy is to play safe and go for the big inning. So with none out I'll stop a man at third if he can't score easily, whereas with one out I might gamble on sending him home. Similarly, on a fly ball that looks like a hit, a man on second tags up with none out, but with one out he drifts toward third. In the first instance he can reach third whether or not the ball is caught. In the second he can either get back to the bag in case of a circus catch, or score if the ball drops safely.

Circumstances and individuals vary so much in base running that it is impossible to say of any situation, "You always do it this way." Some men instinctively do everything right on the bases, but all clubs, including the Yankees, have men who depend on the third-base coach too much and never learn to follow the ball after they've hit it. Third-base coaches were born to try to keep these guys out of trouble, and they're the ones who usually get the coaches into it.

There are differences in the opposing outfielders too. I'll send runners home on some outfielders, whereas I wouldn't dare to on others. The two who scare me the most are Al Kaline of the Detroit Tigers and Rocky Colavito of the Cleveland Indians. Colavito has the stronger arm, but I consider Kaline even more dangerous. Last year he threw out two of our guys at the plate in the same game!

I think Kaline is the best outfielder in the American League—against the Yankees, anyway. He gets a tremendously quick start on balls hit to him, and when he fields the ball, he is always in a good position to throw. A runner just cannot take that extra base against him.

Outside of Kaline, Colavito is the toughest outfielder in our league to advance on. He takes a bit longer to get rid of the ball, probably because he winds up a little to put more whip into his arm. But when he lets that ball go, it travels as if shot out of a cannon. Nature really blessed him with an amazing arm.

Against either Detroit or Cleveland, when we have a man on second, I can only pray that a base hit won't go to Kaline or Colavito, because I know it will be suicide to send the runner home. Sooner or later, though, I gamble again—and the runner is a dead duck, as usual.

Jimmy Piersall, formerly with the Red Sox and now with Cleveland, is death on a high fly to medium or short center. A runner on third should think twice before trying for home, because Piersall has the most effective move in this situation that I've ever seen. Instead of camping under the ball, he backs up several steps, then rushes forward to take it on the dead run in order to get that much more on the ball when he throws it. This is the perfect way to make that kind of play, but I can't think of anyone else who does it.

On ground balls there's no more dangerous outfielder than Bill Tuttle of the Kansas City Athletics. It's hard to go from first base to third or to score from second against him. He charges the ball on his glove side, then scoops it up with his glove hand and throws with the other, all in the same motion. Most outfielders have to play ground balls with both hands, and they lose time straightening up to make the throw.

There are three Red Sox outfielders who have such good arms that I tell runners not to go on them unless the ball is hit deep—Jackie Jensen, Gene Stephens and Marty Keough. I also go easy when I see the ball heading for little Albie Pearson, formerly of the Washington Senators and now with Baltimore. He has one of the most dangerous arms in the business. Roger Maris of Kansas City, Minnie Minoso of Cleveland, and Jim Landis of the White Sox are all capable of throwing runners out at the plate.

All in all, though, the odds are in favor of the runner. Conditions have to be absolutely right for the outfielder. The ball must come to him at the exact point where he can get his throw off most rapidly, the throw itself must be right on the target, and the catcher must make a perfect play. Unless the ball is hit to the shallow part of the outfield, I generally give most of our runners the green light to try to score from second on base hits.

Maybe I send more men home than I should, but it seems to pay off. It's better to gamble if a man has a chance to score than to see him die on third base, which is likely to happen when there are two out and a weak hitter coming up.

I learned that years ago from Art Fletcher, who was the Yankees' third-base coach when I first broke in with them. "Never be afraid to gamble," Fletcher used to say. "You don't score any runs at third base."

This doesn't mean that you should take wild chances, nor does it justify trying to run on exceptional throwers like Kaline or Colavito, except under the most favorable conditions. But usually, if the runner isn't a truck horse, the odds are that he can score on the average outfielder playing at normal depth.

With two out it's a good gamble to send a man home, but not for him to go from first to third. No inning should end with a runner's being thrown out at third base. He gains so little by advancing to third that he should hold up at second if it looks at all close. With two out he can score from second on a hit, since he'll be off at the crack of the bat.

Some people would do anything for money, but most of us end up working for it.

CHARLES RUFFING

Another decision a third-base coach has to make is whether a man coming into third should slide. The runner can't tell, because the play is behind him. If he's moving fast, I'll have him hit the dirt anyhow, even if he has it easily made. Sliding is the safest way to stop on the bag. The man who tries to do it standing up is asking for trouble. He's more apt to get hurt than if he slides.

In addition to my traffic-directing duties at third base, I also pass along signs from our bench. On some clubs the third-base coach relays signals only to the left-handed hitters, who face in his direction. The right-handers get their signs from the first-base coach. On the Yankees, as everyone in the league undoubtedly knows, I do all the relaying.

Every club needs several sets of signs so that a quick switch can be made if the opposition catches on to one set. Some teams have complex signs covering all sorts of situations. This can create more trouble than it's worth. The batter is apt to worry about the signs instead of concentrating on the pitcher.

There are about as many methods of giving signs as there are coaches. For example, a coach might give the "hit" sign by a parallel movement of his hands or arms, such as clapping his hands or raising his arms overhead, and the "take" sign by an uneven movement, such as putting one arm down at the side and the other across the chest.

If he touches the peak of his cap or his uniform sleeve, which are usually the same color, it could be the signal for something else, such as a bunt. The Yankees' sleeves and cap peaks are blue, so we call that "touching blue." Or the coach may go in for "touching skin," by rubbing the hands together, and "touching cloth," patting the uniform.

Sometimes a coach gives signs by quickly moving his hands in sequence. He may tap the left side of his chest and his left thigh with his left hand, and then do the same on the opposite side with his right hand. Or he may touch his cap, chest and leg in rapid succession.

The signal might be determined by the first movement in the sequence or by the last. Sometimes the sequence is varied according to the batting order, with one code for the first five men and another for the last four. Then again, a club may change signs every three innings.

Whatever system a coach uses, he is almost always in motion as he tries to flash a sign without giving it away to the other club. I never stay still in the coach's box. I'm forever tugging at my uniform, manipulating my hands and arms, talking it up, moving around. Somewhere along the line, after I've caught the sign from our bench, I relay it to the hitter and the base runners, if any.

Billy Martin of Cleveland, who was traded away from the Yankees a couple of years ago, never stops trying to read me. And I never stop trying to confuse him. Whenever I go through a particularly complex series of motions and look his way, sure enough, he's copying me. He can ape every move I make, but he still has to figure out which was the move that meant anything. Although I do everything I can to protect our signals, I actually think sign stealing is overemphasized.

I never stole a sign or called the turn on a pitch in more than eleven years of coaching at third base. In that time the Yankees have won nine pennants. They won by having the best ballplayers. The club with the most talent will usually win, no matter how many signs are stolen or pitches called.

I doubt if calling the turn on pitches does much good. Some players get anxious when they know what's coming, and swing at the pitch no matter where it is. Some of the best hitters, like Bill Dickey in my playing days, didn't want to know in advance what the pitch was. However, such other Yankee stars as Joe DiMaggio, Joe Gordon and Tommy Henrich just loved to know what to look for. The same is true of Mickey Mantle and Ted Williams. When they do know, they generally whack the ball a country mile.

Pitchers like Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, Lefty Gomez and Charley Ruffing threw nothing but fast balls in their prime. The batters knew what was coming, but they still couldn't hit it. And it never did a mediocre hitter any good to know what Bob Feller was going to throw, whether it was his fast ball or that wicked curve of his.

The Boston Red Sox have more good sign stealers today than any other club in the league. They're always trying to read the catcher's signs—Ted Williams is the best I've ever seen at this—and they keep working on the third-base coach too.

At Fenway Park one day I noticed Sammy White, the Red Sox catcher, staring at me. I went into my act, throwing in a few extra wrinkles and flourishes for his benefit. When I got through, I yelled, "Hey, Sam, did you get it?"

He grinned and nodded his head. But I could tell by the way he called the next few pitches that he hadn't really caught on to our signs.

There are times when a signal is hardly necessary. For instance, if a weak hitter comes up in a close game with a man on first and less than two out, you might as well just yell, "Bunt!" Everybody in the ball park knows that's what he will do.

On the other hand, signs are very important in situations where there is an element of surprise, such as the hit-and-run or the suicide squeeze. We're always hit-and-run threats, especially when we have a man on first and want to get him

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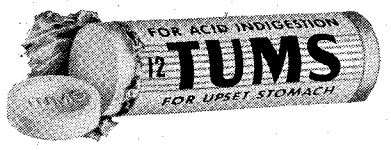

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around to third, because every regular on our ball club and several of our pitchers are capable of hitting behind the runner.

The suicide squeeze gets its name from the fact that the man on third rushes headlong for the plate the moment the ball is pitched. The batter must get a piece of the ball, or the runner is dead. If the hitter can lay down a fair bunt, the runner will score easily. Phil Rizzuto was one of the greatest I ever saw at executing the suicide squeeze for us. Sometimes he did such a good job of bunting that he not only brought the run home but also beat the throw to first.

The safety squeeze, in which the runner has the option of dashing for home or playing it safe, is usually left up to the hitter. Whenever there is a possible safety-squeeze situation, the runner on third has to be alert in order to score if the batter should bunt. No sign is needed.

Every baseball fan has seen batters looking at their coaches for the "take" or "hit" sign when the count is three balls and less than two strikes. If it's three-and-nothing, there's little need for a sign. Taking the next pitch is practically automatic, unless the hitter is a guy like Mickey Mantle and a long hit would mean the ball game. Most of the time the strategy also is to "take" on three-and-one.

When Casey Stengel gives his signs, he knows that he generally isn't going to surprise the other club. They're familiar with the percentages too. However, one of the qualities that makes Casey great is his remarkable ability to come up with the unexpected move at the right time.

I never stop marveling at Casey's vast knowledge of the game and his ability to pass this knowledge along to others. Besides being a great baseball man he's a teaching genius. I thought I knew the game when I retired as an active player in 1948, after seventeen seasons in a Yankee uniform. But as a player I had done things automatically, never thinking how or why. When Casey became our manager in 1949, I realized I was just beginning to learn. I'm still learning.

So is everyone else on our ball club. Anyone who doesn't learn under Stengel has only himself to blame. Casey talks baseball from morning to night. In all the years I've known him, I've never sat in on a session with him that hasn't taught me something new.

He's a master strategist who not only knows all the percentages but also knows when to go against them. Although he takes more chances than most baseball men, they're never foolish gambles. They are always calculated risks, taken after he has figured all the possibilities.

Casey is famous for his double talk, but he doesn't use it when speaking seriously with his coaches. He's all business, drawing generously on his fabulous memory as he goes over various problems. He knows exactly what he wants to do and what he wants the players and coaches to do. When he wants to put across a point, he's never confusing.

I've had the good fortune to be intimately associated with two of the greatest managers of all time. One is Stengel, the other was Joe McCarthy, for whom I played during most of my active career. Players make the manager, no doubt about it, and McCarthy had outstanding players. But you still need a captain to run the ship. McCarthy was a great captain who never received the amount of credit he richly deserved.

He had a rare talent for maintaining discipline, which is probably the most important part of a manager's job. Without discipline a ball club is lost. The manager loses the respect of his players, and the first thing you know there are dissension rumors in the clubhouse.

The discipline problem is complicated by the fact that a manager has twenty-five assorted personalities to deal with, each of whom requires different handling. McCarthy was a master at keeping everybody in line and blending the group into a harmonious whole.

He didn't hold many squad meetings, but when he did, his words sank in. He made it clear that he expected every player to run out every ball as hard as he could. No one was to second-guess him. If anything went wrong on the field, he would take the blame for it. He treated everybody on the same footing, from the lowliest rookie to the biggest star.

He demanded respect from his players, and he got it. We all held him in such high regard that we never questioned his judgment. We followed his orders blindly, and he in turn backed us to the limit. I never heard him criticize a player—if he had anything to say to a man, he called him into his room for a private talk the next day. If an outsider criticized one of his players, McCarthy would not stand for it. He never sought any credit for himself, but made sure that his players received it.

Only those who played for McCarthy could fully appreciate him. When I first reported to the Yankees, in 1932, I was not a very good shortstop. Because of inexperience, I had a tendency to kick the ball around. But McCarthy saw some ability in me and waited for time and experience to bring it out.

With patience, understanding and a few pats on the back, McCarthy brought me through to a wonderful career, just as he did many other players. On the basis of what I showed at first, another manager would have given up on me. I would have slipped back to the minor leagues and probably stayed there.

There was one period when I wasn't hitting—not that I ever hit much—and my pep was gone. Before a game in Cleveland McCarthy called me aside and told me that Lou Gehrig was looking listless. He said, "When you get the ball in infield practice, fire it back hard at Gehrig. Holler at him. See if you can't wake him up."

I got right into the spirit of the thing. As soon as infield practice started, I went to work on Gehrig. When he threw me the ball, I would fire it back at him with something on it. I hollered at him. I kept on him the entire practice, although Gehrig was giving me dirty looks. I remember him saying, "If I get ahold of you, I will break you in half"—which he easily could have done.

Many years later Joe McCarthy came back for an Old Timers' Day at Yankee Stadium. In conversation with a group of us he told about that Gehrig episode. I almost fell over when he said that Gehrig hadn't been his target at all. You guessed it—the player McCarthy was trying to wake up was Crosetti. Well, he certainly succeeded in doing it.

Now my playing days are far behind me, but I'm still on the right side of fifty and I hope to coach for many more years. I love my work, even though there are times when I feel like crawling into a hole, as on that day when Al Kaline threw out two of our runners at home. And it can get lonesome when we are shut out and no runner comes around to visit me.

Seriously, though, I can't imagine anyplace where I'd rather spend my working hours than in the third-base coach's box for the Yankees. I wouldn't swap jobs with anyone.

The Struggle to Get Hoffa (Continued from Page 30)

a bill intended to meet the committee's other objectives. The AFL-CIO, hostile to the Kennedy-Ives bill at first, began to fear tougher legislation and supported it. The Teamsters and John L. Lewis' miners opposed it because they thought it unjust or considered any legislation unnecessary. Powerful business interests opposed it because they thought it wasn't tough enough or because they didn't like the provisions on management consultants. It passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House—Republicans killed it because they wanted to stop the Kennedy-for-president boom and keep "the labor issue" alive for the fall elections.

Labor was indeed a major issue in the 1958 elections. Republican strategists decided before the campaign to make labor's power their No. 1 target. The strategy backfired: Democrats swept the country.

Immediately after the election the AFL-CIO, hoping for permanent legislation, not a continuing investigation, urged enactment of a bill similar to the Kennedy-Ives bill. Senator Kennedy introduced one early in the 1959 session. After a floor fight it passed the Senate, but not before Republicans and Southern Democrats had added to the bill amendments seeking to guarantee union members' right to oppose their leaders, strengthening the restrictions on organizational picketing, and outlawing Jimmy Hoffa's help to other unions through his refusal to handle "hot cargo." The AFL-CIO withdrew its support from the bill. In the House the fight began anew. The powerful economic forces of both labor and management were arrayed against the bill. But pushing it were powerful political pressures—Democratic congressmen facing re-election in 1960 felt, as one said, "we have to have a bill," because of public demand, and Republican congressmen did not want to be blamed again, as they were last year, for killing the bill.

During the committee's investigation, the Teamsters, in a consent decree, agreed to the appointment by a Federal court of three men as monitors to oversee Teamster affairs and recommend reforms. The monitors received hundreds of complaints from members protesting rigged local elections, improper conduct of union meetings, and so on. It investigated them and made recommendations to Hoffa. He adopted most of their recommendations until they began moving against several powerful men close to himself, including Ray Cohen of Philadelphia and Bert Brennan of Detroit. Then Hoffa balked. The monitors went back to court, and it declared that they had power to enforce their recommendations—gave them, subject to court approval, almost unlimited powers over the union's internal affairs, including the power to recommend a trial within the union to remove Hoffa himself from office. Other unions don't like the decision, one labor leader saying, "Courts are not equipped to run unions." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the decision on June tenth. Hoffa announced he would appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Criminal prosecutions followed in the train of the committee investigation. Two

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men were tried for perjuring themselves before it. They were acquitted on directed verdicts, the judges holding that if they did indeed lie under oath it was in response to immaterial questions—the committee's authority was limited to legislative purposes. The Senate voted contempt citations against thirteen witnesses. None has been tried. But around the country, according to committee counsel Bob Kennedy, as a direct consequence of the committee's work, one Tennessee Teamster was convicted of income-tax evasion, two others were convicted of conspiracy to assault with intent to kill, a Tennessee judge was impeached and removed from office by the legislature, an Oregon district attorney was removed from office, two New York garbage collectors and a Teamster there were convicted of extortion, and Dave Beck, former Teamster president, was sentenced by a state court in Seattle to a maximum of fifteen years for grand larceny and by a Federal court to five years and fined $60,000 for income-tax evasion, and his son was convicted of grand larceny, his sentence deferred for three years on condition he make restitution, pay a fine and stay out of the labor movement. Most of these cases were appealed. More recently Beck was indicted in New York on charges of violating the Taft-Hartley Act in 1954 by accepting money from a trucker, who was indicted with him; and John J. O'Rourke, a Teamster vice president and Hoffa's man in New York, was indicted there with twelve codefendants on sixteen counts charging conspiracy, coercion and extortion in the jukebox industry. All pleaded not guilty.

Other men in whom the committee was interested have been convicted independently of the committee, including Johnny Dio, of extortion, and Herman Kierdorf, of possessing a pistol silencer. Dio's conviction was reversed on appeal. Paul (The Waiter) Ricca was convicted of income-tax evasion and ordered deported. Frank Collins, secretary-treasurer of Jimmy Hoffa's home local, was convicted of perjury in New York. Lou Shoulders, Jr., a St. Louis Teamster who is the son of a policeman involved in the Greenlease kidnaping, was convicted of harboring a fugitive from justice and interstate theft. Longie Zwillman, New Jersey rackets boss, hanged himself shortly before Kennedy called him as a witness.

Some cities and states where the committee exposed corruption have cleaned up, some have not. According to Kennedy, Scranton and Tennessee have, but Portland has not. New York was prosecuting labor racketeers before the committee went to work. In Chicago, State's Attorney Ben Adamowski, who has been termed less than zealous by the committee staff, when confronted with committee testimony about jukebox racketeering, criticized the committee publicly. Several committee witnesses have received threats, but none has been harmed. Dave Beck is living quietly outside Seattle, attending to his private business interests. Before the committee got after him, he was thought to be a millionaire. Lawyers' fees, fines and penalties may take most of it. He feels the committee made a fair trial impossible. When he left the presidency, he said he hoped the Teamsters would consult him occasionally. Hoffa has not. Beck has nothing bad to say about Hoffa. The union owns Beck's house and pays him $50,000 a year.

Jimmy Hoffa is running the union. He ordinarily arrives about 8:30 A.M. at the Teamsters' magnificent glass-and-marble headquarters in Washington. His private office overlooks a park and the United States Capitol; it is richly paneled in walnut, carpeted wall to wall, lighted by a handsome Scandinavian chandelier. Hoffa scampers about it, answering the phone, talking to visitors. He can be more easily reached by the business agent of a local than by an important Government official. A man long with the Teamsters has said, "Hoffa is running this thing as a labor union. Beck ran it as a financial institution—collecting the dues and investing the money." Hoffa carries on contract negotiations with employers at Teamster headquarters in Washington. "This building is four years old," he says, "and nobody ever used it." A staffer has said, "Hoffa don't like paper work. If he could, he would operate this international union like you'd run a local—out of his hat."

During his first year as president he worked himself and his associates mercilessly, fighting the McClellan committee, "getting things meshed and rebuilt, straightening things out." But near the end of 1958, he thought things were in good shape, and so the executive board at its quarterly meeting in Miami Beach relaxed at the Eden Roc hotel, meeting only two or three hours a day. They, and the lesser Teamsters that meet with them, are a conglomerate crew—Einar Mohn, solid as a small-town banker, and Gene San Soucie, flashy as a vaudeville hoofer; ancient John English, from the days of horse-drawn wagons, and Harold Gibbons, dreaming of social reform; Ray Cohen, a big, tough, sharp-eyed man in a sport shirt who took the Fifth regarding his handling of his local's money, entrusted with safeguarding the international treasury, and Dusty Miller, the soft-spoken, hardheaded Southern unionist; Bert Brennan, Hoffa's cocky little pal from Detroit, and John O'Rourke from New York, who refused to explain the infiltration of thugs into the Teamsters. Hardly any of them fit the stereotype of fat-bellied union leaders lolling in the Florida sun. They are, rather, tough-minded, realistic, calculating men, exuding competence and power.

One of Hoffa's great strengths is his ability to hold together so motley a group. He is the first Teamster president, and one of the few leaders of any union, to bring together three main streams of unionism—"the fight for more and better," ideological political action, and thuggery.

Hoffa is still president of his old Detroit local, 299. A staffer says, "The only security a trade-unionist has is his own local. If he's voted out, he'd starve to death. Who would hire him? He could go back to a truck, but that's all. Hoffa's never forgotten that." Hoffa himself puts it differently: "I think it's important for the general president to keep close to that membership. It's a pretty elaborate building here, and you get pretty prominent visitors; you're staying in good hotels—but I think you got to get back where you belong."

In Washington Hoffa and Harold Gibbons live together at the Woodner Hotel in a thirty-dollar-a-day suite overlooking lovely Rock Creek Park. They are an odd pair, Hoffa, the bread-and-butter unionist, and Gibbons, the onetime Socialist often called "the Teamsters' egghead." If they have a free evening in the apartment, Gibbons is likely to sit up late reading, Hoffa to watch television for an hour then go to bed.

Asked once who is close to him, Hoffa first named his old personal friends from Detroit, such as Bert Brennan, then the chairmen of the area-wide conferences, then Gibbons. Then he named Larry Steinberg and Dick Kavner, who travel as Hoffa's personal representatives, and Joe Konowe, who runs the international when Hoffa and Gibbons are away. Then he named the lawyers—Edward Bennett Williams, the general counsel, and Dave

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Previant on labor matters. Finally he named Teamster officials around the country.

Harold Gibbons is probably more influential than any other man around Hoffa. In the past Hoffa scorned eggheads, but he is solely responsible for Gibbons' rise in the union, all but forcing him on the old-fashioned business unionists. Yet Hoffa is reluctant to call Gibbons his right-hand man. He prefers to say, "Gibbons is my executive assistant. He leaves me free to organize and get out into the field. We don't let him push social welfare and politics." Gibbons minimizes his own role. "My greatest contribution is, I have certain administrative abilities. If it's the organizing of the A & P or Kroger's warehouses, I can set up an apparatus and a reporting system and get the job done." Gibbons brought Kavner and Konowe to Washington to help Hoffa. He also brought in his own secretary, and she became Hoffa's confidential secretary. It has been speculated that the Gibbons-Steinberg-Kavner-Konowe egghead axis may turn out to be an antimob faction in the union; indeed, that this may be the reason Hoffa has raised it to eminence.

Beck kept most of the union's funds tied up in long-term investments. Not Hoffa—"We're getting liquid for strikes or anything that may attack our union." Beck was only partially successful in moving power upward from the locals and joint councils, who guarded it jealously, to the area-wide conferences. Hoffa is pushing it higher—to the international. No other Teamster president ever has been able to consolidate Teamster power. Hoffa may. Characteristically, in the midst of uproar he has gone ahead with new organizing drives. He abandoned one among New York policemen, but is pressing one in Puerto Rico and another against Sears Roebuck. He is still pushing his most ambitious plan, an alliance among Teamsters and other transport unions. He considers it inevitable that all truck, railroad, shipping and airline unions be confederated. He has made several moves in air transport—won a stewardess strike against one airline by threatening to shut off gasoline deliveries, arranged for the flight engineers to borrow $200,000 to continue their strike against another. He has launched an organizing drive among airport freight handlers and has won a foothold in the missile industry.

Hoffa is aware of the Teamsters' tremendous economic power. Occasionally he threatens to use it—at a noisy meeting of longshoremen in Brownsville, Texas, he was even quoted as threatening a nationwide strike of all unions. This quotation, however, appears to have resulted from a misunderstanding of loose language which Hoffa, characteristically, employed: Hoffa merely intended to say that if Congress outlawed secondary boycotts or brought unions under the antitrust laws, Teamster locals would have to enforce their wage demands upon a national chain of, say, groceries by calling primary strikes simultaneously against all local outlets of the chain, and that conceivably such strikes might be tied in with simultaneous strikes by another transport union handling the company's goods, such as a maritime union.

Although when he brandishes his enormous power he shakes the nation—and increases demands for labor legislation—Hoffa in soberer moments is more reasonable, saying, "We could easily, if we wanted to, misuse our power. But the day we do is the day we lose it. We'd never want a nationwide truck strike. Public opinion would be against us, and we might lose it. We're better off to call an area-wide strike—play one off against the other." Increasingly Hoffa is putting the Teamsters into politics. Last fall his union spent at least $800,000 fighting right-to-work laws, and this summer he has lobbied hard personally against the Kennedy bill in the House.

Since Hoffa's ascendancy, the important Teamster leaders have become not so much the elderly, respectable businessmen around Beck as eggheads and men whom Kennedy considers crooks—a hard-driving, dynamic crowd that may produce profound changes in the comfortable old Teamsters Union. Already a certain yeast seems to be at work. Joe Konowe says, "The concept of the international is changing. We feel that our jurisdiction is not just trucking but distribution—warehousing, wholesaling, retailing and transportation." It is a vast jurisdiction. Konowe says, "I think ultimately the Teamsters will play a role in national life much as the old CIO did. We who are interested in social and political objectives think the Teamsters have the economic power that makes it a good place to achieve them."

For twelve days commencing June twenty-fifth and ending three weeks ago, the committee held its fourth hearings on Hoffa. It mounted a heavy attack on the contracts Hoffa has negotiated with employers, on Hoffa's policies on racial matters, and on his promises to clean up his union. Eastern truckers testified that Teamster contracts in the East gave the drivers higher wages than did Hoffa's Midwest contracts. And two Eastern Teamster leaders agreed. Hoffa disputed it. A management consultant testified that Hoffa made side deals permitting employers to escape the tough provisions of Teamster contracts. One big Kansas City trucker who was a friend of Hoffa had arranged to pay drivers one and one half cents a mile in lieu of the fringe benefits called for in the Central States contract, although the contract forbade such side deals, and, according to testimony, had sold his trucks to his drivers under a lease-purchase arrangement which required them to pay more than nine times the depreciated book value of the trucks, and over $2000 more than their cost when new. Hoffa denied that all this was a "sellout" and explained he had made the arrangements reluctantly and with the drivers' approval because only thus could the trucker, who had nearly gone broke, continue to operate.

Another big trucking company's contract provided for a cent-and-a-half mileage payment in lieu of fringe benefits and permitted a driver who lost money by the arrangement to claim, through the grievance procedure, the difference between what he got under the cent-and-a-half agreement and what he would have received under the regular Central States contract. And the contract also provided for a special grievance procedure: grievances that could not be settled locally were handled in Detroit by Frank Fitzsimmons and Rolland McMasters of Jimmy Hoffa's own local. The drivers opposed the arrangement. A former driver testified that when he tried to collect money due him under it, Fitzsimmons recommended he settle for forty cents on the dollar. He got a lawyer. The lawyer testified he was told that the union was settling with the company for 50 per cent "and that Mr. Hoffa was keeping 10 per cent of it and giving the drivers 40 per cent." Hoffa himself testified he had negotiated the special contract with the company rather than call a strike when it refused to join in the regular Central Sates contract. He said grievances had been handled well. He agreed that at first the members had not liked the one-and-

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one-half-cent provision, but that ultimately "I am informed" they had approved it. McMasters, he said, had informed him. McMasters offered to testify concerning these matters but no others. Senator McClellan refused to agree to this in advance. Kennedy's first question was, "Mr. McMasters, have you received any moneys, directly or indirectly, from any of the companies for whom you are processing grievances?" McMasters took the Fifth.

The Teamsters Union contains many Negroes, and during previous attacks by the committee, Hoffa had sought to identify himself and his union with beleaguered minority groups. Now the committee heard testimony that Hoffa once had told a management consultant that his local "did not like over-the-road drivers of the colored race coming into Detroit" and that if they continued to come "it might not be healthy for them." Hoffa, testifying, did not flatly deny the conversation—"I don't recall it and I don't think he has any proof." A Negro driver testified that he had gone broke because Hoffa's local wouldn't let him work and that the local contained only five or six Negro over-the-road drivers. Hoffa said Local 299 had contracts with companies employing 645 Negroes, but didn't say how many were over-the-road drivers. He said the union had no control over whom companies employed and declared the Teamsters had "no discriminatory policy against Negroes."

At previous hearings, Hoffa had promised to clean up his union. Of a witness who now took the Fifth Amendment, Kennedy said he was still president of a New York local—although Hoffa had testified previously he had been expelled—and that he was still drawing his union salary although he was now serving time in jail for bribing a union official. Hoffa said he didn't know the man. Previous testimony at committee hearings and other proceedings had shown that Glenn W. Smith, a Tennessee Teamster with a long criminal record, had used $18,500 in union funds to fix a judge. In August, 1958, the monitors overseeing Teamster affairs had ordered Smith suspended. In November, Edward Bennett Williams, Hoffa's attorney, had told the Federal District Court in Washington, under whose authority the monitors operate, that Smith had been suspended and that union charges against him were being heard. But, a Kennedy investigator now testified, as late as January 6, 1959, Smith was still listed as president of his Tennessee local. On that date he was given a six-month leave of absence with full pay. The next day he was convicted of income-tax evasion. And on that day Hoffa telephoned him (though he did not reach him). Kennedy charged, "He was never suspended. He just took a leave of absence and got his salary in advance.... This was a fraud on the court." Attorney Williams vigorously denied fraud. He declared that Hoffa had in fact ordered Smith suspended in August, 1958; that all Teamsters officials at the international level believed the suspension had been carried out; and that Williams, relying on information furnished by these officials, so reported to the Federal Court. Williams said that apparently the local circumvented the order somehow and that he and Hoffa had learned now for the first time that Smith was drawing leave-of-absence pay. The monitors' chairman, Martin F. O'Donoghue, said he would present the matter soon to the Federal District Court. The committee also heard testimony, denied by Hoffa and Williams, of an incredibly devious plot by Hoffa to pack the board of monitors. The court was apprised of this too.

• •

Very Painful

The extent of his suffering
Will slowly unfold;
It's always severe,
But it's never untold.

Stephen Schlitzer

• •

Let us try to evaluate the Senate committee's work.

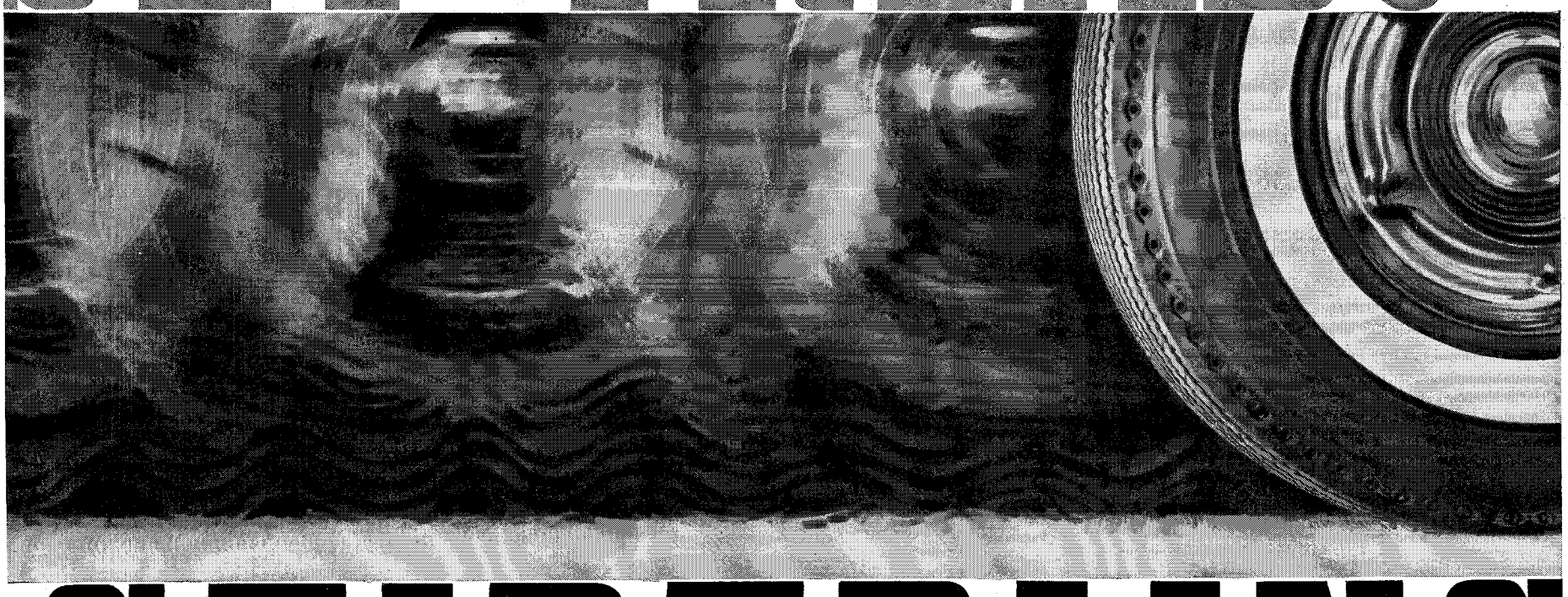
It produced a demand for reform legislation. That Congress would pass legislation shifting the fundamental balance of power between big labor and big business seemed unlikely. But in mid-July the prospects seemed good for the passage of legislation intended to drive racketeers out of unions. (It is by no means certain that all the objectives of such legislation are proper. For example, should government force democratic procedures upon free, voluntary associations? There is nothing very democratic about the election of officers of a corporation, yet no one seeks to legislate corporate democracy.)

The Teamsters say the committee accomplished nothing worthwhile and its motives were impure. Harold Gibbons considers the committee merely a "platform" for the "right wing" of American politics, among whom he names Senators McClellan, Curtis, Mundt and Goldwater. Hoffa says the committee was inspired by "certain" senators' political ambitions and the ambition of Walter Reuther and George Meany to rule or ruin the Teamsters Union. Teamster lawyers profess concern that the committee has abused its power and abridged the civil liberties of witnesses.

One must conclude that the committee staff performed an investigative task of great difficulty with great skill. Bob Kennedy and the senators conducted the hearings, by and large, scrupulously, with a high regard for accuracy and an acute awareness of their responsibility. There was remarkably little politics in the committee's work. McClellan stood firm against pressure and made no mistakes. Indeed, had all congressional committees conducted themselves so well, congressional committees would have received less criticism in recent years.

On the other hand, the committee did browbeat some Fifth Amendment witnesses mercilessly, especially in its later hearings. Some civil libertarians feel it has thus denigrated the Fifth. Some thoughtful lawyers feel the committee has also strayed from its legislative purposes. The ambiguous testimony of a few witnesses upheld the lawyers' view that they should be subject to cross-examination. The voting records of some committee members cast doubt on their assertion that they are friendly to labor unions and oppose only undesirable labor leaders. And the committee at times let slip a bias against unions. It criticized some Teamster leaders for making sweetheart contracts with employers, but it criticized Harold Gibbons for being too militant. Furthermore, there would seem to be justice in the criticism that it ill becomes Senator McClellan to establish standards of morality and lawfulness for labor leaders when in another field he has condoned defiance in his home state of the law of the land as enunciated by the United States Supreme Court. Committee members loudly deplored unionists' contempt for law and courts, and when courts refused to convict men of perjury before the

JET TREAD!



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committee, McClellan complained bitterly.

What was the committee's effect on the labor movement? As a consequence of the committee's disclosures, the AFL-CIO expelled the Teamsters and Bakers and Laundry Workers and put three other unions on probation. It created new bakers' and laundry workers' unions, but it has made no attempt to set up a rival to the powerful Teamsters. (George Meany has complained, with justice, that nobody but labor—not employers' groups or bar associations—has acted on the committee's disclosures. Kennedy concurs.) Hoffa maintains that expulsion has not hurt the Teamsters—the AFL-CIO needs them more than they need it. But Arthur Goldberg of the AFL-CIO thinks expulsion has hurt more than the Teamsters admit—"I think Hoffa would do almost anything he could to rehabilitate himself and get back. It is inconceivable to me that we'll ever take the Teamsters back as long as Hoffa is president." The AFL-CIO feels that the committee's effect upon the labor movement was on the whole healthy. But the Teamsters feel it was disastrous—Gibbons says, "The committee knocked the guts out of a lot of people. The labor movement is splintering itself to hell, eating at its own vitals."

There can be no doubt that labor is in trouble today. The committee's disclosures disillusioned many people outside the labor movement who once felt friendly to it. And the committee created internal difficulties. For example, the indictment of Maurice Hutcheson of the Carpenters Union in an Indiana highway scandal and his refusal to answer the committee's questions as to whether he had spent union funds in that or other personal legal matters raised questions in the minds of some members of the AFL-CIO Executive Council about Hutcheson's fitness to serve on the council, and debate over the issue reopened the old split between the AFL and the CIO, CIO men demanding that Hutcheson be disciplined, AFL men opposing for fear that other old AFL unions might secede from the AFL-CIO and even form a rival federation around Hoffa. In the long run, however, the committee's effect probably has been good—it has pulled the labor movement, once regarded either as the holy of holies or as the devil, into the mainstream of American life, where nothing is either good or bad, but a little of both.

In recent years, while such big industrial unions as Reuther's Auto Workers have been losing members because of the recession and automation, the Teamsters Union has been growing. The committee has not stopped its growth, though it may have slowed it down—the average membership under Hoffa has risen a little each year to 1,416,172 last year and to 1,436,961 so far this year. The committee spurred Teamster organizers to work harder. They are spending more money to gain new members, and this, plus many strikes, produced a $361,764 deficit for 1958. The investigation cost the union a lot of money—Hoffa estimates it is spending nearly as much to fight back as it formerly contributed to the AFL-CIO, $800,000 a year, but with money coming in at the rate of $7,500,000 a year, this is no problem.

What was the committee's effect on Hoffa himself?

Certainly it produced damaging evidence against him. The Sun Valley land scheme can hardly be interpreted as anything but an attempt to enrich himself at the expense of the members. Test Fleet looks much the same. The New York paper locals and the Pontiac, Michigan, trusteeship seem almost incontestable proof that Hoffa has sought to advance his own ambitions through ruthless power plays, heedless of the members. The committee showed that Hoffa condoned many most peculiar, if not improper, labor practices, such as the preposterous activities of Barney Baker and his pals in Florida.

Time and again the committee showed that Hoffa's financial deals were, to say the least, odd. It never proved in the legal sense that he took a dime of union money or that he accepted an employer's payoff to sell out the workers—but it came close to proving both. His relationship with the Dorfmans was ambiguous. The committee was unable to find the hoard of cash it assumes he possesses. (It is inclined to think that such a hoard, if it exists, is outside the United States.) And it proved his affinity not only for ex-convicts but also for important syndicate leaders. Moreover, it is an affinity going beyond any desire to rehabilitate ex-convicts or stay loyal to old friends.

But there is another side to Hoffa than the one the committee exposed. Anybody who has spent much time with him must feel that he is able and intelligent. He knows trucking and has negotiated good contracts for his members, though Kennedy has produced testimony that they are not the best in the country and are not always enforced. Hoffa understands

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You're never too old to learn—unless you're a teen-ager.

CY N. PEACE

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the economic power of his union. Over the years he has strengthened it greatly. Today his union is the most dynamic in America.

It is hard to think of anyone who has borne the pressure that Hoffa has borne for so long—pressure from every branch of government on every level, pressure from the country at large. John L. Lewis was under tremendous pressure at the time of the Goldsborough injunction, but it lasted only a little while. To find a parallel, one turns back to the nineteenth century, when President Cleveland sent the Army against Eugene V. Debs. Since 1957 Hoffa has been under almost continuous heavy fire. The AFL-CIO made a pariah of him. The Federal executive prosecuted him in Washington for bribery and in New York for wiretapping. The Federal judiciary, through the monitors' decision, sought to control him. The Federal legislative branch, through the committee, went after him. Time and again Bob Kennedy thought he had him. But so far Hoffa has survived. Why?

He was acquitted in two criminal trials; when the committee kept after him, people felt he was being persecuted. He stood up to the committee, as Beck did not. Early in the investigation Hoffa got the breaks. His arrest for bribing a committee investigator, seemingly a disaster, turned out to be a blessing, for the committee let Hoffa alone while the case was pending, and by the time he was acquitted it had only a few weeks to investigate him, its hearings were no longer worthy of television, and in the midst of them the desegregation crisis erupted at Little Rock, distracting public attention.

Can Hoffa continue to survive? He says so. "We're doing all right. No problems." He denies vehemently rumors that he will resign. Nonetheless, whereas last winter Hoffa, apparently impregnable, seemed relaxed and confident, today he seems tense, angry and bellicose, like a man who feels himself being driven into a corner and is resisting every inch of the way. Kennedy, discouraged last winter, now seems confident—"I always felt it would turn out well."

The committee may continue its work in other fields. But it did not get Hoffa. The struggle to get Hoffa now has moved to another arena: the courts. Of course, Internal Revenue and a Washington grand jury are investigating him. And it is possible that his power within the union has been eroded. True, John English, the venerable Teamster, says, "If the members get what's coming to them, they wouldn't care if Hoffa and I split the building in two and each took half of it." And for a time the committee probably actually did strengthen Hoffa's position in the union: strengthened it with the rank-and-file members by creating a public image of Hoffa with which they can identify themselves—the persecuted little underdog who stood up to the United States Government—and strengthened it, too, with the lower union leaders, for they are stuck with him—if he goes, many of them go. But recent testimony accusing Hoffa of not enforcing contracts and of discriminating against Negroes could damage him seriously with the members, and such constant irritation could someday produce revolt, though none is in sight now.

The immediate threat to Hoffa now—and a serious one—is the courts. The monitors intend to move directly against him—to ask the court to throw him out of the presidency or even out of the union. And in this area where he is most vulnerable, recent testimony purporting to show that he has sought to circumvent the monitors' orders hurt him badly.

Of course, if he weathers the storms ahead, the investigation, which has made him a national figure and has given him an identity few public men possess, may someday seem to him like an almost unmitigated blessing.

For two and a half years Hoffa and Kennedy have been locked in combat. There is no reconciling their views of each other. Kennedy considers Hoffa wholly "evil," the means by which gangsters will in a few years take over the economy of the United States. Hoffa says Kennedy is "a spoiled kid," a "parasite" who lives off government and wouldn't know how to run a business. Kennedy earnestly says he intends to make his whole career in government and, so long as he does, "I won't be through with Jimmy Hoffa." Hoffa says, with no show of concern whatsoever, "If this kid don't get away from this, he'll crack up. I talk to people who go to parties with him, to his home, and they say he's got one topic of conversation. Hoffa. He's got to flip." No one else has observed this.

Looking back, it appears that Kennedy's most serious mistake was in going after Beck first, and that his next most serious mistake was in presenting his evidence against Hoffa piecemeal, at widely scattered hearings. But at the time it seemed the thing to do. By overthrowing Beck, Kennedy unintentionally gave Hoffa a powerful boost upward to the Teamster presidency. And someone close to Hoffa used Kennedy for this purpose, feeding him information on Beck. Of course, Hoffa probably would have succeeded Beck in 1962 anyway. But he might not have. It is thus a fine irony that Bob Kennedy, who considers Hoffa far worse than Beck, helped make Hoffa president. Kennedy, asked how he felt about this, says, with a wry smile, "I feel I have a debt to society."

To anyone who had followed the long investigation, the final hearings must have seemed almost nostalgic. They brought up old familiar names—Johnny Dio, Allen and Paul Dorfman, Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, Sun Valley—and touched on old familiar themes: Hoffa said he intended to continue to deal in cash, and a witness testified that Hoffa once said, "In the Teamsters union every man stands up and has his vote counted, and God help him if he votes the wrong way." (Hoffa denied it.)

By now Hoffa had learned well the techniques of resistance—he made long speeches, said he couldn't recall, challenged the record. His voice was loud, with a razor edge of anger. He seemed truculent and defiant, utterly contemptuous of Kennedy. He turned his back while Kennedy asked questions, and once threatened to sue him. The committee no longer worried him. Once Kennedy complained, "Mr. Hoffa, you are not listening to my question." When Kennedy by a slip of the tongue indicated that Hoffa was a Communist, Hoffa shouted, "Don't you say that."

The hearings played to standing room only. Just before one session began, Hoffa, angered at being kept waiting, stalked to the elevator, saying, "Let's get our bags and get the hell out of here." His attorney calmed him. He stood, square-shouldered in the crowd, signing autographs. On the witness stand he kept pulling papers out of two briefcases, a dozen aides behind him. The final session, July fourteenth, lasted nine hours. For long periods it bogged down in tedious quarrels, both sides arguing conclusions, ignoring facts, though important questions of fact remained disputed. Senator McClellan seemed weary and at times almost disinterested. It was as though both sides were exhausted by the long conflict. Occasionally fire flashed: When Kennedy charged that Hoffa's cash was pay-off money from employers, Hoffa shouted, "I will tell you that is a lie . . . and it is a disgrace to the United States Senate." But no one thought any longer the next question might bring down Hoffa.

Hoffa wanted to leave by plane for Florida at 1:30 and at noon asked if they could finish soon. McClellan said they would work through lunch, and the committee staff could "claim overtime and send the bill to Hoffa." In midafternoon Hoffa missed another plane. Past 5:30 he said he still could make a 6:25 plane. Senator Kennedy asked if Hoffa wanted to miss his plane and discuss the pending labor bill. Hoffa snapped, "I am here all night for that question." He offered to debate Kennedy on national television. Kennedy said, "I don't see any common ground between you and me on this matter as well as on other matters. You do remain still the best argument for the passage of the bill." Hoffa replied hotly, concluding, "This is still America," and a moment later the last Hoffa hearing ended.

Hoffa hurried through the crowd, almost running, his short legs pumping hard. He had only twenty-five minutes to get to the airport. So did Bob Kennedy: He was going to New York. Kennedy hastened down the long corridor with his wife, and she drove him to the airport, and he made his plane, and next day in New York interviewed witnesses for a hearing on a different union, then spent the weekend with his family "at the Cape"—Hyannis, Massachusetts, where the Kennedy family has a summer home. Hoffa's plane was canceled, and he addressed his Florida meeting that night by long-distance phone from Washington, going to Florida next day.

Of the long investigation Hoffa says, "You just put in your time. And when they get tired of kicking us around they'll adjourn and forget about it." And Kennedy, "It's been a real struggle."

This is the last of seven articles by Mr. Martin. —THE EDITORS

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The North Salem Mystery

(Continued from Page 33)

stone cells, all defying explanation. Vincent Fagan, assistant professor of architecture at the University of Notre Dame, once wrote after a visit to the site, "The big things are too little, the little things so big. There was, at one and the same time, gigantic confusion and childish disorder—deep cunning and rude naïveté. There was explosive disarray held together by the fine thread of a great weaver. . . . It was as if I had been listening to the pizzicato of a solo violinist playing against a backdrop of a London blitz."

After more than twenty years of exploration, digging and reconstruction the site is now open to the public as a tourist attraction, still drawing as many "solutions" as it draws visitors. Roadside signs direct travelers to the MYSTERY HILL CAVES, and what for years has been a private squabble among archaeologists has now become a public dispute.

Actually, the Mystery Caves are not caves at all, but a massing of huge stone structures on an acre of woodland, capped with giant stone slabs and built on bedrock. At first glance they are simply cellar holes for a series of buildings long rotted away, a sight as common in New England as a Civil War monument on the village green. But they aren't cellar holes—although several United States archaeologists insist they are. They're primitive stone buildings untouched by mortar, placed there by primitive techniques and tremendous labor. They seem to ramble, with only whimsey as a blueprint, but they were obviously designed to fulfill some distinct purpose. Efficient stone drains are buried beneath several of them. In some places the bare bedrock has been crudely chiseled for yards to take away surface water.

The focal point of the complex hodgepodge is a huge four-and-a-half-ton granite slab ten feet long, six feet wide and one foot thick. It rests waist-high on crude legs of stones piled crazily one on the other. A foot from its edge it is ringed by an inch-deep groove drained by a spout. It resembles a great roast platter, but even the most conservative archaeologists cannot restrain themselves from calling it a "sacrificial stone."

Beneath it, at the end opposite the crude spout, is the opening of a horizontal stone tube that leads eight feet into a triple-chambered structure called the Y-Cavern. Here the tube is head-high, so that a man concealed in the Y-Cavern can speak into it, and his muffled voice will swell out beneath the sacrificial stone. When a tourist guide demonstrates, his muffled words sound weird and impressive even in the bright sunlight of New England summer. When he mentions the oracle at Delphi—where ancient Greeks heard prophecies delivered through a similar tube—the stone-cluttered hillside, already confusing and challenging, becomes even more mysterious.

The guide offers little explanation for the other curiosities of the Y-Cavern—the chimney with skillfully balanced stone louvers to control ventilation, the stone cupboards, the soft stone with its fading outline of a running deer (or elk or ibex). He does say that a tiny, man-sized room at one end is the cell of a tenth-century Irish Culdee monk. Or at least, the guide explains, this is what William B. Goodwin thought.

And now the archaeological fat is in the fire. For this was Goodwin's controversial obsession. In the Landnama-bok, the 800-year-old written history of the vikings in Iceland, Goodwin had read:

At that time (about 870 A.D.) Iceland was covered with trees between the shore and the mountains. There lived here then Christian men called by the Northmen *papar*. These men later went away because they did not wish to live with heathens. They left behind bells, crosiers and Irish books from which it could be seen that the people were from Ireland.

From ancient Irish sources Goodwin had learned that bands of Irish monks had fled Ireland to escape invading Norsemen. Now he had them traced to Iceland. But where had they gone?

Then, in the same saga, he read of the Icelandic merchant Thorfin Karlsefni, who attempted to settle Vinland in 1010. One day in Vinland, the saga says, Karlsefni met two Indian boys who told him:

". . . on the other side of their country there lay a land where people wore white clothes, shouted loudly, and bore before them rods with white cloths attached to them. This, people thought, must be Hvitramanna Land—the Land of the White Men, also called Greater Ireland."

Now Goodwin thought he knew where the Irish had gone—to Vinland. And although scholars throughout the world still dispute the exact location of Vinland in the New World, moving it along the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Labrador, Goodwin felt positive about its location. He had already pinpointed—to his own satisfaction—Leif Ericson's settlement at the mouth of the Piscataqua River at what is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire—about thirty miles from his stone village.

Except, perhaps, for his precise location of Vinland, his logic seemed unassailable. People who could sail from Ireland to Iceland could also sail on to Vinland. And it was reasonable that men twice driven from seashore settlements would build inland, at such a place as North Salem, far enough from the sea to avoid viking raiders.

Now Goodwin's task was to find artifacts—fragments of metal, or pottery or tools—that would prove his hypothesis and establish him as one of the great archaeologists of the century.

With fury he began to dig. And here is where Goodwin, the lover of antiquities, began to rebuild the village and yet destroy his own dream. Years later an archaeologist said, "Goodwin had the proof of pre-Columbian occupation in his hands, but he was careless, and the proof is gone." Dr. Junius Bird, of the American Museum of Natural History, an archaeologist with experience on both American continents, said, "Goodwin's men destroyed the key places that would establish scientific evidence."

At the time of his discovery of North Salem, Goodwin had already devoted much of his life to United States history and archaeology. He had dug in the Indian mounds of Ohio; he had devoted years and thousands of dollars to his rare collection of colonial furniture; he had cupboards jammed with research about Paul Revere.

He was a big man, generous, hearty and voluble. When he fastened on a project, he was a determined, tireless worker. He could be belligerent and arrogant about his opinions. He scattered his energy like pellets spewing out of a shotgun.

He was introduced to North Salem in 1936 by Malcolm Pearson, an industrial photographer who later inherited the land from Goodwin and who owns it today.

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Within a few months of his first visit Goodwin had title to the stone huts and had erected a six-foot woven-wire fence around them as protection against further destruction by trophy hunters.

Then he hired a mining engineer and a crew of men to dig out the debris of years and to replace the stones that vandals had pried loose from walls and huts. All summer Roscoe J. Whitney, now retired in South Newbury, Vermont, worked on the site with local labor. No one was trained in archaeology; exploration was done more with shovel and chainfalls than with the cautious scrape of a trowel.

The diggers found hundreds of artifacts, many of them evidence of occupation by Jonathan Pattee, a local farmer who built a house on the site and lived there for twenty years until the place burned in 1855. Goodwin discarded these with disgust, for they proved nothing about tenth-century Irish monks. He also found fragments of pottery and stone implements—scrapers, a slate shovel, a "fragment of a dagger blade," a "stone mace"—but he neglected to catalogue and label his finds or to take the archaeological caution demanded by a profession that has been plagued with hoaxes. Today his "artifacts" are scattered or lost.

He ordered Whitney to dig around the "sacrificial stone," which was then lying flush with the ground, and was elated when the mining engineer discovered stone legs supporting it. The earth beneath it was silt and leaf mold and airborne dust deposited on bare rock during the years since the stone had been erected. Here Goodwin had possible evidence of age, but he spaded through it, destroying the vital soil profile.

Next he sent Whitney into the adjacent Y-Cavern to shovel out decades of debris. Whitney tapped a head-high rectangular stone and heard the sound of hollowness. With a knife blade he pried it away to discover the "speaking tube."

Whitney continued tapping in the cavern and found another flat stone, this one closing the entrance to a forty-foot drain. Here was a key to the hillside, for at this drain's end would be the silt and deposit of years—positive evidence of the age of the site. But Goodwin's men ripped into the layers of earth and again destroyed a soil profile. Later, when Junius Bird cautioned him about such acts, Goodwin was furious at the criticism.

Whitney remembers his North Salem summer as one of the most interesting of his life, but he hasn't "the foggiest about who built the place, or why." A Yankee who knows New England as well as he does his own lineage—which goes back to 1635 in this country—he can't swallow the cellar-hole solution. "Not even a New Hampshire farmer is that stupid or that stubborn," he said.

"But there was one curious thing," Whitney recalls. "I measured every wall and every ramp and every building in that site, and I found no place where the measurements were in feet or yards or inches. Whoever built that place either didn't give a damn about standard linear measure, or he didn't know it existed."

When autumn came, Goodwin called Whitney off the job, sent him to Jamaica to dig for a lost city built by Diego Columbus in 1512, and then set himself to the job of investigating local rumors that Jonathan Pattee had built Goodwin's stone pile.

The Pattee legend is as turbulent as Goodwin's obsession with the Irish monks. Almost everyone in North Salem knows of Goodwin's hilltop. As children they played and picnicked there. They crawled in and out of the holes. Many sent slabs, already tilted by frost heaves, sliding down into rubble piles. Even after Goodwin erected his fence, they crawled under it to continue their exploration and laugh at the "city fellow from down-country" who had bought their playground.

All of them, for more than a hundred years, called it "Pattee's Caves." Some say that Pattee built the huts to store cider, hundreds of barrels of it. But a neighbor disagrees. Pattee made lots of cider all right, he says, but only a fool would store cider in open-ended huts where it would freeze; he is convinced that Pattee really was a mail robber and built the caves as a hide-out.

Others say Pattee built them as an underground railway station for runaway slaves; that he was a nineteenth-century bootlegger; or that he was a great eccentric, even among eccentric Yankees, and built them "just for the hell of it" with his five husky sons.

But the rumors won't match the facts. Mrs. George M. Woodbury, white-haired, bright and alert at eighty-five, lives only a few miles from Pattee's Caves. Pattee was her great-great-uncle, and she is the authority on family history. She chortles at the tale of Pattee and his "five husky sons" and ticks off Jonathan's children on her fingers, "Jonathan had one son who died in infancy. Then he had five daughters. Then one son who survived." She doesn't know who built the stone village. "Jonathan used the caves for sheep, but they were there a long time before the Pattees," she says.

Jonathan's great-great-grandson, John Andrew Pattee, who lives in nearby Salem Depot, is as mystified by his ancestor's caves as are the scholars who have studied them. However, his sister, Mrs. Arthur Morrill, remembers her great-aunt telling her that the caves were built by Jonathan "to keep his vegetables from being stolen by Negroes escaping into Canada." But her husband shakes his head, "If so, old Jonathan went to an awful lot of work to hide an awful lot of vegetables from an awful lot of Negroes. Why didn't he lock them in the barn?"

Mrs. Morrill is upset about the picture of her great-great-grandfather as a possible fugitive from justice. Now that the site is a tourist attraction, the public is told of the local Pattee gossip, and Mrs. Morrill is indignant. "I won't go see the place and hear all those lies!" she says.

Mrs. Morrill is right. The stories about Jonathan Pattee being an eccentric or a bandit or a moonshiner are lies. Goodwin never got the Pattee family straight, but others did. In 1954 a group of New England scholars formed the Early Sites Foundation to investigate Pattee's Caves. They leased the site from Malcolm Pearson, who by then had inherited it from Goodwin, and put scholars on the trail of the Pattee family's past.

Months of research showed Pattee no more a felon than he was the father of "five husky sons." In fact, he had been prominent, wealthy and respected. Three times he had been a trustee of town funds, and he had donated a building for a village school. While this did not prove that Pattee did not build the caves, it exploded some plausible motives. Even more puzzling was that none of the records made any reference to the strange buildings that had been on Pattee's place so long.

All told, Goodwin dug on the site for ten summers, aided by Pearson and Dudley J. Wiseman, his chauffeur. When Whitney returned from Jamaica, Goodwin decided against further reconstruction. His interest in the hillside was still intense, but his ardor had cooled a bit.

During one of the years of summer digging—Wiseman is not positive of the date—Roman Catholic scholars became interested. One afternoon, Wiseman remembers, "six priests and a big young fellow came up to the site and wanted to buy it. But the Old Man refused, of course." As the chauffeur remembers it, the big young fellow was "a man born in Ireland, a Yale and Harvard graduate who owned a brewery. He had the money." Reports of the interest of the Roman Catholic Church—or its members—check out about as conclusively as Pattee's fugitive history. Persistent local gossip says the Catholic Church exorcised the hillside. But the chancery offices of both the Diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire, and the Archdiocese of Boston, where such records would be kept, have no knowledge of such rites or of the brewer with the money.

A former student at Merrimack College, a Catholic school ten miles from North Salem, remembers a priest telling a class that the stone village was indeed an ancient Christian monastery and that the Catholic Church possessed "holy objects" found there. However, the priest says he had never heard of the stone village until he was questioned about the student's report.

But it is a fact that the Rev. Michael J. Murtagh, a former North Salem Catholic pastor, blessed the site on May 15, 1956, hoping that his blessing might aid archaeologists attempting to solve the riddle.

The importance of this facet of the mystery is the possibility that somewhere on the ancient site there might still be artifacts that would establish the age and origin of the strange huts. Some archaeologists reason that priests and wealthy brewers would not be interested in buying the hillside unless they had some proof of antiquity.

Although Goodwin had closed his mind against the flat "constructed-in-Colonial-times" report of a Harvard archaeologist he invited to his hillside in 1939, he again sought professional advice six years later. In 1945 he called in Junius Bird. With Gary S. Vescelius, a young Yale archaeology student, Bird spent five days digging at North Salem for artifacts, with inconclusive results. He was fascinated with the site and encouraged Goodwin to work further.

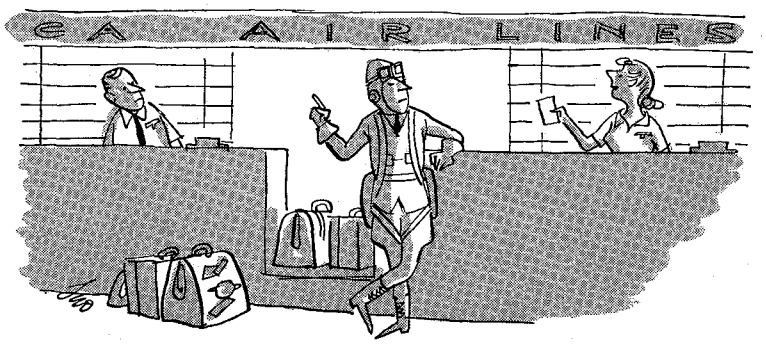
Vescelius and Bird returned to the stone village in 1955, five years after Goodwin's death. This time Vescelius directed a six-week archaeological dig that was to cost its sponsor, the Early Sites Foundation, more than $2000. Bird planned the work.

Vescelius, a tall, jovial, scientist now leading an expedition in Peru, was a logical man for the North Salem mission. In addition to being familiar with the stone village, he was well trained and had organized and led his own field trips.

The young archaeologist sank ten test pits, sifted tons of earth and examined thousands of artifacts—all of Colonial origin or later. He found Pattee's jew's-harp, harness buckles, pewter spoons, buttons from the uniform of a Colonial soldier and modern flash-bulb fragments. But he located nothing older than the first English settlers' times. Bird finally said, "It is inconceivable that the place could have been built by an earlier culture without leaving the trace of a single artifact to betray it."

In his sixty-seven-page report, Vescelius leaned toward the theory that the stone huts date back to Pattee's times, but he admitted he did not know why they were built. He shattered Goodwin's thesis by declaring, "They were not built by Irish monks." In effect, he came up with a sort of archaeological Scotch verdict: Occupancy earlier than the Colonial period not proved.

Both Vescelius and the Early Sites Foundation (*Continued on Page 68*)



The Perfect Squelch

Although Sam hadn't been around much, he loved to pose as a world-weary traveler. So when he made reservations for his first plane flight, during World War II, he tried to give the ticket clerk the impression that he had been traveling by air practically since the Wright brothers made it possible.

Sam loftily answered all the necessary questions put to him by the young lady behind the counter. Why, his whole attitude suggested, should I be bothered with all this boring routine?

Finally, because it was customary then to list both the passenger's weight and his baggage weight, the clerk said, "And your weight, sir?"

Frowning, Sam impatiently asked, "Do you mean stripped, young lady, or with my clothes on?"

The clerk never cracked a smile as she answered, "The way you plan to travel, sir."

Duncan L. Gibson

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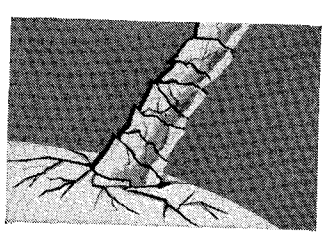

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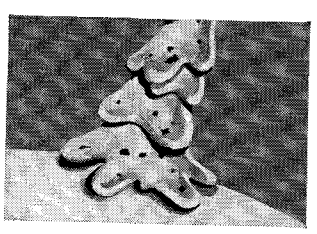

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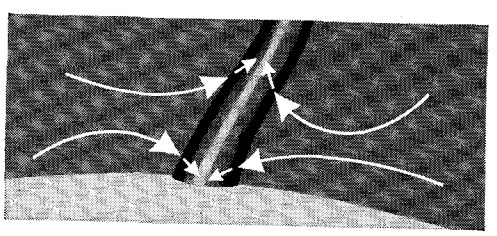

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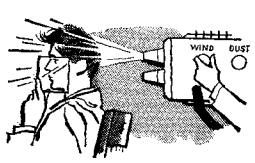

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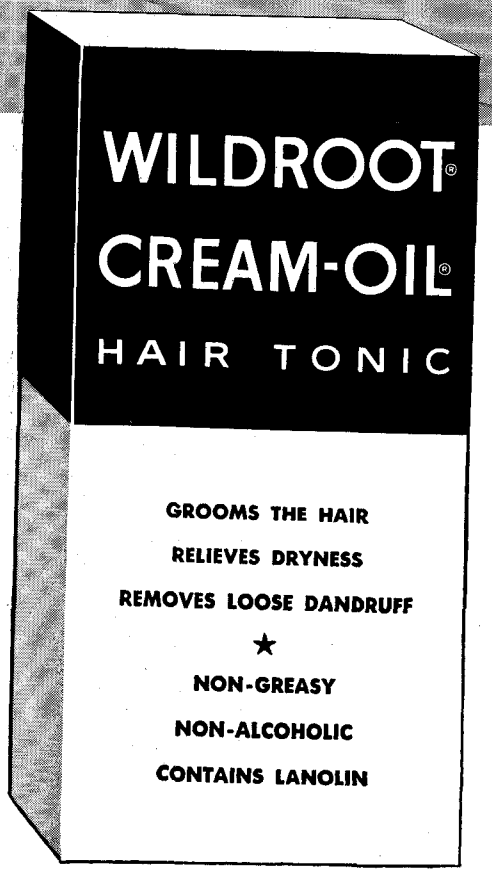

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(*Continued from Page 66*) were disappointed at not making a significant archaeological find. They were also somewhat piqued because they still did not know the who, why or when of the mystery. They decided that further work was not justified.

However, one member of the foundation disagreed. Frank Glynn, the quiet, scholarly assistant postmaster of Clinton, Connecticut, and president of the state's 400-member archaeological society, was puzzled by one confusing piece of evidence. Vescelius reported the decayed stump of a white-pine tree that had grown in soil piled against the rear wall of one structure. Estimates dated the tree as a seedling as early as 1652, or as late as 1769. But Pattee was not born until 1796. Vescelius admitted that the stump "supports belief in the fact that at least one of the buildings was erected prior to the time of Pattee's arrival on the hilltop."

If the tree was there before Pattee, then Pattee could not have built that structure; and if not Pattee, who?

Ever since 1947, when Glynn first met Goodwin, he had wanted to dig on the site, but he knew that in return for permission to dig he would be expected to prove Goodwin's Irish thesis. This, he felt, was intolerable, so he bided his time. For five years he searched archaeological literature. Finally he came to a negative conclusion about the Irish monks and promptly busied himself with weekend digs into nearby Indian mounds.

He discovered a sunken Indian village possibly 4000 years old off Pilot's Point, Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. Then, in 1954, he stripped the moss and earth from a granite ledge in Westford, Massachusetts, to reveal the punched portrait of what appeared to be a fourteenth-century Scottish knight with sword, dagger, helmet and mail.

The Scottish knight brought Glynn back to North Salem. While corresponding about it with Prof. T. C. Lethbridge, of the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge, England, Glynn enclosed pictures of the Mystery Caves.

English authorities of the Mediterranean Stone Age were excited when they saw the photos, for they recognized startling similarities between North Salem and ancient Crete, Malta and Mycenae. Lethbridge urged Glynn to study Malta so he might recognize other parallels if they existed.

Today Glynn is digging on the site to test what he calls "my private guess." Unlike Goodwin, Glynn is not obsessed with his thesis. "If it doesn't work out," he shrugs, "I'll go back to my Indian digs. But if it does. . . ." His eyes gleam with enthusiasm.

At North Salem, Glynn has found more than a dozen architectural similarities with the 3500-year-old Bronze Age civilization at Malta. Besides the oracle's tube and the sacrificial stone, he has noted stone seats and niches, which at Malta stored the bones and horns of sacrificed animals. The cells along North Salem's 106-foot ramp are similar to Malta's chapels. Like Whitney, Glynn found no standard linear measurements. He did discover a common scale in cubits, an ancient yardstick used by the Egyptians.

He places considerable stock in reports that tons of stone were removed from the site in 1860 to build dams and sewers in nearby Lawrence, Massachusetts. Even now visitors to the hillside can still see the chiseled socket for the wooden derrick that hoisted the stone to oxcarts.

"It is possible," Glynn says, "that ninety per cent of the stone is gone. If we can discover where it once rested we may be able to trace the vanished architecture." He hopes that the weathering of the bedrock will reveal shades of coloring that might furnish a rough guide to the original layout of the site.

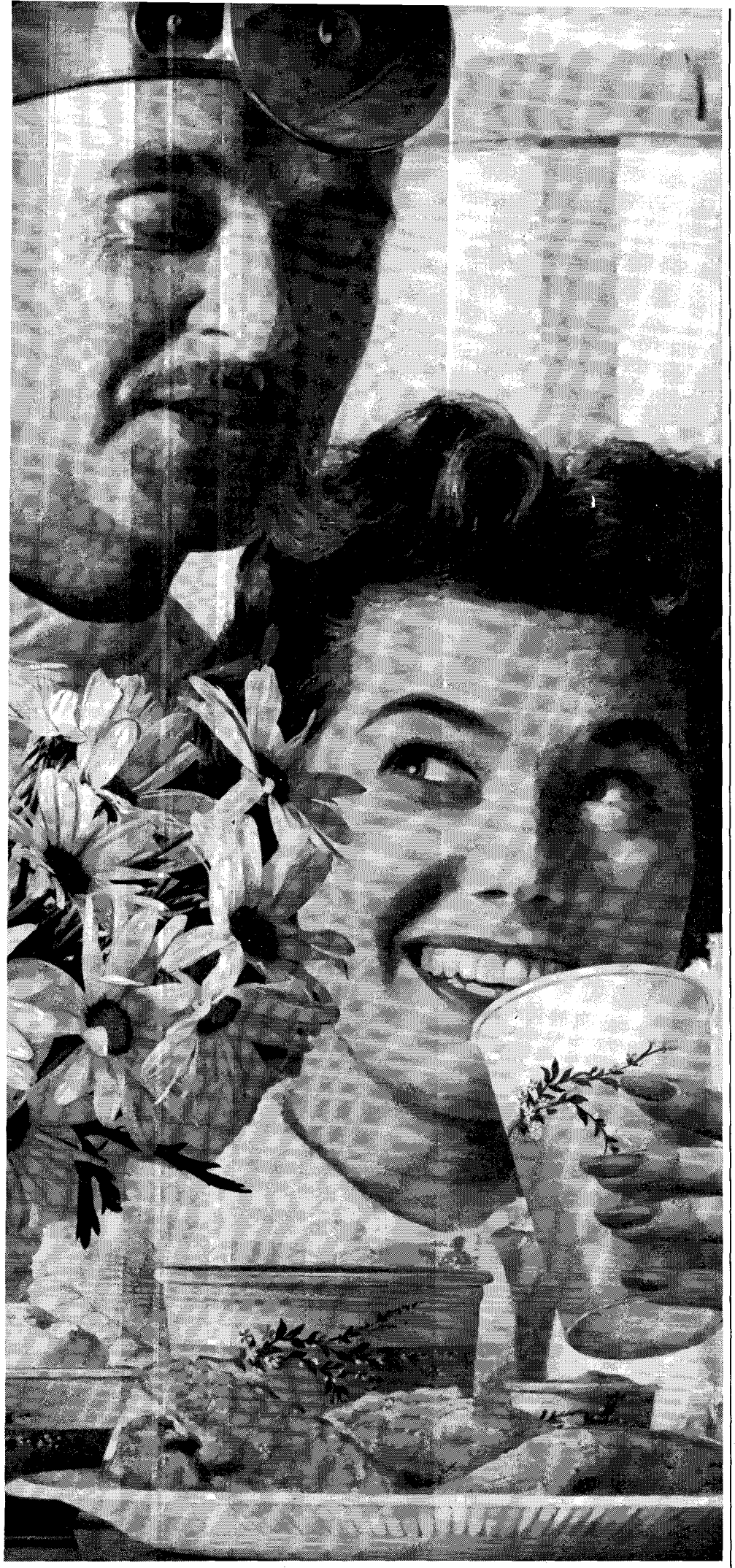
Last summer Glynn scraped through the topsoil on the site and found a shard of primitive pottery impressed with a fabric pattern he has not yet found in Indian collections. He is also fretting over a thin slate fragment found by the Early Sites Foundation people. Vescelius said it was part of a shingle, but Glynn—aware that many of the world's great archaeological discoveries were made by amateurs undeterred by professional verdicts—doubts it. He observes that the slate fragment is pierced from both sides—not from one side, as by a slater's hammer; and that one edge is sharpened like an ax blade. "It is indistinguishable from the slate pendants of the American Indian and the slate pallettes of the megalithic people," he says.

Neither of these artifacts by themselves will prove that a 3500-year-old culture existed in New England, even if experts validate Glynn's suspicions. But they may go a long way toward establishing a new working hypothesis.

And if they turn out to be Indian or Colonial, then the strange hillside in North Salem is still an unsolved riddle, one of the few places in the world with a do-it-yourself mystery open to the public.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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The Wrong Impression

(Continued from Page 31)

way. I'm a certified accountant with a certificate to prove it. After that, I figure we go on a very simple basis; will J. B. Brill like Joe Sweeney enough to give him the work that any one of a hundred other accountants could do for him?"

"No, Joe. It's more important than that. You've got to impress Mr. Brill. Daddy's given you such a build-up."

"I wish he wouldn't do that."

"He's only trying to help us. Mr. Brill happens to be one of the most influential businessmen in the city. Impress him this afternoon and it won't be long before you'll have that office downtown with 'J. Sweeney Associates' painted on the door. That is what you want, isn't it, Joe?"

"I want it, but I won't panic to get it."

"You've got to, sweetheart. You've got to want it so badly you'll do anything to get it. And nothing starts a business arrangement off like a friendly get-together over cocktails. Daddy always says so."

Joe Sweeney smiled sadly and went into the bathroom to shave.

With a clean shirt on and the new tie with the regimental stripe, Joe Sweeney looked a lot better. Helen sat in her new living room and watched with a vague feeling of uneasiness as her husband selected a record and placed it on the turntable. He still looked too young, she thought. Perhaps if she could get him to wear glasses.

Joe set the tone arm on the recording, adjusted a volume control and stepped back a pace. Suddenly the room was filled with the music of clarinet, vibraphone, piano, guitar, drums and string bass as the Benny Goodman Sextet began to play The World is Waiting for the Sunrise. Joe laughed silently, tipped his head to one side and looked at a spot on the carpet in front of the big loud-speaker. He remained perfectly still for half a minute, surrounded by the melody and rhythm of the musicians. Then he glanced at Helen. "First today," he said softly, his eyes a little moist around the rims.

"Don't you think it's awfully loud with the speaker against the wall?"

"The corner is the only place for it. Makes the whole room a sound box."

"You said a mouthful, young Tom Edison. Do me a favor?"

Joe's blue eyes hardened apprehensively. "Not again, sweetie. Not the first time I play it."

"The first time is the best time, before anybody has a chance to get sore. Do it right now before Mr. Brill gets here."

"Aggravation plus three."

"Just knock on the door and ask how many of your precious decibels are getting through their walls."

Joe Sweeney shuffled out of his new apartment and walked down the hall to Number 26. He knocked on the door and waited. Down the hall, Slam Stewart went into a bowing, singing chorus. Joe tapped his feet. The door opened and he stopped tapping.

She stood there in a pink suit with big white polka dots. Her shoes were covered in the same material. Her lipstick matched the suit. Her hair had been some other color, but now it was startling silver. Her eyes were awfully big and awfully green.

"Hi," she said.

"Well now," Joe said.

"Yes?" she said.

Joe thought about that for a minute. He was supposed to ask her something. "Am I bothering you?" he inquired politely.

"No. But I have a strange feeling that you might."

Joe Sweeney grinned and relaxed. "I mean the music next door. Is it too loud for you?"

"The sextet? Is that you? Man, things are looking up around here. The guy before you played the bassoon."

"My wife figured it might get on your nerves."

"Friend, you stick to stuff that swings and we'll have no trouble."

Joe started to walk away and stopped. "My name's Joe Sweeney."

"I'm Angele Carole. Keep the faith." And she closed the door.

Joe smiled at the mahogany panel for a moment and then went back to his own apartment. He found Helen sprinting about the kitchen, anticipating little last-minute disasters.

"Well," she said, "are we dispossessed?"

"Naw," said Joe offhand; "they said it was all right."

"I'm surprised. They must be deaf."

"I don't think so," said Joe. And then the doorbell rang. In one mad flurry, Helen emptied an ash tray, closed a cupboard door, whipped off her soiled apron put on a fresh one with a dainty lace frill, pushed Joe out of the kitchen and straightened a chair in the living room.

"Come on," she rasped on her way to the door. "Turn off the music and try to impress Mr. Brill. He's one of daddy's partners."

Then she opened the door, and Mr. Brill walked in like a man stepping out of an English raincoat advertisement. He had three buttons on his jacket and they were all fastened. His tie was very slender and the knot was extremely small. Three eighths of an inch of white linen showed at his wrists. As Joe was fitting the elegantly tailored topcoat into the closet, he could hear Helen in the living room preconditioning the guest.

"Frankly, Mr. Brill, I couldn't be more surprised. I was expecting a much older man. Daddy didn't say ——"

"Your father also kept it a secret that he has such a charming daughter. I came here to get acquainted with a bookkeeper. I didn't expect it to be a pleasant social experience. Call me Jerome."

In the closet, Joe purposely bent one of the lapels of the expensive topcoat. Then he strode into the living room. "Well now, Jerome," he said, pressing a film of moisture between the palms of his hands, "would you care for a little drink before we talk?"

"All right, Joe boy. What are you going to have?"

"Oh, I figured I'd just splash a bit of rye in the bottom of a glass and hold it under the tap."

"Good heavens, I hope you're a better accountant than you are a bartender! I'd like a martini if you have what it takes."

Later, cracking ice in the kitchen, Joe managed a short exchange with Helen, who had come for the hors d'oeuvres.

"He's a sick bird."

"He's a little hard to get to know. It'll take time."

"If it takes another minute, it's not worth it."

"It's worth a lot more. Keep your temper." And Helen trundled out of the kitchen on little wheels. "Don't you boys be afraid," she said, bowing elaborately with the tray before their guest, "to launch right into shoptalk. I promise not to butt in with any foolish questions."

Jerome Brill diffidently selected a miniature shish kebab consisting of onion, cheese, pickle and salami on a toothpick.

"That's right, Joe boy," he said. "Isn't this where you get up and go into your pitch? Sell me, kid."

"Well, as a matter of fact," Joe said, "I thought before we begin you might help me choose a record for the machine."

"Oh, now, Joe, don't start that."

"Give Mr. Brill a chance, Helen. How do we know? He may be a jazz man himself."

Jerome Brill had drained his martini and was pouring another from the pitcher. "As a matter of fact, I am," he said, taking a sip from the glass and refilling it to brim level.

"There, you see?" Joe switched on the hi-fi and drew a sheaf of glossy LP's from the rack. Brill separated himself from the bar and strode across the room.

"Let's just see what you've got there," he said. "I particularly admire Sammy Kaye."

Helen noticed Joe's expression just in time. "Now, darling," she said, running over and assisting her husband to a chair, "you know you shouldn't bend over like that. He blacks out sometimes, Jerome. It's his blood pressure. Now you relax, dear, and I'll put on one of your favorite records."

... ...

Toddler Free

By Helen Harrington

Arms wide, he races forward
to enfold it ——
The world of grass and sky,
and bush and bough.
It is all his! And he will get
and hold it!
Mother cannot hope to
catch him now!

Part of the fun is knowing
she runs after;
Almost he forgets the
distant lands
As, on wobbling legs, with
gurgling laughter,
He evades her outstretched,
groping hands.

Now he's content to go
down in a sprawl ——
This far out is surely almost
all!

... ...

So Joe Sweeney anesthetized himself with a stiff shot of the Herman Herd swinging through Bijou. Then the doorbell rang and Joe answered it. Angele Carole was standing there. This time she had on a pair of those pants the bullfighters wear, in bright scarlet, and on top she had a white shirt with the tails tied in a knot around her waist. Her shoes had very high heels that looked like glass with little artificial flowers inside.

"Man, I heard the national anthem," she said.

"Hello there," Joe said.

"Who is it, dear?" Helen called from the living room.

"Our next-door neighbor."

"Oh, Joe." Helen set down her drink and hurried into the hall. "Didn't I tell you to play those records softer?"

"Don't you do it, Joe. Turn it up so I can hear it. Hi, Mrs. Sweeney."

Joe took a step forward like the ring announcer at Madison Square Garden. "Honey," he said, "this is Angele Carole, the girl in the next apartment. She was awfully nice. About the music."

"That's certainly tolerant of you," said Helen thoughtfully.

"Not a bit. I just came over to ask Joe if he'd mind opening the bathroom window. Then I can get the sound through the court."

"I can do better than that," said Joe. "Why don't you come in and have a drink and listen to it here?"

Helen was left to close the door. "Joe, Joe, what are you doing?" she muttered. But Joe was doing the introductions.

"Jerome and I may become involved in a business arrangement," Joe was saying as he poured Angele a drink. "Angele, here, is my very good friend and next-door neighbor as well as a member of the Loyal Order of Jazzmen."

"That's one I've never heard of."

"Oh, we're very active," said Joe, ignoring Helen's reproachful stare. "Right now we're setting up a lobby in Washington to see if we can push through legislation making it illegal for Louis Armstrong to play When the Saints Go Marching In on any network television jazz program."

"My goodness," said Helen with a hollow little laugh, "I'm afraid my husband has had too much to drink."

"Better take it easy, Joe boy," said Brill. "You've still got to show me you can add a column of figures."

"Don't worry about me, my friend. I feel fine. In fact, right now I feel better than I have all day."

Brill smiled knowingly. "Nothing like the sudden appearance of a good neighbor to lift the spirits."

The record came to an end. Joe selected another and dropped it on the turntable. "Jerome, you're so right. I just met this young lady a couple of hours ago. And already she seems like an old friend. Some people you like right away, others you don't."

"Jerome," said Helen, "why don't you and Joe discuss your accounting requirements? I'm sure Miss Carole won't mind."

"As a matter of fact, Angele might like to hear it," Joe said. "Jerome and I are going to enter the business of stuffing shirts. Jerome will set up the factory and be the prototype."

"Your husband is a real kidder, isn't he, Mrs. Sweeney?" Brill said dryly.

"Yes, isn't he?" said Helen.

"He's a gasser," said Angele. "Man, listen to that band swing."

"That's the second time I've heard that expression," said Brill. "Does it have any meaning?"

Angele explained patiently. "When you say music swings, you mean the musicians are playing in a way that isn't stilted or mechanical sounding. There's a loose, natural rhythm to it. Doesn't have to be a fast tempo. All good jazz swings."

Brill scowled into his empty glass. "Well, it sounds like another cliché to me. I guess every lunatic fringe has to have its jargon."

"Lunatic fringe?" Joe looked at Brill in disbelief. "My good fellow, many and influential are the friends of jazz. It's the only original American art form. The music we export does us more good on both sides of the Iron Curtain than much of our so-called diplomacy."

"Shrimp dip, anybody?" suggested Helen.

"Oh, come now," Brill laughed, "let's not go overboard."

"Overboard?"

"You're not going to try to tell me a few dance bands are some sort of advertisement for the United States?"

"Dance bands?" Angele struck her forehead with the palm of her hand. "I guess Fats was right."

"I'm afraid I don't know the man," Brill said.

"Fats Waller. A woman once asked him what jazz is. And he said, 'Lady, if you have to ask, you'll probably never know.'"

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Later on, Brill said, "Joe boy, have you got any records that don't go thump-thump like that?"

To which Joe replied, "Jerome, I know you mean it affectionately, but the combination of my first name and the word 'boy' has an unfortunate connotation which I dislike."

"Let's all have coffee," said Helen gaily.

"And what you call thump-thump happens to be the Basie rhythm section, which is often imitated, but never duplicated."

"To me it's a lot of thump-thump," said Brill.

"He is a broad-minded rascal, isn't he?" Joe muttered to Angele, who rolled her eyes in the direction of Birdland.

Still later a record finished and the powerful amplifier reproduced the sound of stylus in groove. Jerome Brill yawned and looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "looks like my bedtime."

"Oh, no," Helen protested; "it's only seven o'clock."

"Yes, but I seem to have picked up a headache along the way. Nothing an early night's sleep won't cure."

"Let me get your coat for you, Jerome," said Joe.

At the door, Helen said, "It's been a pleasure meeting you, Jerome. Too bad you boys didn't get a chance to talk about credits and debits. Joe's a good accountant."

"He certainly has broad interests," said Brill.

"Good-by, Jerome," said Joe, noting with satisfaction the bent lapel on the expensive topcoat.

Helen closed the door, to find Angele busy emptying ash trays and gathering glasses. "Never mind that, dear," she breathed. "I can handle it myself."

"Good, I feel like a real clunk," said Angele. "I just know I loused up your business deal."

"You saved my life," said Joe. "If the guy is that grouchy I'm just as glad not to work for him."

"Well," said Angele on the way to the door, "thanks for everything. You've got to come over to my place sometime."

"Really," said Helen, setting out her nightly ritual of a glass of milk and two chocolate biscuits on the bedside table, "after all the trouble dad took recommending you to Jerome Brill."

"It just goes to show you how difficult it is for your father to pick my friends." Joe picked up a copy of Down Beat and turned the pages defiantly.

"He wasn't supposed to be a friend. He was supposed to be a client."

"With me it has to be a little of both."

Helen propped pillows behind her back and opened her book. She looked sweet. Joe came over and kissed her on the mouth. She said, "Joe, you have to realize that things are different from the way they used to be. A young man just can't get set up in business without help from influential friends."

Joe laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"This Tony Scott is crazy." Joe waved the copy of Down Beat. "They asked him if he likes pizza. He loves it. He says they should make a pizza reed."

Half an hour later the doorbell rang. Joe shuffled down the hall and opened the door. It was Angele Carole, elegant in a black nylon sheath without shoulders, dark stockings, and shoes that were little more than high heels with no visible means of attachment.

"Look," she said, before Joe had time to do anything else, "I can see you're ready for bed, but I feel awful about spoiling your party and I want to make it up to you."

"You didn't spoil anything, kid."

"I knew you'd say that. But I'm on my way down to a convention at the Nelson Hotel. I'm going to pop out of a plastic egg to symbolize the birth of a new product by the Bellows Corporation."

"Hey, you're an entertainer."

"I'm built; that's all those guys care. So come as my guests."

Joe shuffled back to the bedroom. He found Helen skulking behind the door. "What was it?" she said.

Joe explained the deal.

"What did you tell her?"

"I said we'd meet her downstairs in fifteen minutes."

Helen vented a curse that left Joe leaning against the wall, weak with laughter. But she began to get dressed.

A bunch of the Bellows Corporation boys were whooping it up at the Nelson Hotel. The ballroom looked as though the police had arrived in force, lost the fight and then gone away again. Large round tables filled the room with the exception of one hundred square feet of dance floor at one end. The white linen was soiled with dinner plates, overturned glasses and foundered ash trays. The aisles and the dance floor were overflowing with visiting firemen. Joe and Helen found a table and sat down while Angele went to change.

They were sitting about three minutes when a young man with a badge on his jacket that said BUGGSY came by with two very tall highballs. "The bartender says we can't go until this stuff has been consumed."

"Thanks," said Joe. "You're a gentleman and a scholar."

"Neither one," said Buggsy. "I'm a salesman."

"Did you ever hear the joke about the farmer's daughter?"

"Heard it? I'm in it," said Buggsy, and he fell on the floor.

Joe considered picking him up, but he looked very comfortable. A man in a tuxedo who looked somewhat like a master of ceremonies was trying to get the attention of the party.

"Fellows," said the man, "we got a big surprise for you. And here to talk about it is your sales manager and mine, Russ Carmody."

Mr. Carmody turned out to be a retired fullback, about six feet one and two hundred and forty-five pounds. He stood out from the crowd because he wore no jacket. His white shirt was open at the neck and the sleeves were rolled up as far as they would go over his hard-packed biceps. His hair was a mixture of white and black and it was close-cropped like a college boy's.

"You guys," he bellowed. "I'm not in any mood to talk. I'm in a mood to sing, maybe, and anybody wants to get up a quartet later on, I'm your tenor. But I'm not in any mood to talk. So I'll just say you are about to witness the birth of the greatest new product the Bellows line has ever handled. So pay attention."

The house lights dimmed and a spot illuminated the center of the floor. Recorded music blared and two young men pushed a huge white egg into the light. There was a drum roll punctuated by a cymbal crash, the front of the egg opened, and there was Angele Carole dressed like a tube of toothpaste. Her body was sheathed in a plump metallic container that fitted up tight around her neck. On her head was a replica of an easy-open cap, and her healthy young legs, of course, were well displayed in sheer black tights. The music came to a climax and ended as Angele stepped down out of the egg. Silence fell and she was able to recite:

"Good evening. I hope you're feeling fine.
Here's another new product for the Bellows line.
It's Teenage Toothpaste for boys and girls
To give them teeth that shine like pearls.
Will this stuff sell? It certainly oughta;
We expect a twenty per cent share by the end of the second quarter.
And your dealers are going to come alive
When you tell them it's one case free with five.
So I want all you very ambitious fellows
To get out there and really sell Bellows!"

Enthusiastic applause greeted this bit of verse. "They must be kidding," Joe said and headed over to the bar for refills. When he returned to the table Angele was back in her clothes.

"Sorry, kiddo," said Joe. "I'll go back and get you one."

"No, thanks. I never drink when I'm working. Come and meet some people."

The people they met consisted mainly of Russ Carmody, who corraled Angele as she passed his table. "Well, young lady," he boomed, "that was a fine performance. I hardly recognized my own words, you read 'em so good."

"Oh, Mr. Carmody," said Angele, "did you write the verse?"

"Yeah. I gave the geniuses at the agency a chance, but those guys can't write their own names."

A Latin American orchestra took the stand and began to play. Joe perked up his ears. "Say," he said to Angele, "I bet you're some dancer."

Helen turned red eyes upon her husband. "Earlier this evening you expressed a marked distaste for dance music."

"That's for at home on my own machine. At parties like this I love it. How about it, Angele?"

"Well, Joe, if you have the urge."

"Now wait a minute." Russell Carmody laughingly pried them apart. "This young lady happens to belong to me tonight, as the senior officer of Bellows Corporation on the premises."

"Well, I don't plan to set fire to her or damage her in any way," said Joe.

"That's all right sonny. Just don't try to monopolize her."

"Gee, dad, you're in such a generous mood tonight. Perhaps I should show you my report card."

"You show me anything, it'll be out in the alley."

"Fine," said Joe. "Which way is it?"

"Sit down," said Carmody. "If I stand up I can eat peanuts off your head."

"That's right, chicken out," said Joe. "I figured you were over the hill."

"Joe," said Helen, "I'll never speak to you again."

Helen did not speak to Joe all the way home in the taxi. Joe sat there with a smug smile on his face. At the apartment door she took the key from him.

"Here, I better open the door. Don't try to use your hand."

Joe floated inside like a balloon, his feet barely touching the floor. "Did you see me cool that big ape?"

"It was a lucky punch, and you know it." Helen proceeded to get ice cubes out of the refrigerator. "You couldn't lick your weight in postage stamps."

"Well now, I wouldn't say that. He sure went down hard."

"Yes. And you're lucky we got out of there before he got up."

(*Continued on Page 72*)

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Storekeeper Al ordered 10,000 sales slips bearing his business address and telephone number. By mistake, they were printed bearing the phone number of Jackson, a real-estate broker. Al spotted the error, but continued to use the slips. As a result, Jackson's phone rang constantly with calls from Al's customers concerning their purchases. Jackson sued Al for damages.

"That phone, ringing at all hours, is driving me crazy," Jackson complained. "I asked Al to stop using those slips with my number, but he refused. Now he should pay for ruining my nerves and interfering with my business."

"I'm not responsible for a printer's error," Al replied. "Anyhow, there's no law against having a wrong number on a sales slip, is there?"

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Jackson?

• • • •

Like mother, like daughter! Both prefer today's RC... the fresher refresher! Sprightly bright...with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. (Made from fresh protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup.) Enjoy ice cold Royal Crown Cola. Delicious!

You'll prefer Royal Crown COLA the *fresher* refresher

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(*Continued from Page 70*) Joe sat down and allowed Helen to dunk his hand in the bowl of ice water. "Anyway," she said, "after tonight you'll listen to me."

"Sweetie, if I'd listened to you I'd still be sitting in that living room with Jerome Brill."

"And wouldn't that be terrible! A couple of hours of comparative boredom, and in return for it a nice fat client."

"It always comes to that, doesn't it?"

"Well, I think it's important, even if you don't. I worry about these things. We need a few comforts around this apartment and we don't have the money to get them. And it isn't always going to be just the two of us. We need some security."

"Sweetie," cried Joe, bouncing from the chair and kneeling at Helen's feet, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Get up, you fathead, I'm not pregnant. I'm not even going to think of babies until you grow up a little. One baby in the house is enough right now."

By the time they were finally in bed and the lights were turned out it was half past two. Thirty seconds later the doorbell rang. They both lay quite still. It rang again and hard knuckles rattled on the panel.

"Well, this is it," said Helen. "When you open the door there will be two men standing there in white coats carrying a butterfly net. Send them in."

At the door, Joe found a happy party consisting of Angele Carole, still looking as though she'd just stepped out of a fashion magazine, Russ Carmody, wearing an admirable mouse under his left eye, and the young man named Buggsy, who was once again, like the Dormouse, wide awake. As Carmody moved forward, Joe prepared to defend himself.

"Put down those lucky dukes, young fellow," said Carmody as he brushed past, "and get out the Benny Goodman Quartet. And if you have Seven or Eleven, I'll even forgive you for this shiner."

Joe closed the door, snapped on the lights and turned to Angele.

"It's all right, Joe," Angele said; "everything's great. I told Mr. Carmody all about you. And when I got to the part about the jazz records it turned out he's one of us."

"Let's show some life," said Carmody. "Buggsy, the groceries."

Buggsy Dormouse had a brown paper sack. Locating the bar, he stepped behind it and went to work, quietly, efficiently. Joe, moving as in a dream, turned on the hi-fi and selected a record from the well-stocked shelf. He showed the label to Russ Carmody.

"Can't hardly get these no more," he said.

"A Brunswick," whispered Carmody.

In a few moments the machine was warmed up. Joe put the record on, adjusted the speed to seventy-eight and set on the arm. Brushes fanned cymbals, bass strings thrummed a fast rhythm, and then clarinet and vibes began the exciting rush of arpeggios in brittle harmony. Carmody stopped in the center of the room and looked around as the music seemed to come from everywhere. He clapped both hands to his head.

"What a sound!" he yelled.

"Too loud?" Joe inquired, moving toward the controls.

"No, no! It's heaven."

Helen Sweeney appeared in the entrance to the living room. She was wearing a lounging ensemble of blue jersey. Joe knew she owned it, but he had not seen it in months. Obviously, she had spent the last few minutes on her face and hair. Everybody looked, and then Mr. Carmody and Buggsy broke into spontaneous applause. Her cheeks colored and she laughed.

"Who's for coffee and sandwiches?"

"Sandwiches, yes," said Carmody. "Forget the coffee."

"You know, Russell," Angele said, sitting on the arm of his chair, "Joe Sweeney is much more than just a jazzman. He is also the best certified accountant in the city."

"That true?" Carmody looked at Joe for confirmation.

Joe laughed and shrugged. "I make my living at it."

"Gimme a shout in the next week or so," said Carmody. "My firm could use a good accountant. Guys we have now have gotten too big." He fished a card out of his shirt pocket. "Here, give me a call in about three days."

Helen Sweeney came into the room with a tray of sandwiches. There were olives in a dish and two bowls of potato chips. Joe caught her eye and blew a silent kiss.

"Mr. Carmody has asked Joe to be his accountant," said Angele.

"What?"

Joe held up the business card and nodded. Helen clapped a hand to her head and laughed helplessly. "We lost one client today and now we've gained another."

"Yes, it was awful," said Angele. "You should have been here."

"What happened?"

"Oh, we had this guy Brill here this afternoon," said Joe. "Priming him for business. All we did was send him away mad."

Carmody scratched his head. "Jerome Brill, by any chance?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"That lunkhead. He does a lot of business with Bellows. I saw him tonight at the hotel, lushed to the ears. Hat-check girl was about to call the house dick. I put him to bed. Remind me about him when you call me, Joe. I'll tell him he should use the same accountant we do. Or else I'll tell his daddy on him."

The LP stopped playing and Joe put on another. Then he went into the kitchen where Helen was spreading more bread.

"What price father and his friends now?" he said.

"Don't crow, sweetie," said Helen. "I'm much too happy about everything. But I still don't like the idea of you making such good friends with that woman next door."

"Think nothing of it. All in the interests of new business promotion and the good-neighbor policy."

When the phone rang half an hour later, Joe did not hear it because he was drawing Carmody's attention to a fine chase chorus between Tommy Dorsey and Ziggy Elman on the recording of I'll Take Tallulah. And Helen, although she heard the phone, had trouble finding it because Buggsy had fallen asleep with it beneath him.

"Hello," she said at last, rolling the body over. "Who? . . . The man upstairs? . . . I'm not surprised. It is dreadful, isn't it? . . . Yes, we just moved in and we're finding out how thin the ceilings are. . . . Not at all, you're quite right to tell us about it. . . . Mr. Hart? . . . Yes, we might as well. My name is Helen Sweeney. . . . Thank you, Arnold, your voice is very nice too. . . . No, it's Mrs. Sweeney." Helen noticed out of the corner of her eye that Joe was aware of the conversation.

"Well, in that case," she went on, "why don't you come down and have a nightcap? Just put anything on; we're all very relaxed. See you in a minute, Arnold."

After she hung up, Helen walked across the room and sat down on Joe's lap. "Well," she said, "on with the good-neighbor policy. And who knows, he may be in a business that needs a certified accountant."

THE END

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Dangerous Gift (Continued from Page 24)

from their honeymoon, and I phoned Sue today, and Paul was fired from his job—think of it, the day he got back!" Anger shook her voice. "Paul wants to see you, and I thought we'd all have coffee—that must be them now."

She ushered in an attractive pair; the girl slim and graceful, the new husband with dark, direct eyes—a couple you took to on sight, John thought. Anxiety stamped both their faces.

Paul Leland blurted out, "I came here to ask you—you're a district attorney—I want you to put me under arrest!"

John said, "Suppose we sit down. Now then. Could you take it a bit slower?"

Paul managed a grin. "I must sound feverish to you. Well, do you know the David Leland Institute on the Parkway? You've probably been in it?"

John nodded. The handsome edifice, he recalled, was built in the '30's by a wealthy retired inventor, his object the advancement of science and industry.

"I'm David Leland's grandson. Not that I know him—he and my father quarreled long ago." He barely remembered his father, Paul said. "He was killed piloting his own plane when I was four. Something mysterious after his death seemed to harden my grandfather, and he cut himself off from my mother and me." Paul added, "She had to work to support us, and later I helped. We made out—even to college for me."

"I remember your telling me about your mother," Martha Doowinkle said. "And that the city got too much for her and she moved a couple of years ago."

"That's right. She bought a cottage up in Woodhurst. It was her home town."

After getting his B.S., Paul continued, he took a teaching job in a prep school and, quite often, went to the Leland Institute library for classroom material and to keep himself abreast. Last December he met Price Bellamy, the director.

"He runs it generally—an associate director under him is in charge of the research. This Bellamy ——" Paul paused. "He's an effective talker, very sincere-sounding. One day he spoke to me. He said he'd noticed me and heard me give my name to the desk, and wasn't I David Leland's grandson? I told him I was and he said, 'Then you must join in our work. As a Leland, your place is here.' We had a long talk, and I said I'd do it after the midterms. I was delighted. I wasn't wild about teaching, and being on the institute staff had a big appeal for me."

"And were you put on the staff?"

"No; he said that'd come later—meanwhile, he sent me around town to talk up the institute magazine. Well, one evening, Sue and I said, 'Why wait? Let's set the date for Saturday.' On Friday I told Bellamy, and he gave me a week off for a wedding trip. And when I got back today he called me a thief and fired me!"

He explained, "When I told him I was getting married, he went to his safe and ceremoniously handed me five hundred dollars as a wedding gift—an institute custom with its employees, he said. Then he looked at his watch and said would I pardon him, he had to see the custodian; he'd be right back. Now he claims I stole the money while he was out. He said no doubt I squandered it, but he'd let me go because of my name, and his advice to me was to leave the city where I disgraced myself." Paul's voice rose. "I won't let him smear me! How can I look for another job—or face anybody?"

Sue Leland said, "Paul isn't telling his mother about this. It's—it's just too awful!" She bit her lip.

"This Bellamy should be punched in the jaw!" Martha snapped. John shared her feelings; he fully believed this angry young man. The injury here was to both these young people. It was a dismal beginning to their marriage.

He said, "Have you any idea why Bellamy did this to you?"

"That's what I asked him; why? I told him to forget my name—if I was a thief, call the police. He ordered me out of his office." Later this morning, Paul said, he withdrew the five hundred dollars from his savings and sent it to Bellamy by messenger. "I've got to have a showdown, and I thought, if you arrested me —— I guess that was emotion talking. But what do I do?"

"For a start, let's call on Bellamy tomorrow." Seeing them brighten at his offer, John smiled. "Right now—Mrs. Doowinkle makes unrivaled cherry cobbler."

The doorman halted Paul Leland. "Can't admit you. Director's orders."

Flushing, Paul said, "I'll wait here."

"All right, Paul." John walked inside. He had some minutes to his appointment and made a little tour around, admiring the technical exhibits, the splendid library. He proceeded to the director's office. Price Bellamy, in his fifties and carefully groomed, gave John a frigid stare. He introduced the impressive-looking lawyer beside his desk as Edmund Rugart, counsel for the institute.

Bellamy snapped, "You called about this young thief, Leland? Be brief."

"I'll be blunt. I see you have barred this young man from the institute. That was why you hatched the theft charge, as an excuse to issue the order? You also hope to drive him from the city ——"

Rugart cut in, "You dare to impugn this gentleman? What are you after?"

"A retraction of the theft charge. Otherwise, I will advise young Leland to sue this man for slander."

"And if you plague Mr. Bellamy with a lawsuit, we will take it your purpose is money and expose you. Good day!"

"Duly noted," John said. "Good day."

"A short, snappy interview," he told Paul, walking away from the building. "But I see it this way. For some reason, your visits to the institute worried Bellamy. But he couldn't simply exclude you. He had to trump up a pretext."

"But why give me a job? If he wanted to brand me as a thief, he could have tried planting some cash on me any time I was there."

John said, "An employee is easier to accuse. Meanwhile, he kept you away from the institute, ostensibly to boost its magazine. Only, why you? How are you different from other visitors? Well, you're the founder's grandson."

They walked a block silently. Paul said, "I was thinking—my grandfather must go there sometimes—what worried Bellamy becomes sort of plain, doesn't it?"

"It does." But —— The puzzle grew. Why should Bellamy fear a meeting between Paul and his grandfather?

He said, "I recommend a slander suit plus a petition for a prompt trial, citing the need to your livelihood of clearing your name. I'm permitted to practice in the civil courts ——" He saw Paul's grim nod. "I'll start the action today."

"Your honor, this is a damage suit for slander begun by Paul Leland, listed for trial without a jury." John paused. Spectators, reporters eyed his empty table curiously; why no plaintiff? The men at the defense table wore a detached air.

"Early this morning," John went on, "I received a special-delivery letter from the plaintiff to drop the case, that he was leaving the city; that he regretted having troubled me and hoped the check he enclosed would pay for it. I drove to his apartment. He and his wife were both gone."

Judge Greer reached for a pen. "Then the suit is to be discontinued?"

"On the contrary." John spoke deliberately; he had decided on his course with Martha. "Knowing young Leland, I doubt that he truly wanted to end the case. I believe he sent that letter under pressure by the defense."

At the other table, Rugart vaulted up. "Utterly denied! The plaintiff ordered the case dropped, and it must be done. We cannot go to trial without him!"

"Counsel knows better. Neither party need be present during a civil trial ——"

"I have more to say! I suggest a simple reason why plaintiff ran out on the case; he lost his nerve after being pushed into it by this practitioner who, it seems, still fancies he can profit from it." Rugart's voice soared up. "I charge incitement to litigation amounting to barratry, and I shall demand a full investigation!"

The lawyer's charge drew all eyes toward John. Judge Greer viewed him with distinct doubt. John felt himself tighten up, though not too surprised by the attack. Now, he reflected grimly, his own name was bound up with the case.

He said, "They can save their warnings. I intend to proceed, your honor."

Judge Greer said, "Go ahead then."

"Thank you." John stood another moment, then turned and beckoned to Martha in the courtroom. He said, as she came toward him, "Sit at my table. Any suggestions welcome. . . . I call the defendant under cross-examination."

Scowling, Price Bellamy took himself to the box. He bit out the oath and his residence, an apartment hotel. Yes, he headed the David Leland Institute.

John said, "You seem in a temper, Mr. Bellamy. Because, although young Leland was coerced into abandoning the case, here you are on the stand?"

"Never mind the analysis," Rugart snapped. "Just the relevant questions."

"Some weeks ago, you approached Paul Leland in the institute library, which he used fairly often in his teaching job, and induced him—I quote—to 'join in our work.' Out of sentiment, because he is the grandson of David Leland?"

"That's the truth." Bellamy nodded, poised again. "I thought of these two, divided so long by a family breach—my idea was to reunite them. However, the boy turned out to be a thief."

"Indeed. The particulars, please."

"Well, one afternoon he came to my office—he said he was getting married the next day, and I gave him a week for a wedding trip. During our talk I had to leave briefly; something in a hurry with the custodian. When I returned, he seemed nervous. We keep a fair amount of cash in the safe, and the next morning, when I went to get some, five hundred dollars was gone. I recalled his manner ——" The director gestured. "He slipped over to the safe while he was alone."

John said, "You left him there alone to lend color to a theft charge. The fact is, you made him a phony wedding gift of the money?"

"That's absurd. When he got back, I confronted him. I warned him there were jails for thieves, but if he returned the money, I wouldn't prosecute. He shuffled and denied, but in the end he made restitution. Naturally, I discharged him."

"And banned him from the institute. I submit his coming there alarmed you, whereupon you employed him with the intent of framing, then firing him ——"

"Hired him so he could fire him!" Rugart scoffed. "What nonsense!"

"Allow me to continue. I assume David Leland comes there?"

"On occasion."

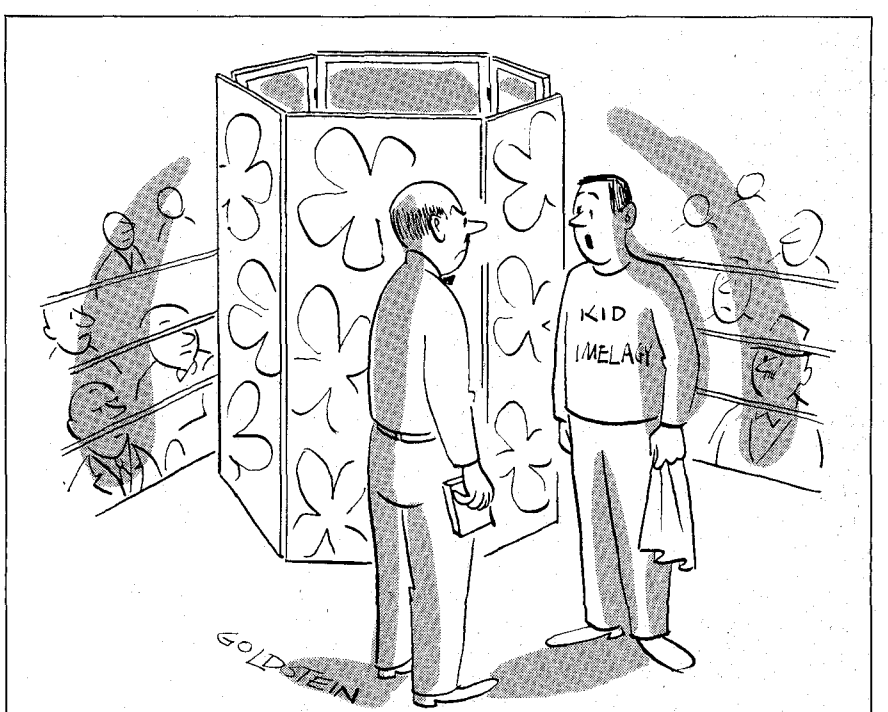
"And thus might meet his grandson. Actually, you feared a reunion between them; and, to reduce the risk further, you pressed Paul to leave the city?"

Judge Greer demanded, "And what might be the witness' motive?"

"The post he holds, sir, suggests that behind his fear lies some hidden swindle upon the institute." The press table alerted sharply; this case was really reaching out. "I confess inquiries about him have not been fruitful, and I now propose to examine into the financial structure and operation of this institution."

"Objection!" Rugart marched toward the dais. "As counsel for the institute I know Mr. Bellamy has served it with honor. Auditors check on him; sureties bond him. They say they made inquiries; then they know he lives modestly. Now they hint some dark, undefined swindle. Outrageous!"

Judge Greer advised John, "I will not allow you to pry into this institution upon mere surmise. Sustained." Rugart stepped away, satisfied. The disappointed reporters settled back.



"He likes a little privacy between rounds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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John set his jaw and went at the witness again. When did he last see Paul Leland? Not since he discharged him, Bellamy replied. Nor had he communicated with him. He had no idea where Paul was now, he declared.

"John," Martha Doowinkle called in a low tone. He went to his table. She whispered, "Paul wouldn't just go off without letting his mother know where. He might even be with her." John nodding slowly, Martha added, "Her home's in Woodhurst, Paul said. I could slip out and phone, or—could we go there now?"

"That could be better." John faced the bench. "We have hopes of locating the plaintiff and ask that the case go over until morning. And that, meanwhile, both defendant and counsel be enjoined from communicating with the plaintiff."

"That is insulting!" Rugart shouted. "We oppose a continuance, your honor!"

"Well —— Locating the plaintiff would be desirable. Requests granted, the second one as a matter of form." Both sides hastened from the court.

Paul Leland stood staring glumly out of his mother's cottage window, telling himself over again it had to be this way, but hating the double talk, the pretense.

A cab pulled up in the street; startled, he saw Mr. and Mrs. Doowinkle get out. Ignore the bell—no, he couldn't do that. He answered the ring and greeted them a little lamely. "Hello."

"Hello, Paul. Mrs. Doowinkle imagined you'd be here." John's grin seemed to ease the young man. "I wanted you to know I started the trial on the theory that your letter was not your voluntary act. Was it?"

"Well—you see ——" Paul halted abruptly. "Please come in."

Inside, he made introductions, then spoke to the quiet graying woman next to Sue Leland. "I guess I wasn't frank with you, mother."

Anna Leland met his eyes. "I know that, Paul."

To her, he rapidly sketched his experience with Bellamy. He turned to John.

"Around seven last night Bellamy phoned me. He told me he was calling from a booth on a delicate family matter, in order to save my mother a great heartache. I was about to hang up on him, but that stopped me. Then he said in these exact words, 'It was hushed up after your father's death, but he was a forger and a crook. Now, I want you to instruct your lawyer—by special-delivery letter only—to drop the slander suit, and I want you to leave town.'"

John said, "And the alternative?"

"He'd have my father's history circulated in the town where my mother lived. He said, 'Think of the talk, the anguish to your mother. The choice is yours.' He gave me a minute for my answer. Well, my head spun. I knew there was some mystery about my father. I talked fast with Sue and told him I'd do what he asked. We—Sue and I—felt we couldn't see my mother's life spoiled."

Early this morning, he and Sue threw some clothes together and came here. "We'd fixed up a story that I quit my job and planned to go West—I had a feeling it wasn't going over. Well, when you told me you went to trial anyway ——" Paul expressed himself with his hands. "The sham got too much for me. It came over me that you and my mother deserved the truth."

Sue Leland said, "I'd better tell you now, Paul. Bellamy phoned an hour ago." She turned to John. "You see, the phone's in the dining room and I answered it—I came back and pretended it was a wrong number. He wanted me to put Paul on. I felt Paul had been upset enough and I said, 'You let him alone! Don't call again!' and banged down the receiver."

"Good for you!" Anna Leland said. Reproof in her tone, she spoke to her son. "I suppose, for my sake, you intend to tell Mr. Doowinkle to let the case die?"

"How important is a case?"

"And how important is it not to give in to a threat? And should you have taken for granted your father was what Bellamy said?" Smiling now, Anna said, "It was tender of you to worry for me. But don't you think I can take care of myself?"

"I do. But——" He smiled with her. "You win, Mrs. Independence."

John said to Anna, "Perhaps you should tell me about Paul's father."

"Yes." Her eyes were far-off a moment. "When Walter and I married, he was in the company with his father—they manufactured Mr. Leland's electrical inventions. I'm sure Mr. Leland thought I corrupted his son. You see, Walt was fascinated by distant lands and eager to write about them, and we decided he'd break away from the company. His father made a fierce scene over that. He said he'd raised a disloyal son. Walt bought a plane and learned to fly, and we traveled together, and his work began to appear in the magazines. But after Paul was born, I couldn't always go with him.

"Flying over Central America in the spring of 1937, Walt's plane failed and he crashed into a lake. Only wreckage was found. His body was never recovered.

"Then Bellamy came to see me. He worked for Mr. Leland and—yes, I remember, he was in the family; a distant cousin." Here was a new detail, John thought, not that its meaning was clear. "He said facts had come to light about Walt that he was forbidden to reveal, that he had money for me from Walt's father, who preferred never to hear from me. I said Mr. Leland could keep his money, but I meant to find out from him about these supposed facts. He wouldn't see me or talk to me. He never answered my letters. I had to give up."

The year after Walt's death, she read that his father had founded the institute and put Bellamy in charge. "So Bellamy says Walt was a forger. He's lying, just as he's lying about Paul's being a thief!"

Paul asked, "What happened at the trial this morning?" John described the curtailed session, and Paul's eyes darkened. Young Leland said, "They're really gunning for you personally. That shows you're right—Bellamy must be guilty of some gyp on the institute."

"Together with that lawyer," Martha Doowinkle put in. "Rugart was desperate not to have it gone into."

"But why," John said, "were they never caught? And it's true Bellamy doesn't live high. Why a gyp without the rewards?"

Unless, he reflected, the rewards were to materialize in the future. But what was their method? He needed a witness able and willing to give full details about the institute—the founder, of course! John chafed at himself; he was rather late with that. Somehow he hadn't given complete thought to David Leland, passed over him as a name out of the past, but he was a reality and knew how the institution was born and shaped. And he certainly would not stand for having it fleeced.

He said, "I should have subpoenaed David Leland. Maybe I can phone him."

Anna Leland remarked, "He's very old now. Maybe he's mellowed. You'll find his phone under 'Meadowview.' He never listed himself in his own name."

John made the call. A thin voice said, "David Leland speaking." John gave his name, and the voice became sharp. "You want me to be a witness?"

"That's right. I'd like to see you and tell you about the case ——"

"Know all about it—and you too. I'll be in court in the morning." Evidently the defending pair had rushed out to his home, in the event Paul's lawyer called him. From the old man's tone, the prospect wasn't too good for tomorrow.

A reporter said, "Why, there's David Leland!"

David Leland made a unique old-fashioned figure on a front row. Seated a little stiffly, his white hair shining, he gave close heed to the proceedings.

John advised the bench, "The plaintiff is in court. I now call him."

Paul Leland testified self-possessedly. He explained the slander suit; how Bellamy's phone call impelled him to drop the action. Now, he would see the case through. The old man in the front row watched him with frowning interest.

Rugart intoned, "No questions to the boy. The individual who should be interrogated is the one who concocted his improbable tale. But that will come." He said, eying John, "I suppose Mr. Bellamy is now to be heckled further by you?"

"I will recall him when I am ready." John turned. "I call David Leland."

The old man rose; whispers followed his slow gait to the stand. He took the oath and bent a barbed look on John, his thin face fixed in asperity.

John began, "I have done some reading about you in a newspaper library, and Anna Leland has added some details. You have reached ninety?"

"Passed it. And just fire your questions. Forget my age."

"I intend to. You made your fortune as an inventor in the electrical field and retired in 1938, when you founded the institute bearing your name. Correct?"

David Leland said, "Correct."

"On the personal side, you have long been a widower, and your only son, Walter, died in 1937. He has been called a forger ——" As Rugart interjected a protest, John said, "I did not revive this painful subject. Mr. Bellamy put it into the case." John continued, "How did the forgery charge against your son arise?"

Judge Greer said, "Is that relevant here?"

"I will not insist on it. Mr. Leland, did you consider that the charge might have been faked?"

The old eyes narrowed. "I do not care to discuss it."

"May we then discuss your grandson, a stranger to you since his childhood? Seeing and hearing him here, did he not strike you as a truthful young man?"

"He could have been taught a good story." He leaned forward. "By you."

"I hope to change that opinion." John paused. "Is it not odd that Mr. Bellamy never told you he met your grandson in the institute, nor that he hired him?"

That was all explained to him yesterday, the witness said. "Price—Mr. Bellamy—admitted hiring him on impulse, but, as the boy proved to be a thief, he'd kept still to spare my feelings. He then told me about this case, and that a rascally lawyer was professing that the institute's been swindled. He felt I should know the situation."

"Please proceed. There was more?"

"Mr. Rugart said I might be pestered to be a witness, but I could refuse because of insufficient notice. I said I wouldn't dodge—I'd go to court and teach this lawyer not to scandalize the institute."

"These men wanted you to dodge, but had to settle for next best?"

"You're just twisting it." He was a touch exasperated. "This swindle nonsense—why, every dollar in and out of there has always been watched by a trust company and auditors. I go over the accounts myself and visit there regularly to see what's going on. Well, then. With all the controls, where's the chance for a swindle?"

John said, "There you can help. From the newspapers at the time, we learn the bulk of your fortune went for the institute, and that Mr. Rugart was your counsel. And you named Price Bellamy the director. You thought him fitted?"

"Fitted and loyal. He'd been my company cashier, and we were related besides. I want you to know I trusted both him and Mr. Rugart—then and since."

"Your honor, I propose again to probe into the financial setup of the institute. Since yesterday's adverse ruling, the plaintiff has been heard ——"

"Argument, argument!" Rugart broke in. "For all we care, he can probe away."

John said, "An act to make Mr. Leland think they have nothing to hide. We do not need his permission. For the purpose of this request, plaintiff's testimony must be assumed to be true. We may therefore inquire into defendant's motive."

"You may in theory," Judge Greer said. "Very well. Proceed."

John turned. "Mr. Leland, how many millions did you give for the institute?"

The witness said, "I consider that none of your business."

How much, John asked, was used for building and contents? How much was set aside for later support? The reply came back: "I will not discuss it."

"You understand the court has allowed this line of questions?"

Rugart said, "Is he about to ask that Mr. Leland be held for contempt?"

John ignored the lawyer; compulsion of this witness was never in his mind. "You spoke of a trust company, Mr. Leland. I assume you established a trust fund, the company to administer it with the institute as beneficiary?"

"You can assume whatever you like."

"And I judge there was an assignment covering the fund. Upon what terms?"

"Also none of your business."

Baffled, John walked back and said in an undertone to Paul, "Maybe, if I had a look at the assignment—but I can just see him agreeing to it."

"H'm. . . . If you knew the trust company, would they let you examine it?"

"No, but they'd produce it in court. But which trust company? Wait a minute. He'd have picked one of the four or five big ones. It wouldn't take long to make the rounds. . . . Your honor, at this time I request a recess."

As Rugart bounded up, Judge Greer demanded, "A recess? Why?"

John was about to say, "To seek information," but in the judge's mood that would not work. Stratagem was called for—a reason not easily turned down.

He said, "I fear the court session has fatigued Mr. Leland. He told us to forget his age, but before continuing with him I feel he should rest for an hour at least."

"I—ah—object!" Rugart was disconcerted. "A ruse to drag out the case!"

David Leland spoke from the stand. "May I have a word?" His cold glance surveyed John. Turning, he said, "I believe I would like a rest, your honor."

"Well —— All right then. We will recess for lunch too. Until one-thirty."

David Leland watched John leave the court, then joined the men at the defense table. "I wanted (*Continued on Page 76*)

> The easiest place to drive yourself mad is in traffic.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

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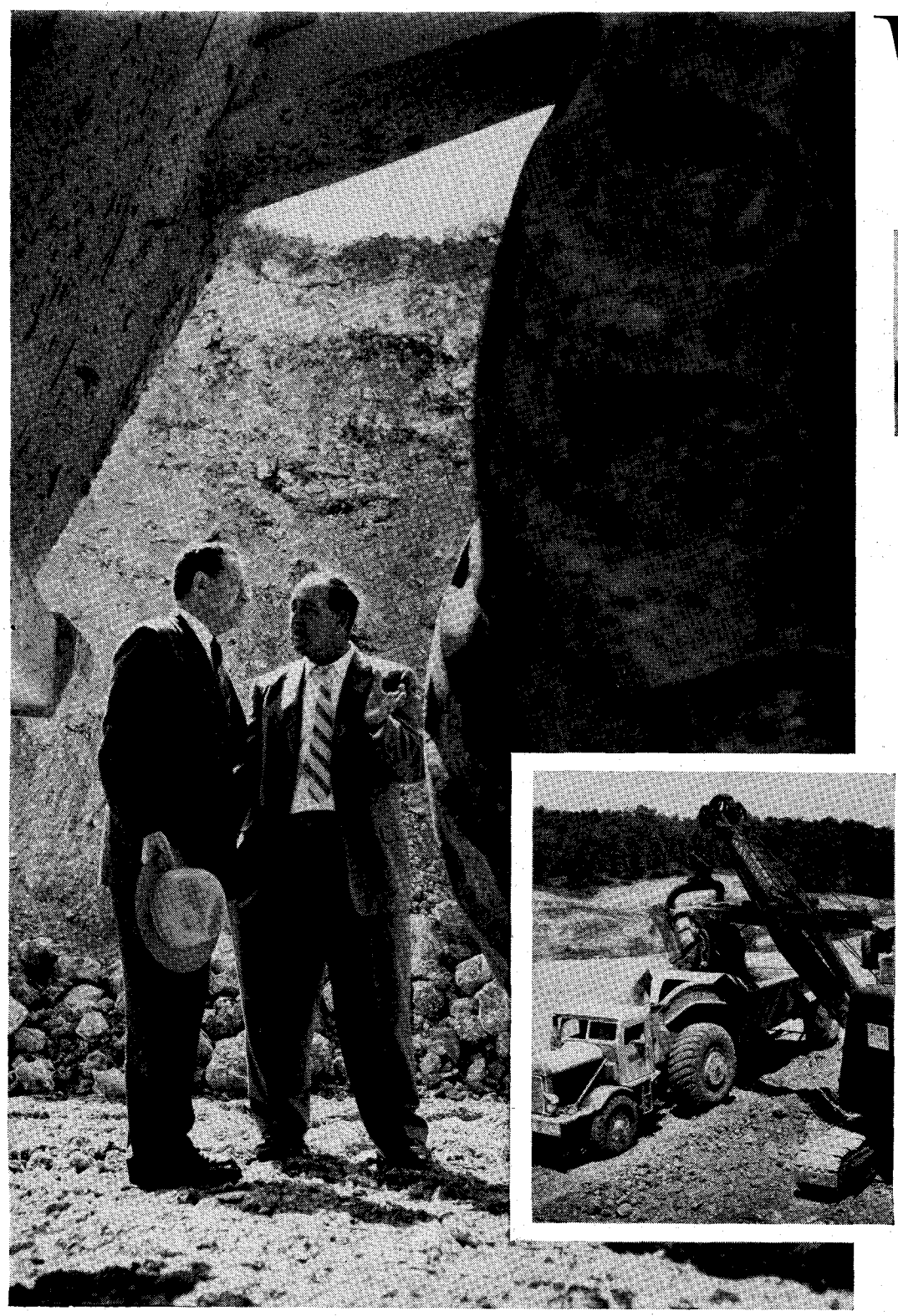

"Big wheels of the barge-like earth movers roll fast to haul close to a million and a half cubic yards of dirt and rock on this job. Fred Weber Jr. (right) tells me Employers Mutuals' men planned for safety even before construction work began, know in advance the problem areas and the precautions to take for protection of men, equipment and property."

Wausau Story

ON THE ROAD AHEAD

by **LOUIS W. PRENTISS**
Major General U.S. Army (Ret.)
Executive Vice President
American Road Builders' Association
Washington, D.C.

"Building the 41,000-mile, $40-billion National System of Interstate and Defense Highways is a job 60 times bigger than the building of the Panama Canal . . . and that System is only a part of our country's vital roadbuilding program.

"The job is so big that, at the outset, some doubted our highway industry could perform the task. But those doubters failed to realize our contractors have never had a chance to work their full capacity. What's more, they failed to realize the help contractors could draw from the industries that supply materials and services.

"I was impressed by this help on a recent visit to a job near St. Louis. The work is being done by the St. Louis County Bridge and Grading Company in joint venture with its parent company, Fred Weber, Contractor, Incorporated.

"Mr. Weber and his two sons told me they hold insurance policies with Employers Mutuals of Wausau . . . including workmen's compensation, fleet and equipment, fire and public liability. And, says Mr. Weber, 'That gives us help we need.' This is help that puts experts on the contractor's management team. These are men who know how to protect workers' lives, prevent accidents, avoid property damage. Employers Mutuals' men start by examining the project plans and site to give the contractor a pre-bid estimate of his insurance costs. As the work goes on, they're continually helping maintain safe working conditions and procedures.

"From my own observation, I can agree with what Mr. Weber told me about Employers Mutuals' men. They help provide the kind of safety that pays both contractors and taxpayers. You can count the dividends in increased efficiency, dollars and cents, and humanitarian benefits. I'd say that makes them 'good people to do business with'."

. . . . . .

As one of the leading insurers of construction projects, Employers Mutuals of Wausau helps contractor-policyholders make jobs come out safely and profitably. With 109 Employers Mutuals of Wausau offices throughout the United States, service is never more than a few hours away. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile) and are one of the largest writers of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

"Table talk, first thing every morning sets the day's work. Jim Miller (second from the left) is an Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer, works closely on the job with Fred Weber and his sons, Fred Jr. and John. This teamwork started before the contractor submitted his bid for the job. Employers Mutuals studies proposed plans, submits the estimate of insurance costs."

"All clear, when rock is blasted means Employers Mutuals' men have already used their modern instruments to determine safe charges, have seen to it that all nearby property owners have been told what's happening and have suggested other hazard controls. 'We get the help we need from Employers Mutuals' men,' says Mr. Weber. 'They work hard. They work right'."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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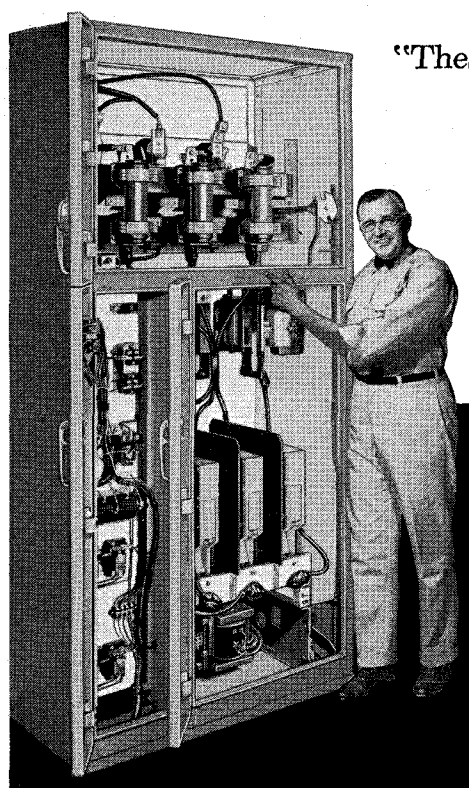

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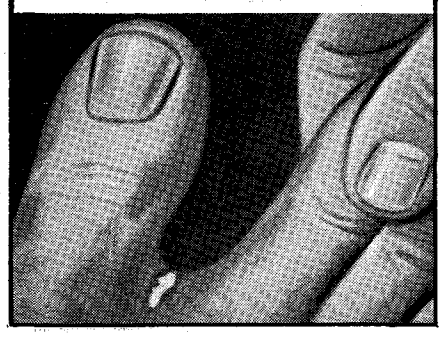

Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

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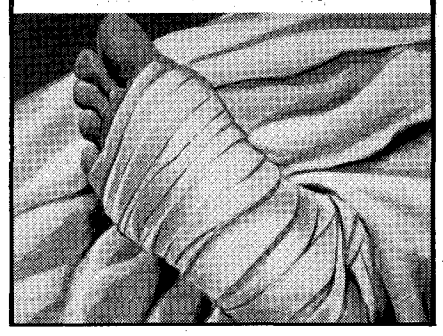

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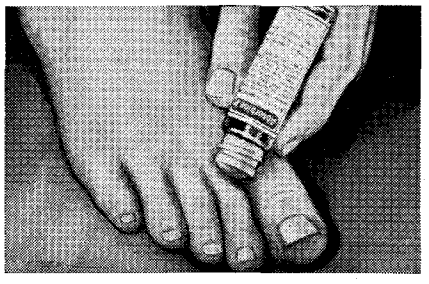

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(*Continued from Page 74*) him to get the recess—curious to see what he thinks he can do with it." They forced smiles.

As court reconvened in an expectant stir, John called, "The officer of the Colony Trust Company." John took a legal paper from him. "Your honor, this is the assignment creating the trust fund. May I familiarize myself with it?"

While the defense pair glared, he gave the paper study with Paul, his own suspense caught by court and press table. John reread a paragraph, his lips tightening. He said, "This may be it," and faced the aged man back on the stand.

"I am sure you recall this paper. By it, you turned over some ten million dollars in assets to the Colony Trust Company, to be invested for the institute." John paused and said dryly, "I see Mr. Rugart has lost his 'probe-away' attitude."

"I object! By no contortion can the trust fund be relevant to this case!"

Judge Greer remarked, "I have permitted this line. Let him proceed."

"Mr. Leland, did you intend the fund to exist permanently or at your pleasure?"

Openly astonished, the old man was about to blurt out a reply. Then he snapped, "I will not discuss that with you."

"Let me quote from paragraph ten of this paper. After a stipulation that you were to receive periodic reports of income, we read, 'And the said David Leland may at his option, by a suitable writing, alter or rescind any of these provisions.' Did Mr. Rugart explain this language to you?"

"That's between him and me." His acid tone spelled the futility of further questions. The court was intent.

John stood there. For all he could see, the case was finished, with its aftermath for Paul Leland and himself. He began turning away; stubbornly faced the stand again. Questions wouldn't work with the witness—maybe shock treatment would.

John flashed at him, "You made it plain the fund was to be permanent—do not interrupt, Mr. Rugart—but you are allowing two conspirators to thwart your purpose. You stare; do you think you are beyond being duped? Here is the assignment. Take a long, thoughtful look at the paragraph I quoted!" He whipped down the paper on the stand.

"Mr. Leland!" Rugart shot up. "There's nothing wrong there—believe me!"

From staring at John, the old man frowned toward the lawyer. "Are you telling me not to look at it?" He studied the paragraph with his reading glass. Then he eyed Rugart sharply. He turned to John. "I was told that language was there only to keep the trust company in line, and advisable. But 'rescind any of these provisions'—that adds up to—why, I could revoke the fund altogether." He gestured. "By a suitable writing—but I'd never sign one!"

"Not knowingly." In the hush, John's thoughts raced. He felt certain these men already had such a writing. What had they got him to sign? Plainly, nothing they could use while Mr. Leland still lived. He probed, "Did you have a will drawn by Mr. Rugart?"

"Yes, I did. When I planned the institute, I told Price Bellamy I'd leave him my home, money too; I felt he deserved it. But for two or three years I didn't get around to a will, until Mr. Rugart prodded me and I had him prepare one and bring it over. It said what it should, so I signed it; it was witnessed, and I gave it to him for safekeeping."

Said what it should, John fretted, and signed and witnessed. Just the same, he'd learn more about it. "Do you recall the will? I assume it began with a clause to pay just debts, and so on?"

"That's right." Next came the bequest to Bellamy; then minor legacies to servants. And his residuary estate? Such as it was by then, the witness said, also went to Bellamy, whom he named executor. "I remember that came at the end."

Well, that was the will —— But wait now. Didn't he see an oddity there?

He addressed the court with a trace of excitement. "That will should be looked at. Usually, all bequests to a residuary legatee are combined at the end. Yet this will begins with a separate bequest to Mr. Bellamy, on page one. Was it so written because the first page contained no signature and no witnesses, hence could be switched?"

"Denied!" Rugart was suddenly ashen. "I assure you, Mr. Leland ——"

The old man cut him off. "I want to see that will!"

John said, "I will allege the first page of that will was—carefully, I am sure—replaced by another, the contents of which we can judge. And now we see why these men had to prevent a reunion between grandson and grandfather. Suppose the two became close? And Mr. Leland decided to make a new will to include the young man? The old will would become worthless, its fraud impossible. . . . I recall Mr. Bellamy."

Bellamy rose weakly. He stood frozen, dread of the witness stand in his face.

"Perhaps, with his honor's consent, you prefer to speak in his chambers?"

"I might as well." He was barely audible. "I might as well."

To the waiting reporters, Doowinkle said, "Verdict for plaintiff in the slander suit, with further action to follow against Bellamy and Rugart. Yes, I know you want the story on the will—suppose we make it my house. My wife and I asked Paul and his family over; Mr. Leland too." John gave them his address.

Later, they were all in his living room. On impulse, Anna Leland left her chair and joined the pensive old man alone on the sofa. He was visibly pleased.

He said soberly to the reporters, "I did my son a great wrong. After his death Bellamy showed me some forged company checks and cleverly—oh, he was so distressed—made me believe it was Walter's work. I'd quarreled with Walt—to me it seemed he deserted me ——" A deep sigh escaped him. "Bellamy admits now the forgeries were his. Why did he poison my memory of my son? Being my kin, he thought I'd then make him my full heir. When he saw me founding the institute instead, he schemed with Rugart to grab the trust fund after my death. You explain it, Mr. Doowinkle."

"First," John said, "they had Mr. Leland reserve control over the fund. Then they had him say in his last will and testament that, having established and kept up the institute, the public should carry on; wherefore he bequeathed the trust fund to Bellamy, 'who is like a son to me.' It was Bellamy who typed the will—both versions. His deal with Rugart was an equal split."

"A ten-million-dollar steal!" A newsman whistled. "Could they have collected?"

"Well, who'd prove the will was a trick, after Mr. Leland was gone?"

"Which they counted on long before this," David Leland said. "But they won't collect now—my grandson's lawyer scotched that at risk to himself. I can apologize to him—but what can I say to you, Anna? And to my grandson?"

Paul smiled. "Why not just, 'Hello'?"

"Hello." His eyes twinkled. "You know, I've wondered lately if there still wasn't something for me to do. Ninety's not too old to start catching up, is it?"

THE END

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So You Want to Live in Paris

(Continued from Page 19)

back home must turn his apartment over to someone else in the circuit. To defy this rule is to be branded as a renegade and a traitor. I know one otherwise quite likable American girl who, called back to New York by the company for which she worked, neglected to give her Left Bank apartment to an American or British friend, but instead let the landlord have it back! Needless to say, there are now *French* in it. The circuit has lost one entire housing unit, and the girl's name is never mentioned by her former friends. As an American gentleman by the name of Art Buchwald thundered in his Paris column—he was house hunting at the time—"Such betrayal cannot be tolerated!"

Less reprehensible is the American or British housewife who, at her wits' end to find a place to install her household gadgets and her baby sitter, finally gives up and takes a house in the suburbs. This is regarded as both defeatist and unutterably "chicken," but no worse fate will befall the girl than to see all her candlelit country dinner parties ruthlessly boycotted by busy circuiters who cannot drive out because they've sold the car to pay their Paris rent.

Another form of behavior that is frowned upon in the circuit is separation or divorce, since it means two people occupying two apartments instead of one, and often leads to severe dislocations all along the line. In cases of contested divorce, the foreign colony will buzz anxiously for weeks over who will be awarded custody, not of the children but of the flat. Happily, the lack of housing sometimes brings about spectacular reconciliations, as the two parties discover that even a discordant home is better than none.

Since the circuit is eminently profitable to apartment-owning French, one might think they would build or modernize a few more apartments, to ease some of the strain. But this is to underestimate Gallic thrift as well as Gallic sagacity. To build requires both time and capital, and is so trussed up in governmental red tape that private construction in France is almost at a standstill. To modernize more apartments for the foreign trade might bring rents down and put an end to the whole delightful whirl. So why disturb a status quo whose every prospect pleases? The French, as usual, have a proverb to cover their feeling on the subject: "Better to milk the cow than to kill it."

Moreover, the French themselves are in the midst of an appalling housing crisis that has already gone on for thirteen years and is likely to last at least thirteen more. They would dearly love to rent to the rich Anglo-Americans for those fabulous prices. But in order to do so, they must have first an apartment to rent, and second, housing for themselves. It is this very real bind that produces some of the more charming social anomalies that brighten the Paris scene—such as landlord and tenant living cozily together in the same apartment, with the tenant paying the rent and all the bills, and the landlord conveniently on hand to watch over his furniture, curb any overliberal use of electricity or gas, and discipline the maid.

If both landlord and tenant have large and growing families, this solution may result in serious overcrowding. Many a Parisian bachelor or divorcee, however, lives quite handily by renting his or her apartment to foreigners and taking up residence in the maid's room in the attic. For old friends and creditors, the address remains the same, and as long as one doesn't entertain, who knows there are paying guests in the salon and boudoir? Occasionally a Parisian landlord or landlady will also demand—and get—kitchen privileges, nocturnally wreathing the apartment in fumes of boiled cabbage and garlic, with pungent undertones of *Eau de Javelle* (potash water).

Then there are those proprietors who, lacking a maid's room, insist on keeping one bedroom and bath for themselves within the rented apartment itself. When I was first pushing my way into the circuit a few years ago, I had such a proposition made to me by a very elegant young man who offhandedly added that, as our guest in the apartment, his other wants would be extremely simple; outside of his breakfast in bed and an occasional party for his friends, he would seldom bother us with special requests. Another, the seventy-year-old granddaughter of one of France's great musician-composers, wanted only to retain one bedroom, bath and study for herself, plus the right to give music and voice lessons every afternoon on the grand piano in the living room.

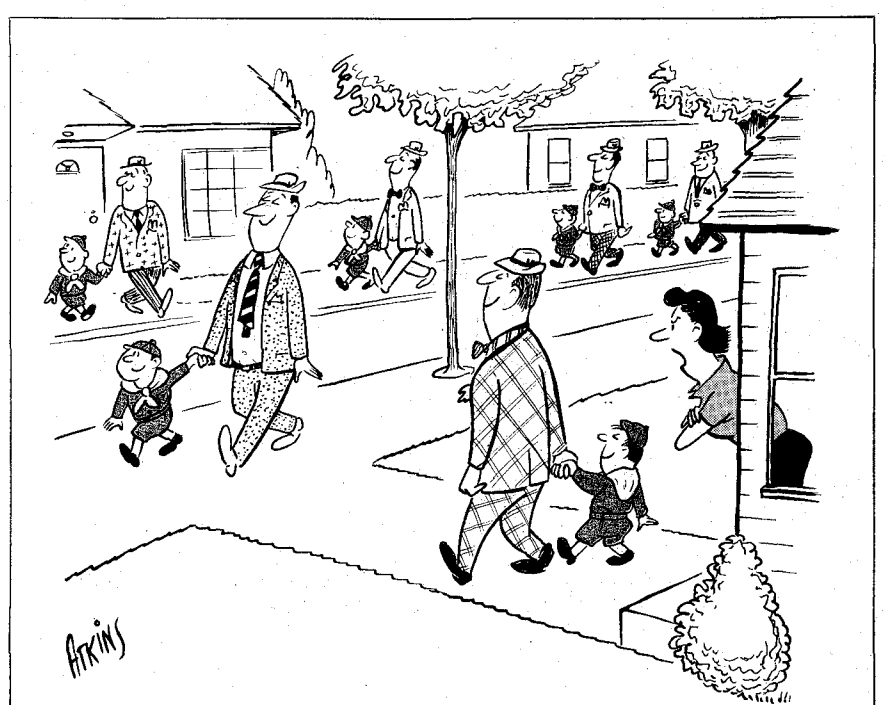
Some of us, desperate for housing, temporarily accept such arrangements, but it is generally to our regret. A U.N.E.S.C.O. executive I know once set up housekeeping in a beautiful apartment with a landlord-guest in the back bedroom, only to find that the landlord was a night-club entertainer given to bringing his friends home with him each night around two A.M. to listen to records. After three months of this, the U.N.E.S.C.O. man gave up and staggered off to a hotel where, so far as I know, he is still catching up on his sleep. Wild stories circulate about landlady-tenant relations, but I personally know of only half a dozen American or English wives whom this sort of thing has sent running home to mother, and only one case of an American—a Harvard man—marrying his landlady in order to get control of her apartment.

Very well, you are going to say, but suppose my firm sends me to Paris for a year or two. If this is all the circuit can do for me, why shouldn't I try something else? What about real-estate dealers? The For Rent want ads? What about putting an advertisement in the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune?

Well, if you are a near-millionaire and don't mind paying for the privilege of getting rolled, you can always go to one of the fly-by-night French real-estate operators whom this overripe situation has called into being like midges over decaying fruit. He will make that characteristically French simultaneous shrug of shoulders, eyebrows and elbows, declare that he has nothing, but nothing, and imply that you are a naïve *tête-de-boeuf* to have thought so. But I have a little money, you will say; I'm willing to pay. Ah, in that case—*tiens!*—he has just the thing you are looking for, with a magnificent view of the Seine and a partly outfitted bathroom as well! All you have to do is pay him one month's rent in advance as his commission (say the equivalent of $400), one month's rent in advance to the landlord to clinch the deal (another $400), another $400 as a deposit for the "inventory"—the fake Louis Quinze furniture and fringed lamps and chipped china with which the place is mournfully furnished. And *voilà!* You are out $1200, but you are "in."

It is a waste of time to go to an honest, established real-estate agent—and there are one or two—because he will have little or nothing to offer you. One of the best and most scrupulously honest agencies in Paris is The Benedict Sisters, two gray-haired American ladies of the old school, who, with the help of a Capt. Basil Throckmorton for the English trade, run a combined real- estate-and-travel bureau in the Rue du Mont-Thabor not far from the Tuileries. The Benedicts—they are sisters-in-law, not sisters—have been in business at the same shabby little stand, among the travel posters and the pot-bellied stoves, since 1923, and they have lost many a hairpin shaking their genteel heads over what has happened to a legitimate and honorable calling. When I dropped in recently, one of them said she had only one apartment to offer, an over-draped wind tunnel listed at $900 a month, and in a shocked voice added that two couples were actually bidding for it. Paris rentals, she said, had gone up at least 800 per cent since the end of the war, and there was no relief in sight.

So you turn to the want ads in the Paris Herald Tribune, the only newspaper in Paris that runs a daily To Let column. On an average day there will be six to ten places for rent listed, mostly private rooms for single gentlemen (with breakfast), or run-down houses way out in Versailles or Chatou. Being a newspaper of integrity, the Herald Trib heads its column with the following italicized warning: *Apartments are scarce, rents are high, European and American standards are different. We decline to take responsibility for information given under this classification*—a rare example of an American newspaper indulging in British understatement.



"Something tells me I should get a look at this new den mother of his."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Still, the warning is clear: you answer these advertisements at your own peril. One American recently answered an ad reading: "Beaut studio, w.c., run water, magn view," only to find that the apartment for rent was the top floor of a former bordello, magnificently decorated with black velvet drapes and pink-cupid-framed mirrors. An Irishman found himself a flat over a butcher shop which was subsequently raided for black-marketing; in the general mucking about he was picked up by the police and spent two months in Santé prison—which is one way, albeit only temporary, to solve one's housing problem.

Having tramped around Paris following some of these elusive trails and rejected each dead end as unsuitable for a wife and innocent children, you now put an advertisement of your own in the Herald Tribune's "Apartments Wanted" column. You will get several replies from people who will call in the dead of night with liquor and conspiracy on their breaths offering you girls, night-club acts, tips on the horses—but no living quarters. Otherwise no one will call but one or two of the incurably hopeful, who in their excitement will misread your ad to mean that you have an apartment for rent and will start bidding for your property before you have time to explain that it is all a mistake; you are not a *propriétaire* but another desperate seeker like themselves. This is very sad. When you picked up the receiver, you were so optimistic!

And so we come back, like homing pigeons, to the circuit and the circuit cocktail party—the theory of which is to bore your friends so near to distraction that in order to get you to shut up they will tip you off to a flat being vacated by someone else. Sooner or later, if you possess infinite patience and a loud, monotonous voice, you will inherit something. If it is not what you want—too small or too expensive, on the wrong side of town, too dark or too noisy, lacking the basic amenities—you have only to remind yourself that you are lucky to have anything at all.

But let us suppose for the moment that you have finally found an apartment, either through a real-estate scalper, the less probable means of a want ad, the circuit, or by paying a large kickback, known here as key money. Perhaps, being a lucky devil—we are just supposing—you have bribed your way into something with both an icebox and a stove, a bedroom for the kids, and no resident landlord or landlady. Within minutes you discover that you are up to your armpits in an illegal transaction. Not because of the key money which, like sin in France, is deplored but condoned. But because of what soon follows.

The tip-off occurs when the landlord, beaming with *bonhomie*, hands you a letter stating that you are old friends of the family and are being allowed to occupy the apartment absolutely free of charge. Without giving you time to catch your breath, he now tactfully adds that you would be doing him great favor to pay your rent not by check but in cash. It is a silly little whim of his; he can't stand checks.

(*Continued on Page 79*)

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This Jet Engine

. . . is the workhorse of our nation's modern jet military fleets. It is the famed Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57, whose production use in supersonic and long-range military aircraft, beginning in 1953, heralded a radically new era in jet aviation. By blending a generation of experience with the best in tools and talent, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft was able, with its J-57 concept, to *double* the power of the best jet engines then in production use and at the same time reduce fuel consumption by more than 30 per cent.

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(*Continued from Page 77*) If you've been hanging around circuit cocktail parties long enough, you will immediately understand. The rent you are about to pay is between ten and twenty times what the landlord has the legal right to demand, so of course he doesn't want any record of it to exist. In addition, he is conveniently going to forget to declare it on his income tax, so he doubly wants no record of it. Clearing a check leaves a mark. Cash, as another French proverb says, has no odor. If the income-tax man comes by, stumbling past your large American car parked at the curb and your wife's mink coat hanging in the entrance, you are clearly a charity case, taken in by the landlord in a fit of Franco-American *sympathie*.

An interesting change often rung on this friendship pact is to ask you to pay the legitimate rent openly, in francs, and then make up the rest in dollars on a New York bank. The legitimate rent will be surprisingly low—something like 25,000 francs, or fifty dollars a month, for a four-room apartment—but the real rent, paid in New York, will run from $200 to $500 and up. In cases of this kind the landlord comes perilously close to obeying the law by declaring, and paying tax on, the 25,000-franc legal rent. His only consolation is that he is still fleecing the government—and you.

These are by no means the only angles which that imaginative and subtle creature, the French landlord, can dream up. Sometimes he asks you to help his son or daughter get a visa to the States by signing an affadavit of financial responsibility. Sometimes he wants you to take over a faithful maid or cook whom he has neglected to pay for the last six months. Occasionally all he expects is to be kept in Scotch whisky and American cigarettes from the Army or State Department PX. At one time my husband and I were asked to send the landlady's son through Princeton—we refused and lost the flat. And at another time, with a landlord who was an artist, we were supposed to arrange for a New York City art gallery to exhibit his paintings. We solved that one by moving.

Yet for many of them, the money is enough—if there's enough of it. The average "circuit" landlord does not own the apartment he lets out, but rents it himself, unfurnished, usually at a ridiculously low yearly rental. Having seen the light in his own eyes, and found a small hovel somewhere for himself and his family, he moves out of his Paris apartment, leaving behind a few sticks of furniture, and sublets it to a homeless foreigner for whatever the traffic will bear. And the traffic, as he knows, will bear plenty. Whereas a furnished apartment in Paris is supposed to rent for only 10 per cent more than the same apartment rents unfurnished, common practice is to charge twelve times as much—the subtenant paying per month what the tenant-landlord pays per year. Since nothing at all is spent for maintenance or repair, this provides the tenant-landlord with a modest net profit of 1100 per cent, tax free.

The man to pity here—if pity we must—is the original landlord, the man who owns the building. He has rented out his apartments years ago, before this wild realty inflation began, at low, long-lease, government-controlled prices. Now, his hands tied by rent control, he can only stand helplessly by watching those lucky original tenants of his speculate and sublet like mad and reap fantastic profits from his property.

Thus begins the big buck-passing game of maintenance. The owner cannot pay for upkeep and repair because he is making next to nothing out of his building. The first tenant will not because he is not required to by law. And so when the roof leaks, the electricity blows or the furnace falls apart, it is inevitably the victim—the poor hapless foreigner—who must call in the plumber or electrician and pay the repairs. Or else sit around in a cold, unlighted apartment with dishpans set here and there, listening to the soft pitter-patter of rain on metal and thinking of home. Anyone who has argued this one out—and most Americans in Paris have—will tell you that the greatest exponent in the world of the Do-It-Yourself craze is the Paris landlord.

Although typically French in its intricacy, the situation is reminiscent of Washington, D.C., in the brave, frantic days of 1941–42–43, when one million alphabetic wonders and field-grade officers piled into the capital of the United States to make the world safe, once more, for democracy and civil service. But there are two important differences. Paris still has luxury hotel rooms for those who can afford them. In wartime Washington, an apartment hunter could take refuge in a hotel room for only five days; after five days his bags were out in the street. The second difference is that, unlike the comfortably housed native Washingtonians, the people of Paris are going through a housing crisis even more acute than that which besets, and maddens, the strangers within her gates.

It is a housing crisis that dates from 1919, when France, decimated by the First World War, first let its construction of living units slip disastrously below the level of simple replacement. In the twenty peacetime years between 1919 and 1939, France built only 1,800,000 new housing units—while Germany was building 4,000,000—and only a pitiful 80,000 of these were in Paris. At dead zero during the Second World War, home building has never since got off the ground. As late as 1950, only 2000 living units were constructed in the Paris area; in 1951, only 5600. Meanwhile 83,000 existing Paris apartments have been converted into offices, and another 220,000 have been condemned as uninhabitable—which in France means they are literally crumpling in the streets. The result is that Paris of 1959, with 7,000,000 inhabitants, has fewer living units than Paris of 1914, with 3,000,000 inhabitants.

Why this situation should be allowed to continue will remain a mystery to anyone who does not know the French passion for letting ill enough alone. Government after government has drawn up plans to end the *crise de logement*, as it is called, and government after government has left office without making a dent in it. Money that should be going into French housing is still being poured into the Algerian War at the rate of $2,000,000 a day. Building costs are up 20 per cent over two years ago, yet building credits remain as tight as ever. Recently the de Gaulle Government called for the construction of 340,000 new housing units in 1959, and then set aside only $380,000,000 in credits to finance them—which has the double disadvantage of being a mere drop in the bucket and also being impossible at the price—$1000 per apartment. The idea of scrapping rent controls and granting a little more profit to private builders has not even been suggested.

Perhaps the greatest contradiction is between the government's casual attitude on housing and its heavy insistence on bigger and bigger families. With 500,000 Parisians living in unheated servants' rooms up under the mansard roofs of the city or in tenements with neither heat nor running water, the state's family allowance and social security bureaus go right on encouraging families to have more and more babies, without giving the slightest attention to where those babies should be born and brought up, or how they should be housed. The newspapers scream about 400 square miles of slums in Paris alone; the family-welfare organizations issue warnings that one fifth of the city is tenement breeding ground for tuberculosis, juvenile crime and alcoholism. Every few days one reads of another building falling in, or out; of families living eight and nine strong in a single room; of another square block declared "insalubrious and of grave danger" still inhabited by hundreds who can find nothing better. And the housing crisis goes merrily on.

It is after reading somber statistics like these that the foreigner who has found an apartment begins to feel a bit better about the frayed rug, the 1920 plumbing fixtures, the landlord's sister in the back room, the dollar transfers in New York. No matter how much he is paying, at least he has a roof over his head and a place to sleep. No matter how shabby and run-down the place is, at least he is a member of the circuit now and can start to think about trading. Looking around, counting his imperfect and expensive blessings, he turns to his wife and suggests they give a cocktail party.

And when the guests arrive and conversations start up——"If you hear of anything at all, do call us. We're ready to settle for the suburbs, if necessary." . . . "Of course it's cold, but it *is* centrally located, you know." . . . "This niece of his whom I'm supposed to send to Hollywood. . . ." "My dear, I'd trade it at the drop of a *chapeau*. . . ." —— he sighs, picks up an anchovy *canapé*, and joins in. Isn't this, after all, Paris?

... ...

Ground Mole

By Robert C. Cosbey

What, old mole?
So slow in the earth, at last
I've turned you up with a
spade?
And smashed into your
blind world,
And made you quiver at
you know not what?
I'd like to let you know, old
underground,
That it's the same with me,
old friend,
The same with me.

... ...

New Girl (Continued from Page 20)

"I never questioned his judgment. But I have looked at lovely girls in the streets and wondered ——"

Saida glanced at him quickly. She'd thought him so steady in his devotion to her—the girl his father had picked for him—that girls in the streets would be like sticks of wood to him. She wondered whether she knew him as well as she'd thought she had.

"If you don't want Saida ——" her father bristled.

"Saida suggested we break the engagement," Fayez said respectfully. "Not I. But I agree that it should be broken. In fact, I'll give her a job in our office."

Saida's feelings whirled wildly. Her dreams were coming true! The engagement had been broken with little fuss; she'd been offered a job. But her mother was sulking; her father glowering. And Fayez! Although she and Fayez hadn't pretended to love each other, as in American films, still he could have been reluctant.

"Do you want the job?" he asked.

She hadn't imagined herself working for an Arabic firm dealing in infants' wear. She'd pictured herself among glamorous people who thought up advertising, as in films. But after what her father'd said about her abilities, she was uneasily afraid no other firm would take her. She asked Fayez, "Are there American girls in your office?"

"Two of them."

"Who go for breaks-of-coffee?"

"Their day, it seems to me, is a continuous break-of-coffee."

"Then I will take the job."

"Come tomorrow at nine."

The Arabic dinner was eaten in uncomfortable silence, and after the Turkish coffee signaled its end, Fayez left.

"You are the most foolish girl in Brooklyn," her mother exploded. "Looks and charm and family and a fortune he has. You had him, with none of the effort the average American girl must make to get such a man. You threw your chance away, and for such a reason! If another boy had taken your fancy ——"

Her father said heavily, "And old Kel and I have smoked and talked of the birth of our first grandson ——"

"Never will we be able to get you another like him," her mother broke in hopelessly. "Since you don't want him, we won't work to get you a husband at all. You can find one yourself, in the American way."

"I'll find one when I want one," Saida said rashly.

The next morning she excitedly joined the newly shaved men and gloved girls on the subway. She scorned an empty seat; it was so challenging to cling to a strap. No Arabic girl she knew had ever lurched with an American subway on the way to work in a big city.

When she reached Fayez's office, high over mid-Manhattan, she stood in the outer room, listening to voices humming and papers rustling inside—to the sounds of an office coming alive. Then she saw the outer-office desk, with its instrument with plugs and lights, and knew from films that this was her desk. The wonder of it brought tears to her eyes. She heard a step behind her and turned to face Fayez.

His eyes told her he'd seen her tears and guessed the reason for them. "Does this mean so much to you?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

"Then I am glad to have made you happy." His voice became businesslike. "Come meet the staff. I had to tell them

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who you were, and that the engagement is broken. They had seen your picture and would have known you anyway. Besides, they were buying us a gift."

"I understand." Strangely she felt happier with him than ever before.

As she followed him she saw his father in a mammoth room. She felt guilty at the sight of the big man who, when she'd been a child, had made her promise she'd be good to his son.

Then Fayez led her into an office in which a well-built, sandy-haired young man bent earnestly over numbers scrawled on paper.

"This is Mr. Rawling, our accountant," Fayez said.

The young man rose and smiled at Saida, but said ruefully to Fayez, "You know I don't like interruptions when I'm working on your books, Mr. Kel."

"Sorry," Fayez said amiably. He escorted Saida out into the hall. "Rawling is rather temperamental," he told her, "but we need his genius in our dealings with that excellent organization, the Internal Revenue Service."

Then Fayez took her into another office where he introduced her to a redhead who flashed an engagement ring so proudly that for the first time Saida realized, more with wonder than sense of loss, that her own left hand was bare. As Fayez mumbled the girl's name and hers, the girl stared at her with an expression that looked like, but of course couldn't have been, pity.

Saida longed to ask the girl questions about life in business, but Fayez motioned her into a huge room in which baby dresses and sweaters were attractively arranged on marble tables.

"This is the showroom," he said proudly. "And here's Miss Ellrich, who helps me display our products to department-store buyers."

As Miss Ellrich came toward them the glory of the showroom was dimmed by her greater glory. Her hair was as yellow as the sun, her eyes bluer than the Mediterranean; her sheath dress clung to her flawless figure as snugly as a swimsuit, Saida noticed, wistfully looking down at the dress that hung modestly on her own slim but ordinary figure.

As Miss Ellrich smiled dazzlingly, Fayez said carelessly, "Could you show Saida how to work the board, Dorothy?"

"Happy to, Mr. Kel," Miss Ellrich said, and gave Fayez a long look from eyes mascaraed and shadowed, even at nine-thirty in the morning.

Saida and Miss Ellrich settled at the board. There the vision patiently explained how to pick up a light. When Saida tried to do it she got some lines crossed.

Miss Ellrich smiled. "We'll try again."

"You are so clever," Saida breathed.

But Miss Ellrich's attention seemed fastened on Fayez, who was watching the lesson. No doubt, Saida decided, Miss Ellrich was brimming with business matters to talk over with Fayez. Saida had never before met a woman who could talk business with a man. Just then the redhead appeared, clutching her handbag, and Miss Ellrich said graciously to Saida, "Go for coffee if you like."

Her first break-of-coffee! Saida happily skipped out behind the redhead. In the elevator the redhead smiled welcomingly, and Saida felt a glow of gratitude toward this American girl of different foreign ancestry who was accepting her—an Arabic girl who wouldn't be an American for years.

In the downstairs coffee shop Saida ordered coffee as the other girl did, although she'd never liked weak American coffee. Now the redhead would talk of the business world, and she'd have to strain to catch every word of the important English that would be spoken.

"Honey," the redhead said, "did you—I mean did you really give up Mr. Kel so you could work in the office? That's the story he told us."

"But I did," Saida said, bewildered.

The redhead gazed at her. "I figured that after all this time Ellrich was finally getting somewhere with him and he broke the engagement, and you made him give you the job so you could be near him and see what you could do about Ellrich."

"Ellrich?" Saida repeated blankly.

"Why didn't you do the girls of America this big favor while I was free?" She narrowed her eyes speculatively. "Even now, if I had to fight anyone but Ellrich for him —— Even without the money he's a living doll ——"

"He is?" Saida asked faintly, oddly jarred by this description of Fayez.

"You couldn't have noticed it or you wouldn't have done the mad thing you did. He won't be loose long. Ellrich will snap him up." She gazed wistfully at her ring. "I suppose I should be thankful for what I've got."

Saida felt confused and disturbed. "You and Miss Ellrich—you girls who work," she asked shyly, "would you like to marry and stay home?"

The redhead watched her silently for a moment. Then she said in an awed voice, "Honey, I believe now you really did give up Mr. Kel to work in the office."

Back at the board, Saida found that all her elation over working had evaporated. Astoundingly Miss Ellrich was more interested in Fayez than in a career. Well, Fayez wasn't hers any more. As Miss Ellrich continued the switchboard lesson, Saida wondered if he would fall so easily for this creature. He wasn't used to blondes; always he'd known olive-skinned girls.

Then Fayez appeared. Saida's heart, strangely, leaped at the sight of him as it had never leaped before.

"Will you have lunch with me?" he asked Saida, smiling at her.

As thrilled as if she'd struggled for an invitation from him for weeks and had never had one before, she flushed and started to rise.

"Mr. Kel," Miss Ellrich said, "I've spent the morning here. Saida learns like an angel, but there are scads of things I must talk to you about before two." As Fayez turned, Miss Ellrich lowered her lashes and crossed her legs so that the tight sheath drifted just past the perfect knees.

Fayez clearly missed neither lashes nor knees. He was looking at Miss Ellrich as a newly freed man would look at such a woman. And he didn't seem to think blondes foreign. "I'll lunch with you, then, Dorothy. Saida won't mind."

Miss Ellrich smiled beatifically at Saida. "You have an hour, dear."

Later, with the redhead, Saida ran into the street exactly as she'd been longing to do. Then why was she unhappy?

At dinner her father said glumly, "I spoke to old Kel."

Saida stared guiltily at her plate. All day she'd avoided talking to Fayez's father, although he'd given her a disapproving nod every time he'd passed the board.

"Was he upset about the children?" her mother asked.

"He wants the boy to marry soon. He told him to take the daughter of Usef Risini. Fayez said he wants to do it the American way. Old Kel said that probably means Fayez will choose some unsuitable American who attracts him physically but won't cook the food or learn the language. Young people are fools."

Saida felt an intense relief at the thought that old Mr. Kel couldn't possibly think Miss Ellrich suitable for Fayez.

"How is the captain of industry doing?" her father asked her. "Are you ordering old Kel around yet?"

"I am only learning the switchboard, papa." She wouldn't admit that the idea of facing the freed Fayez and Miss Ellrich made her knees wobble with panic.

The next morning she stood in the outer office, unable to believe she was hearing what she was sure she heard. Arabic music throbbed through the American-styled office, as out of place as the Sphinx would have been on Times Square. She walked toward the sound, which came from old Mr. Kel's office. When she opened the door she saw the old man at his desk, his eyes closed dreamily. Fayez was sitting near him, gazing at Miss Ellrich, who was bending over a small record player, changing a record.

"I'm going to play a *debke*," Miss Ellrich explained. "If there were more people here we could form a line and wind our way around the desk."

Saida fell into a chair.

As the *oudist* singer's voice filled the room with haunting rhythm, old Mr. Kel wiped his eyes with a handkerchief. "Yah, Allah, I haven't heard that *oudist* since I came to this country. I didn't know there were such records in this country."

"Dorothy," Fayez said to Saida, "has found out about Arabic records somehow, and has brought in the most amazing collection ——"

"You told me about them yesterday, Mr. Kel," Miss Ellrich laughed sweetly. "I happened to say that there was no one like Ella Fitzgerald, and you said the music of the Western world couldn't compete with Arabic music."

"Did I say that?" Fayez asked dazedly. "Well, Dorothy went to Brooklyn last night. She's brought *debkes*, Syrian singing ——"

"Fayez"—old Mr. Kel was looking approvingly at Miss Ellrich—"I take back what I told you about American girls; they are not too proud to learn our ways. Is this not remarkable, Saida?"

"It is remarkable." Saida felt sick.

"This one's an Arabic love song," Miss Ellrich told Fayez. "Would you translate it?"

Fayez, flushing with pleasure, did so.

After more records, Miss Ellrich passed around refreshments. When they turned out to be flaky *baklawa*, Saida fled.

She wasn't surprised when Miss Ellrich whisked Fayez off to lunch. During an almost unbearable luncheon with the redhead, Saida was troubled by feelings she'd never had before. And when Miss Ellrich and Fayez came in later from lunch, Fayez stopped at the board, his eyes glowing as they followed Miss Ellrich's walk into the inner office.

"Thank you for freeing me," he said to Saida.

"Don't mention it," she said shortly.

"There are so many girls in the world that it is foolish to settle without a choice. Who would suspect that Dorothy knows our music? Someday," he added kindly, "you'll find the right man."

"I hope so." She wished he'd leave her.

When he did she admitted to herself that her misery, her terror at the thought of his marrying Miss Ellrich, her unsteady heart when he was around, meant simply that she loved him with a love she'd never thought existed outside of American films. How could she have thought his home could be a prison and raising his children drudgery?

"When you want a husband," her mother had said, "you'll have to find one yourself in the American way."

She'd have to get him back on the American level; she'd have to compete with girls who were wise in the ways of getting husbands. She'd have to compete—and with such pitiful equipment! All she knew of the American way of getting a husband was what she'd seen girls do in American films.

In a film she'd seen, a girl had aroused her loved one to blazing jealousy. If she could stir blazing jealousy in Fayez—but whom could she make Fayez jealous of? Her lifelong engagement had kept her from meeting eligible men through her family; Fayez and Rawling were the only young men in the office.

"Your slip is showing."

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Rawling! If she went into his office and stood there, he might get interested in her, and then Fayez might get blazingly jealous. Miss Ellrich hadn't done more than sit in front of Fayez before getting that first luncheon date with him.

Saida tiptoed to the partly open door of Rawling's office. She had decided she was doing him a favor because if another girl sensed that she, Saida, was interested in Rawling, the other girl might be driven to blazing jealousy and to love of Rawling. The Americans had such complicated ways of arousing feelings in each other. She spoke his name softly, but he jumped violently.

"What do you want?" he said. His glance wasn't exactly like the ones Fayez bestowed on Miss Ellrich. In fact, it was almost—well, annoyed.

"Nothing," Saida mumbled, and ran back to the board. Apparently she had goofed, as the Americans said. What had Ellrich done that she hadn't done? Then she remembered. How could she have forgotten? She rose and forced herself back to Rawling's office. She sat down in the chair opposite the desk at which he bent over numbers.

Finally he looked up. "You must want something." His voice was impatient but kind. "Tell me what it is." He looked at her closely. "Why are you blinking at me? Is there something in your eyes?"

Saida, crimson-faced, fled a second time, telling herself despondently that she didn't have precisely what Ellrich had in the way of man-attracting equipment. She really never wanted to see Rawling again. Still, he was the only man around who could be used to stir Fayez to jealousy.

But there were other ways of attracting men besides the use of eyelashes and knees! Ellrich had just used another way, and it had charmed Fayez and delighted Mr. Kel. Now if she, Saida, could slip the record player out of old Mr. Kel's office and hide it under her desk ——

The next morning Saida excitedly waited until the office hummed with business. Then, as she quietly put the record player at Rawling's door and started the record she'd bought, she imagined Rawling's eyes shining with pleasure.

"*One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock,* ROCK; *four o'clock, five o'clock, six o'clock,* ROCK!" exploded through the offices.

Rawling bounded out of his office. His eyes did not glisten with pleasure. And to Saida's amazement the whole staff gathered, looking as stunned as if there had been a fire alarm.

Rawling turned off the record player. In a deadly quiet voice he asked, "Who did this?"

"I did," Saida admitted, bewildered. "I thought an *Amerkani* would like to rock through a working day."

Miss Ellrich and the redhead were giggling; old Mr. Kel looked disgusted, but Fayez moved protectively toward Saida.

"Mr. Kel," Rawling said to Fayez, "Yesterday this girl stood in my doorway, spying on me. Then she came in and sat making faces at me. Now this. I can't work while these antics go on. Either she gets fired or I quit."

But no one had wanted to fire Ellrich, Saida thought, astounded. This American business world was so strange.

"Let's talk it over, Rawling," Fayez said, and he gave Saida's hand an encouraging squeeze as he and Rawling went into his office.

Saida felt heartsick as, from the board, she heard muffled sounds of the argument. The other girls smiled to themselves when they passed by, as if the whole affair was amusing in a puzzling American way.

Finally Fayez appeared. "Saida, I know you didn't mean to upset Mr. Rawling."

"I just wanted him to notice me," Saida blurted out. "You noticed Miss Ellrich when she blinked her eyes and played records."

Fayez reddened. "Dorothy knows how to do these things. If she were in Lebanon, she might do things that would seem foolish there. You have not quite learned to handle the customs of this country, Saida." As she struggled to keep back tears, he added, "I can't let the firm lose a crack accountant over ——" He said abruptly, as if he hated to bring out the words, "I've got to keep Rawling."

"It's all right." She felt sorry for him because it seemed to hurt him so to let her go. But after he'd walked away rapidly, she couldn't hold back the tears any longer. She cried not because she'd failed in the business world she'd longed to conquer but because now there'd be no way for her to see Fayez regularly.

That night as she sat on the porch with her parents her father glowered, and her mother looked furious.

"First he lets her break the engagement," her mother said. "Then he fires her. And for so little. Yah, Allah, I would like to get my hands on him."

Saida felt a throb of love for her parents. They'd frowned on her entering the business world; now they were furious with Fayez for having fired her. "I don't care about the job," she said.

Then the doorbell rang.

Saida had to steady herself at the unexpected sight of Fayez. Her parents tensed against him.

"I forgot to give you a reference," Fayez said, looking at Saida. "So I brought you one."

"My daughter," her father said stiffly, "doesn't need a reference. Five of my friends have offered her jobs already."

"Which she will consider only if she doesn't take one of the six offers of marriage she's had," her mother added.

Fayez looked at them all. "I see," he said quietly. "In that case, I'll go."

Now there wouldn't even be family-to-family visits, Saida knew. Fayez was walking out of her life to Miss Ellrich and all the girls of the world who'd be waiting to snap him up. And she could only stand as if paralyzed, watching him.

At the porch door he stopped and turned. "As long as you're considering marriage offers," he said to Saida, "add mine. It has an advantage over the rest because I have always loved you. When you broke the engagement, I felt as if the sunlight had left my life. I gave you the job to hold onto you while I tried to win you in the American way." As Saida stared at him, startled, he went on, "I tried what I had seen in films—indifference, another girl. Nothing worked. When you tried to attract Rawling, I gave up."

Saida couldn't believe her ears. It was incredible that the man she loved miraculously loved her. But maybe all love came miraculously. "But I love you, Fayez," she said. "I was only trying to arouse your blazing jealousy."

For a long moment Fayez simply looked at her. Then he said shakily, "My darling, from now on let's leave techniques of courtship to the Americans, who know how to use them."

She flew into his arms, and it wasn't until afterward that she realized it was undignified for an Arabic girl to be kissed in thoroughly American fashion in front of her parents. But when she looked at them, through tear-blurred eyes, she saw that they didn't mind at all.

"And now," Fayez said, sitting on the sofa and pulling Saida down close beside him, "let's get back to planning the wedding."

THE END

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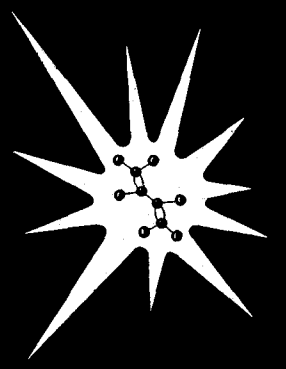

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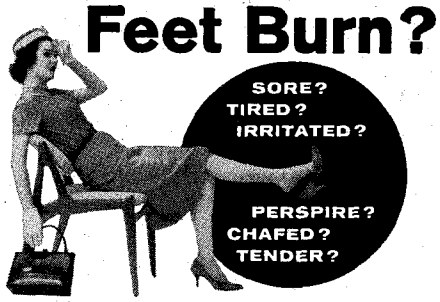

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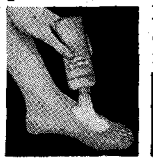

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Our Fighting Men Have Gone Soft

(Continued from Page 15)

infantry conference at Fort Benning, Georgia—"Those who 'pass the draft'—those who are accepted for military service—are a disappointing lot, generally speaking.

". . . sedentarianism, push buttonitis and indoorism have taken heavy toll of fitness. . . . This generation of the tallest, heaviest and most nearly disease-free youth in all history is being subtly victimized by an age of mechanization, standardization, urbanization and materialism. . . ."

From all this emerges a picture—not of an American who can lick any two or three enemies, but of a slow-witted, vacuous adolescent with an intellectual interest keyed to comic books, and a motivation conspicuous by its absence. This is, of course, a caricature, and it cannot be applied across the board. But the fact remains that 40 per cent of American youth are unqualified, mentally or physically or morally, for any kind of military service.

The words "any kind" are emphasized, for there are obviously a great many billets in the military that can be satisfactorily filled by strong backs and weak minds, or strong minds and weak backs—or a combination of both. But anyone who knows the modern services will agree that the standards are not too high. Too many men have minimal capabilities.

The Army's experience with Group IV—personnel of the lowest intelligence level—refutes completely the contention that the human material is all right and the Army standards are wrong.

In two and a half years the Army weeded out 70,000 misfits and also reduced the number of Group IV's it had been accepting. The prison population dropped to one third its former size; AWOL's went down 38 per cent; courts-martial and the crime rate went down 29 per cent. Three of the Army's five disciplinary barracks were closed. But—and this is the big "but"—the Army's size was being reduced at the same time, and it could afford to be more selective of its manpower.

Even so, from July, 1954, to September, 1958, 16.7 per cent of the men entering the Army by enlistment were in Group IV, the lowest category; of those who were inducted by the draft, the percentage was 30.3.

Thus the physical and mental qualifications of a large group of the nation's young men are so low, that, in uniform, they are a handicap rather than a help. Disqualify this group or reduce its number, and over-all performance increases. But to do so, the principle of universal service must be shelved, and the available manpower pool reduced by a large percentage.

What about character, past record of conduct, emotional stability? Here, too, the modern nation lets the services down. The statistics, well known to sociologists, are appalling. In 1958, major crimes in the United States increased by 8 per cent. The nation's teen-agers—seventeen and younger—the group that furnishes the raw material for all the younger generation of servicemen, commit a disproportionate share of the nation's major crimes in civilian life. About one out of five of our young men will have police records in the foreseeable future; some for minor offenses, some major, the Navy estimates.

The V. D. rate, which had dropped sharply in early postwar years, is now increasing, with at least 50,000 new cases annually among teen-agers alone, the Public Health Service estimates. Broken marriages and broken homes—a commonplace of our modern civilization—mean that about 12,000,000 youngsters are being reared without benefit of one or both parents.

This is a pretty sorry sociological picture. But such mores of our civilization make the armed services' task even more difficult.

The twentieth century has been called in America "the century of the common man," and he is very common indeed. The leveling-out process of the last thirty years—in economics, in education, in politics, in society—has undoubtedly lifted some from the ruck but has pulled others down in the process. It would be hard to prove that today's concept of democracy is superior to the republican democracy of Jefferson's time, with its emphasis on a "Natural Aristocracy" of intellect and character. But from the point of view of military application there is no doubt that the concept of *égalité*—"everybody is equal"—has spawned a host of problems. The natural leaders of the frontier and the trained leaders of the South, of New England and the Eastern Seaboard have been followed by the new class of leaders which struggles to emerge from the self-stultifying morass of equality. Today's milieu, today's intellectual and sociological climate give little encouragement to the development of strong leadership; but, rather, stimulate the cult of popularity and personality, of charm, of "feeling the public pulse," of "followership" rather than leadership.

Conformity and "the organization man" have taken their toll of initiative and imagination. And the new gods of our age, the technician and the scientist, have replaced that type so rare in any age: the man who understands how human hearts respond, who can stimulate the minds and bodies and souls of men to brilliant effort, who can produce a team disciplined and courageous even to death.

There is not enough concept today of service to the state or to one's fellow man. There is not enough of the old-fashioned patriotism. There is too little of that traditional and healthy American capacity for indignation at public wrongs, too little *noblesse oblige*, too little sense of public obligation and duty.

Today our welfare state—with its tremendously high tax rate, its cradle-to-the-grave security system—has produced younger generations whose ideal is security rather than opportunity, initiative, adventure.

The state has assumed more and more of the burdens formerly shouldered by the individual, and the end is not in sight. Minimum wages, farm supports, unemployment insurance, workmen's-compensation laws, health and old-age benefits, government-financed housing, government-assisted education, Federal scholarships—all these and a host of other "benefits" tend to shield the individual from the harsh realities of the world we live in. We move to higher and higher standards of living, but among more than a billion of the world's peoples—in Asia, the Middle East, Africa—the struggle is not to keep up with the Joneses but for life itself.

Some scientists, among them Dr. Curt P. Richter, of Johns Hopkins University, are worried about the long-term biological effects of the welfare state upon protected man. The extremely high standards of American life and the sheltered environment of our welfare state—with much provided the citizen by government but little required of him—contrast strongly with the stark life of Russia and Red China, where hard work takes precedence over security. Can American man—after years of protective conditioning—vie with the barbarian who has lived by his wits, his initiative, his brawn? Will he retain the will to fight for his country?

And what are his values? Does he have a Spartan devotion to "duty, honor, country"? Or has the novitiate to military service been inculcated—as West Point has found in a study of the candidates that apply for the Military Academy—in a system of "dollar values"?

To all these influences must be added the morals and ethics of our time; the old virtues seem to have become the modern sins.

Our advertising culture, which permeates our entire body politic, stresses what boys can get out of the armed services, not what they can put into them. And the easy morals of many politicians and union leaders have encouraged acceptance as right and truth of two basic sinful fallacies—"Work less and make more," and, "It's all right if you can get away with it."

I do not mean to cry havoc about twentieth-century America. We are still the most powerful nation on earth and, if we chart our course aright, we can remain so. Everywhere there are signs of vitality in the land—new highways and homes, the ever-changing vista of our expanding cities, the new industries in the cornfields.

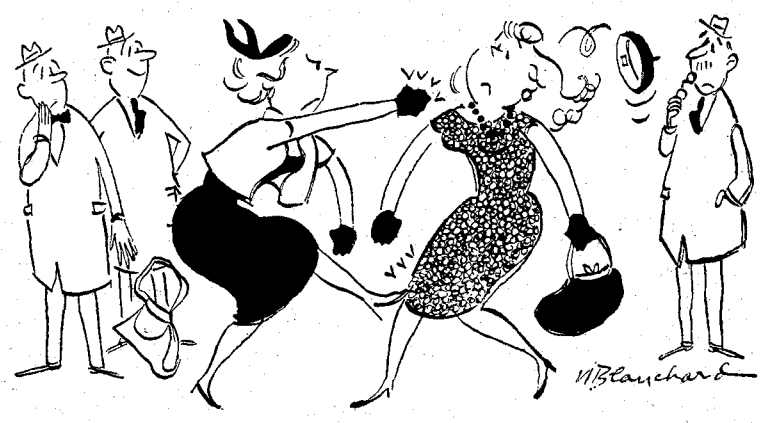
But there is some truth to the criticism, so often voiced by foreign friends, that our material culture exceeds our psychic advance, that our machines deserve superlatives, but not our men. Danger signs are evident. Dr. Walter Judd, Republican congressman from Minnesota, has put the problem succinctly in a recent article in *Western World*, a magazine dealing with NATO: ". . . our most vital national characteristic, our will to win, has been steadily eroded in all fields of competition with the Sino-Soviet orbit."

These, then, are the national trends and changes which, for good or bad, affect our fighting men.

The second major category of changes in Military Man concerns those "reforms" forced upon the armed services by the executive department or by Congress. Sometimes these "reforms" occurred because of public pressure; sometimes we drifted into them on a wave of public apathy.

One of the greatest changes that has occurred since World War II—it was virtually completed during Korea—was the integration of Negroes and Puerto Ricans into all branches of the armed services.

The sociological aim of integration has been accomplished, but many officers think at the expense of over-all morale and combat effectiveness. Integration has undoubtedly led to somewhat more effective use of Negro manpower. But the average Negro, often through no fault of his own, does not have the education or capabilities of the white soldier; integration has thus meant, at least in its first years, a leveling process—downward, not upward. By most indices—AWOL rate, VD rate, court-martial rate, education, capabilities and so on—it is the Negro who has presented the most difficult military problem. This problem was magnified—particularly in the early years of integration—by the readiness with which political pressure exerted by the NAACP and by Congress intervened in the services' (*Continued on Page 84*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Lois expected righteous indignation when Joe's wife discovered that she was flirting outrageously with Joe. But when the wife slapped her in public, Lois sued for "hurt and humiliation."

"She had no right to bang me around just because her husband likes me so much," Lois argued. "A girl doesn't lose the protection of the law simply because she steps out with a married man."

"That shameless hussy provoked me until I couldn't control my anger," the wife replied. "Therefore it was her fault, not mine, that I slapped her. If husbands go free for shooting their wives' lovers, why isn't a wife entitled to a slap at the 'other woman?'"

If you were the judge, would you make the wife pay for the slap?

• •

The wife had to pay. The court said that "while conceding the natural impulse of an offended spouse to vent her feelings" on the other woman, "we can find no precedent declaring that such provocation justifies a physical assault."

Based upon a 1957 Louisiana decision.

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MOMENT OF PROMISE...PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT STERN

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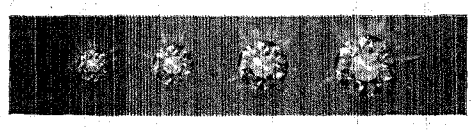

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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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(*Continued from Page 82*) chain of command in behalf of the Negro. With time and adjustment the problem of military integration has been eased, and there are some fine, capable Negro officers, noncoms and enlisted men in all the services, some of them with splendid combat records. And military integration is here to stay. But it certainly has not increased—and has probably reduced—over-all combat effectiveness; and it has posed some major morale problems.

There are many other factors which have influenced the services adversely, over which they have had little control.

The postwar trend toward "civilianization" was one of them. The various Pentagon reorganization acts—plus politics—have combined to downgrade the military officer. Echelon after echelon of civilians—too many of them Civil Service deadheads or appointees of two-bit capabilities cleared by the Republican National Committee—have been superimposed over the heads of the services' highest officers. The Chief of Naval Operations no longer commands the fleet; there are some thirty civilian officials in the Department of Defense who can give orders or directives of one sort or another to the Army Chief of Staff.

The downgrading of military officers and the "featherbedding" of civilians in the Pentagon has been accompanied by a diffusion of authority and responsibility. The civilians have the authority, but very few of them assume any responsibility; the military officers become the goats if policies or judgments made by civilians go wrong.

The intrusion of politics and "civilianization" into the services has left its marks in many ways. Undue emphasis on "cost accounting," on "career guidance," on "functional budgets," on "safety" procedures and other civilian methodology has distracted the services from their primary job—to win battles. The Doolittle-board "reforms" after the war—which slackened discipline and led to a revision of the Code of Military Justice—were a concession to civilian pressures, which led in turn to the intrusion of political intervention into the military chain of command.

The net results of all this downgrading of both officers and noncoms can be best summed up by one of the results of a recent survey of its graduates conducted by the United States Military Academy. Graduates of recent West Point classes gave as one of their principal reasons for resignation—after completing their obligatory tour as an officer—the reduced status of the officer corps.

There are other factors which have influenced adversely the development of fighting men.

The steady reduction of personnel strengths and operating forces has been accompanied by a steady increase in the nation's global military commitments. The result has been, on occasion, an almost intolerable strain upon the men in uniform who must pay in sweat and tears and tension for the overcommitment and undermanning of our forces. The effects of such procedures upon morale and motivation are obvious; many men who might make the services a career leave in disgust, with the feeling that they have no support from their superiors.

Even more important is the feeling in the armed forces of discrimination by Government at the expense of the services. Pay rates have been raised, and various benefits authorized; but nearly always grudgingly, never without major effort, and usually far less percentagewise than the raises the unions have succeeded in imposing in civilian life, or the increases and privileges which Congress has voted itself. One of the worst blunders the Administration and Congress have made was the passage of a clause in the 1958 service-pay act, which has been widely interpreted by many officers as a breach of faith on the part of Government. In the past, service retirement pay always has been keyed to active-duty pay on a fixed percentage basis; if the pay of active officers was increased, the pay of all retired officers and enlisted men was increased by the same percentage formula. But the 1958 pay act violated this principle—which had always been one of the inducements to a service career—and provided only a nominal cost-of-living

increase to all retired personnel who took off their uniforms prior to its passage. But those who retired after it was passed received the full benefits, thus creating two groups of retired officers—one of them "second-class citizens" economically. In some cases the monetary difference amounted to $157 a month between retired officers of the same rank and same length of service.

The services themselves are not without blame for the slump in Military Man and his combat effectiveness.

There has been, and still is, waste and misuse of service manpower, a deliberate downgrading of elite units, too much emphasis on material rewards and far too many unnecessary shifts and changes in station—2,130,910 permanent changes of station have been scheduled for the 2,565,923 personnel in uniform during the fiscal year starting July 1, 1959, at a cost of $664,000,000.

The retention of too many units with too little manpower is another service fault, though not entirely a service responsibility. The Army would be far better off with eleven or twelve good divisions than with fourteen scraggly, half-trained and half-filled ones.

There are too many "make-work" jobs in the services, too much misuse of talent. The Army's "division slice" is entirely too large in its ratio of support to combat troops; like the country which they represent, our armed forces are keyed to a very high standard of military living—much of which contributes very little to tough, hard, combat effectiveness.

Inadequate leadership is a primary cause of reduced effectiveness, particularly in lower ranks, where there is a tremendous annual turnover of lieutenants who have served their ROTC or Officer Candidate School stints. The officer corps has lost some of the old sense of obligation of leaders to lead, which West Point typified; there are too many time-servers; and an officer who betrays the "special trust and confidence" of his rank is too often slapped on the wrist instead of being dismissed dishonorably.

These, then, are the problems of service manpower, and these—not ICBM's or missile gaps or nuclear-powered planes—are the most serious military problems the nation faces. Man is still—and will always be—the soul of battle, and the machines are no better than the men who operate them.

What can be done? Of fundamental importance is a change in the attitude of the nation. The welfare state is probably here to stay, but state, church, home and school can ameliorate its undesirable effects, can compensate for the erosions of ease by proper training, physical conditioning and moral and mental toughening.

And as Doctor Richter, the Johns Hopkins scientist, has suggested, our social and welfare laws should be examined with an eye to their biological and psychological effects upon present and future generations.

There are other more immediate and localized changes which could do much to revitalize our armed forces. Many of the reforms needed are inherent in all that has been said before. Let me emphasize only three. First, reduce the influence of politics and politicians within the armed services and base service selection and promotion strictly on military merit, not on length of service or sociological, political or other factors.

Second, we must emphasize volunteer professionals and eliminate as far as possible compulsory service and unwilling time-servers.

Third, we should reorganize the officer corps to provide more carefully selected, better-trained regular officers, fewer short-term, half-trained reserve officers.

It is probably true that the present size of the services—2,565,923 men—could not be maintained without the draft. But professionalism could be increased, volunteers encouraged, not merely by greater material rewards but by greater opportunities for promotion and more responsibility. Some units at least could become elite in character if draftees or short-term "volunteers" were excluded. It would be preferable to maintain somewhat smaller services, despite our global commitments, but more efficient ones.

Any and all means, in other words, should be taken to encourage long-term volunteer professionals and to reduce dependence upon the draft.

The procurement of officers for the armed services should be restudied because leadership is most important of all. From the point of view of motivation and indoctrination, no substitute has been found for the service academies. Their product is the professional—ready to serve. Yet all the services, in order to achieve requisite quantity, have had to place greater and greater dependence upon ROTC and Officer Candidate School sources. These graduates are educationally and sometimes technically equipped to assume the duties of a junior officer. But too few of them are motivated toward a service career, and few are either selected or trained for leadership. The ROTC, in particular, has been viewed too much by some colleges as an economic and educational prop; it has deviated from its original purpose—the training of reserve officers. The often pedestrian and unimaginative curricula could be materially improved.

Along with these changes should be a shift in the proportion of regular and reserve officers in the active services. Congress and the Administration—and the services themselves—seem to act on the strange theory that the present strength of the services is temporary and will eventually shrink considerably. As a consequence, only 64 per cent of the Navy's officers are regulars; 35 per cent of the Army's and 37 per cent of the Air Force's. The rest are reserves serving their initial two or three years or on extended active duty. More good reserve officers, if given increased opportunities of acquiring regular status, would undoubtedly become professionals. And the service academies, primary sources of supply for the dedicated "hard core" of officers, should be expanded. The standards of ROTC and OCS should be stiffened.

There is no substitute for leadership, no substitute for man. The retrogression has been pronounced since World War II. Yet the spirit of Iwo Jima, of Omaha Beach and of Huertgen Forest, and the courage shown by so many units in Korea are not dead. The nation can rise again to the greatness of its military traditions if our leaders—political and social, business and labor, home and church and school, generals and admirals and airmen—recognize that man, not the machine, makes war.

For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?

THE END

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Danger: Boss Lady at Work

(Continued from Page 27)

what the joy of work is," she says. This lack of appreciation caused her to banish coffee machines from her premises and lay down certain rules of office conduct: "Women don't smoke in the office and don't drink coffee. They can't serve me and drink coffee. I just won't have it." Nobody "works" for Mrs. Beech. As she puts it, "They serve me the way I want to be served." Unless, naturally, they want to quit or get fired. Her approach to machinery is not too dissimilar. "If I push a button," says Mrs. B., "I expect it to work."

It is useful, too, not to underestimate Mrs. B.'s pride. Six years ago, despite a new boom in business flying, Beech Aircraft began to slip from its No. 1 position in general aviation—all civil aircraft except airliners. Its competitors made a considerable amount of their gains with planes costing $15,000 or less. Today Beech still makes no plane costing less than the K35 Bonanza at $25,300. Mrs. Beech's associates wanted to move into the low-price field. They tried to persuade her to buy a small company and put the Beechcraft label on its output, but she insisted that her planes be made in her plant. Then they wanted to build a $15,000 plane somewhat like their competitors'.

"They were always wanting to copy something," Mrs. Beech recalls. "I wouldn't even look at it. They were trying to follow instead of lead, and I won't follow. I wasn't going to let 'em hawk any plane that wasn't worthy of the Beechcraft name!"

The resulting impasse in the executive suite lasted until this spring. Mrs. Beech's colleagues accused her of wanting to make only Cadillacs and pointed out that General Motors wouldn't thrive without making Chevrolets too. When she would not be budged, the planners and the engineers went to work. Their brain child is known as Project PD-100. It is a plan for a four-seater aircraft to sell for $15,000 and to hit the market in two years or less, if no major problems develop.

The PD-100 is more than an aircraft of radically sleek design; I was shown preliminary drawings, and it looks like a supermodern car with wings. It cannot be made for the proposed price except by a "revolutionary," secret—and still untried—manufacturing technique using welded instead of riveted assemblies. This means fewer and larger parts and lower costs. Beech executives are convinced that the rest of the industry will say it won't work. They say it will. Mrs. Beech told them, "See, I told you you could come up with something!" Her executives are now convinced that it was Mrs. B.'s stubbornness that produced the new design which will lift Beechcraft to new heights.

Any attempt to fathom the complexities of Mrs. Beech's personality must go back to September 25, 1903, when she was born on a little farm in Waverly, Kansas. Frank Mellor, her gentle, ever-smiling father, was a carpenter. Until Olive Ann was in her teens he moved wherever construction activity took him. Sometimes she moved along, sometimes she stayed with relatives. In 1917 the Mellors moved to Wichita, and Olive Ann, at fourteen, entered the American Business College to be drilled in stenography, bookkeeping and spelling.

By then her hard-driving, teetotaling mother, Suzannah, had discovered a measure of financial precocity in the child. Olive Ann had a bank account at seven. When she was eleven, Suzannah arranged things with the bank so Olive Ann could write checks and pay the family bills. But in business school Olive Ann was, as a fellow student remembers, "just kinda average." On one of her part-time jobs she kept the books for an interior decorator. "I couldn't get them to balance," Mrs. Beech recalls, "and he wouldn't let me take them to the teacher because it was none of the teacher's business. My pride was hurt. It got under my skin."

Olive Ann learned her most significant lessons at home. Suzannah was an efficient matriarch. All family property was in her name. Decisions to move the family were hers. So were the ceaseless efforts to upgrade the Mellor living standard. It was Suzannah who persuaded Frank to construct four hamburger stands. It was she who operated each stand as a business before selling the building plus the good will at a pleasant profit. Frank became a contractor, and wound up his days at Beech Aircraft, distributing supplies to the janitors.

At seventeen Olive Ann went to work as bookkeeper and office manager for Staley Electrical Company, an appliance and contracting store in Augusta, Kansas, near Wichita. Her interest in taking dictation was small, but this was no handicap. "I found out what my boss's thoughts were and had the letters ready for him to sign," she recalls. She also kept the books for Joe's Garage, netting eighteen dollars a week for both jobs.

For most of her five years in Augusta she lived in Mrs. Winsor's boardinghouse. The other tenants were schoolteachers, and in this company Olive Ann showed the first symptoms of what her friends call her towering inferiority complex. She was—and still is—sensitive about her casual grammar. "She felt everybody was superior and it was easier for her to keep still," one of her fellow boarders recalls.

When her boss in Augusta died, Olive Ann landed the job with Walter Beech's Travel Air Company. The company then employed twelve persons, but Walter had already acquired a reputation in the airplane industry. A boisterous farm boy from Pulaski, Tennessee, he had had little formal schooling and none in engineering. Yet top airplane designers still classify him as an engineering genius. Even in the 1940's, when he was incurably ill, he volunteered a solution to a strategic problem in aerodynamics that had baffled his engineers for weeks; and he still marched through the plant, where he would sometimes spot a worker from a distance, then walk over to him and tap him on the shoulder and remark, "You've got that part on backward."

From the first, Walter exhibited qualities that Kansans call "ornery." He would not live with his parents, so he built his own shack in the back yard. When he became aware of educational deficiencies as an adult, he spent month after month reading the dictionary from cover to cover. A fastidious dresser who shaved twice daily and never rolled up his sleeves, he delighted in puffing his odoriferous pipe under NO SMOKING signs. When Olive Ann encountered him in 1925, he had been a sergeant pilot in the Army, sold trucks, and built and raced airplanes. Liquor, profanity and pretty girls were not unfamiliar to him, and his first instruction to Olive Ann was to leave the company's married men alone.

"Don't worry," said the future Mrs. Beech, "I'm not going to bother you either."

On this note began a career so ridden by crises that a woman less formidable than O. A. Beech could not have endured it.

The early years were fun. To meet the Travel Air payroll, Walter and his men took their planes to a suburban cornfield on Sundays and gave rides to one and all for one dollar each. Olive Ann officiated in the ticket booth, and once in a while Walter took her stunting, just for laughs. One of his favorite sports was trying to scare her. He never did. Once, though, she slid to the floor of the open cockpit to hold on to some rods. Walter thought he had lost his passenger. He also continued his racing career; the firm needed the prize money and the prestige that came to Beech planes when he won. He often did win, with Olive Ann in the cockpit. For a ten-lap race Walter ripped all but ten matches from a book. In the air Olive Ann ripped off another match for each round and held the book up to the boss so he would not have to do any counting.

In the office she hired other girls to do the routine work, and she concentrated on finances. Once when Walter and his colleagues failed to return from a sales trip in time to meet the payroll, Olive Ann walked into the Fourth National Bank and demanded a $2000 loan. The bankers were annoyed. She had no authority, they said. Even then, however, the lady's manner conveyed authority. She persisted and walked out with the money.

Walter's planes were good, and just before the stock-market collapse in 1929, Beech sold his firm to the Curtiss-Wright Corporation for $3,250,000. Walter netted $1,000,000 for himself plus a vice presidency of Curtiss-Wright in New York. By that time he was noisily wooing Olive Ann; yet the idea of marriage chains appalled him in principle. Olive Ann countered by apparent indifference. She thinks Walter never would have proposed if he hadn't become lonely in New York. Anyway, they were married in 1930. Two years later Walter had wearied of wrestling with the red tape of a large organization, and they were back in Wichita building their own planes. Beech Aircraft was born, and rocked along with Walter building and selling planes and Mrs. B. managing the purse strings.

No matter how lean the times, Walter never got Olive Ann to work for nothing. "I made him pay me a salary or I wouldn't work," she says. "I wasn't willing to give my life's blood and not have it properly evaluated." She always kept her own money and invested it. Once, during the depression, when it looked as if her savings had vanished in a bank crash, she came home crying and told Walter, "Papa, my independence is gone!" Walter just laughed.

In 1940 things began to happen. The services wanted training planes—fast. By June, Beech had a backlog of orders totaling $1,200,000. By September it was $22,400,000, a few months later $82,000,000. The payroll jumped from 700 before the war to 6000, finally to 17,700. A new team of production executives had just been installed when Olive Ann went to the hospital to have her second daughter. The same week, on the same floor in the same hospital, Walter was in a deep coma. It was announced that he would have to

NEXT WEEK

A Gallup Poll Prepared Exclusively for the Post:

THE SECRETS OF LONG LIFE

By Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill

"I STUMBLED INTO THE MOVIES"

How Bob Evans, New York Cloak-and-Suiter, Became a Part-Time Hollywood Star

IN COLOR:

HIS BUSINESS IS RUINS

The American Who Sells Mexican Haciendas

LADIES WITH LONGBOWS

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 33

WORLD IN REVOLUTION

By Robert Strausz-Hupé

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relinquish some of his duties because of arthritis. Actually, his doctor diagnosed his illness as encephalitis—sleeping sickness—a brain inflammation that often leaves serious aftereffects.

The company's Eastern bankers wondered whether Beech Aircraft could survive without Walter. So did military intelligence. So did the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which had granted the company large loans to get war work started. Meanwhile, word reached Mrs. B. that one of her new executives was saying that Walter never would be back and that he knew just the right replacement—himself. Mrs. Beech ordered the self-promoter and thirteen other new men fired. John P. (Jack) Gaty, a tough and volatile mechanical-engineering graduate who had been with the company for three years, was installed as general manager; and the bankers and investigators went away to let production proceed.

It did. Gaty got the planes built, and Mrs. B. ran the rest of the show. She negotiated a revolving $50,000,000 credit with thirty-six banks; their chief negotiator still recalls how his clients thought the company had assigned too high a value to work in progress and questioned Mrs. Beech about it: "She had good answers. She'd say, 'How do you know?' Well, sometimes we didn't. She wasn't afraid of banks. She wasn't afraid of anything."

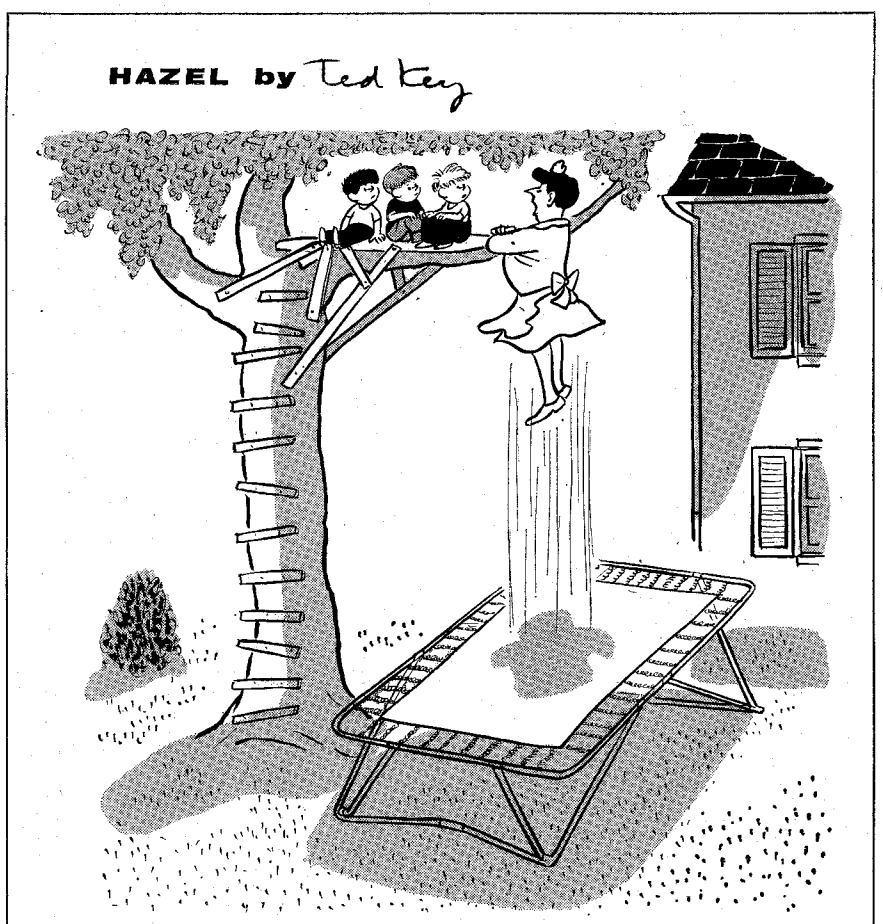
She was, again, merely irritated when a handwritten note was left for Walter Beech one day during the war demanding that $5000 be deposited in a downtown alley or his "beautiful blond wife" would be "a dead pigeon." Walter was away when Mrs. Beech opened the note. She called Hedrick, her nephew, asked calmly whether he had a gun and suggested that he bring it over. Hedrick and Gaty called the FBI. With police cars lurking all over the neighborhood, Mrs. Beech, alone, delivered a package of phony money to the alley. The note writer never appeared. Mrs. B. considered the incident a nuisance—nothing more.

The end of the war hit Beech Aircraft harshly. Layoffs continued until employment dropped to 2514. Sales dipped from $123,700,000 in 1945 to $24,400,000 in 1946. Net profits were $3,700,000 in 1945, but in 1946 Beech had a net loss of $228,929; in 1947 losses were $1,800,000. The company made corn pickers, pie plates, tractor parts and even produced a mock-up model of a car with four-wheel electric drive. Again Mrs. B. fought off bankers who saw their loans threatened. Under Walter's prodding, new commercial planes went into production and, when the Korean war broke out, the services were back knocking on Beech's door. Up went the sales roller coaster—$16,500,000 in 1950, the year Walter died; $32,900,000 in 1951; $90,900,000 the following year. Employment climbed to 13,136.

A few months later it was down to 6801, and the company was $5,400,000 in the red for the year. The Korean war was ending and in May, 1953, a potentially disastrous wire arrived from the Air Force's Air Matériel Command: "Subject contracts are hereby terminated in their entirety. . . ." The Air Force was canceling a $100,000,000 order for T-36 trainers. At the same time, Beech was having serious difficulties with production costs on its upcoming new Twin Bonanza commercial model. On top of that, morale was sagging among the engineers, who were headed by Ted Wells, chief engineer since 1932; they felt that ever since Walter's death the company had relied too much on military work and paid too little attention to developing new business planes.

Once more the bankers tightened the fiscal screws. This time they were joined by Thomas D. Neelands Jr., a Beech director and New York investment banker who had been helping to finance the Beech enterprises since 1926. He suggested a number of policy changes, including the elevation of Mrs. Beech to the less active post of board chairman so that Gaty or Wells could become president. Otherwise, Neelands wrote Mrs. Beech, he would have to resign. Mrs. Beech accepted the resignation.

Five days later there was another board meeting. Wells, a sailing enthusiast who twice won international snipe championships, was specially called back from an out-of-state boat race. A man of independent means, he had become progressively more disillusioned about company



"Dinner."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

policies. He had always liked to spend his spare time racing his boat, and in this year of crisis Mrs. B. resented his absences more and more. At the meeting she turned to him and said, "I think that you ought to have all the free time you need for your interests." She handed him an unsigned letter and concluded, "We accept your resignation." Wells was startled, but signed his resignation; and Mrs. B. had demonstrated again what her associates have long contended, "She's the boss."

There is nothing pretentious about Mrs. B. Her suits are as trimly tailored as $400 or $500 suits can be—most of them are blue, just like her plane, car, match covers, ash trays and sunglasses. She is fond of steak and roast beef and has a weakness for pancakes with sour cream, but lacks a taste for wine or fancy dishes "gooped up" with sauces. She uses no nail polish, no powder base for her rouge and no dye to hide the graying of her hair. Her faith in higher education is limited. Her older daughter, Suzanne, who at twenty-one has been divorced and has tried modeling in New York, is now studying animal husbandry at Kansas State College, causing Mrs. Beech to observe, "Why you need a degree to raise cattle and pigs, I don't know."

The same unpretentiousness prevails in her corporate life. Her office is elegantly furnished in French provincial style, but it measures only twelve by fourteen feet. The little shingle outside reads O. A. BEECH, and the door is always open. Informality, however, does not reign. The door is open not for folks to amble in but because "I like to know what's going on in the world." This is also why Mrs. B. personally scans incoming letters, sometimes a foot-high pile per morning, and marks some of them with such unsigned notations as "See me" or "How could that happen?"

When the boss is seriously displeased, storm signals go up—literally. Normally, just under the little American flag in her office, there hangs a blue emblem with a smiling sun and the legend OH, HAPPY DAY! When matters go poorly, Mrs. B. replaces this banner with a black one marked WOE! Her executives find it profitable, whenever they enter the sanctum, to check which flag is up and comport themselves accordingly. The happy-day flag, as it's called, has also been hoisted at the door of executives who performed spectacularly well. It is a prized and rarely bestowed honor. Each Christmas the executives reciprocate with thoughtfully selected gifts—an antique silver tray or a pair of decorative glass birds, for example—usually costing $700 or more.

Mrs. B. expects performance even from relatives. Walter Beech's younger brother resigned at her insistence years ago because she thought he failed to measure up. This leaves five kinfolk on the payroll—a sister, a brother-in-law and three nephews. All hold minor jobs except Hedrick, a hearty giant—six feet three and a half inches, 235 pounds—of forty-nine. A one-time automobile-assembly-line foreman who started with Beech as a $250-a-month stock clerk, he is considered a capable executive.

Next to the regal bearing which both her admirers and nonadmirers equate with "executive personality," plus her "uncanny" eye for finance, Mrs. Beech's success is most commonly attributed to her ability to surround herself with able men. Most major decisions are made at the almost daily luncheons of the executive committee—Mrs. Beech, Gaty and Hedrick. But nobody is permitted to forget that Mrs. B., personally and as trustee or guardian for her daughters, holds 153,384 shares of stock. Gaty, next in line, owns 7425.

Hedrick once promoted a man who had incurred Mrs. B.'s displeasure—a state made known by the issuance of one of her favorite dicta: "He's no damn good." The promotion was rescinded and Hedrick advised the man to find employment elsewhere, which he did. "Once you're in her doghouse," Hedrick says, "you'll never get out."

What of the company's future? Aviation men wonder. Beech's net profits have held steady at around $3,500,000 annually for five years. But nearly two thirds of its total business is in ever-vulnerable military contracts and nearly one third—or $29,000,000—of its total volume is with a single contractor, Convair. Its friendly archrival, Wichita's Cessna Aircraft Company, whose president, Dwane L. Wallace, started out at Beech as a fifty-dollar-a-month engineer, for years has turned out more—but mostly lower-priced—planes. In recent years Cessna's dollar volume in commercial aircraft also has outdistanced Beech. This year, for the first time, Cessna's total sales will pass Mrs. B.'s. Even little Piper Aircraft Corporation is running up bigger billings for commercial planes and may wind up in second place.

The future of the general-aviation industry as a whole could hardly appear brighter. Nonmilitary and nonairline planes now active in the United States number 65,316. They fly 11,500,000 hours a year. So many companies are finding economical uses for their own planes that the Federal Aviation Agency looks for 105,000 to 120,000 planes by 1975. How strongly Beech can cash in on this trend will depend, at least in part, on the success of Project PD-100 and on Mrs. Beech's future ability to make her peace with the times and with herself.

Her friends believe that her search for equanimity is being helped by her increased interest in religion. Her involvement in the affairs of the First Methodist Church is intense. When she concluded that the study of the pastor, Dr. Ron Meredith, lacked dignity, she shopped for $10,000 worth of new furniture and interior decorating. "I often wonder why she's so nice to us," Doctor Meredith muses. "I think she sees in me a symbol of something she is looking for. I think she is seeking some resources on which to build her life."

The most perceptive of her friends suggest that, with both daughters away at school, Olive Ann is a painfully lonely woman in her luxurious five-bedroom, five-bathroom residence with its five acres of grounds; they suspect that the pressure of her civic and other nonbusiness activities is self-generated to keep down the hours that she must spend alone or with people who depend on her for their livelihood.

These friends regret, for example, that she did not even get much enjoyment out of the only trip she has taken to Europe—she was too contemptuous of too many Europeans for being poor and not doing something about it, as she had done for herself. In a word, her friends feel somewhat sorry for her—but never disrespectful.

And I found no one who would argue with her oldest sister, Ora, who said, "I think that when they made the mold for her, they threw it away. There'll never be another like her." THE END

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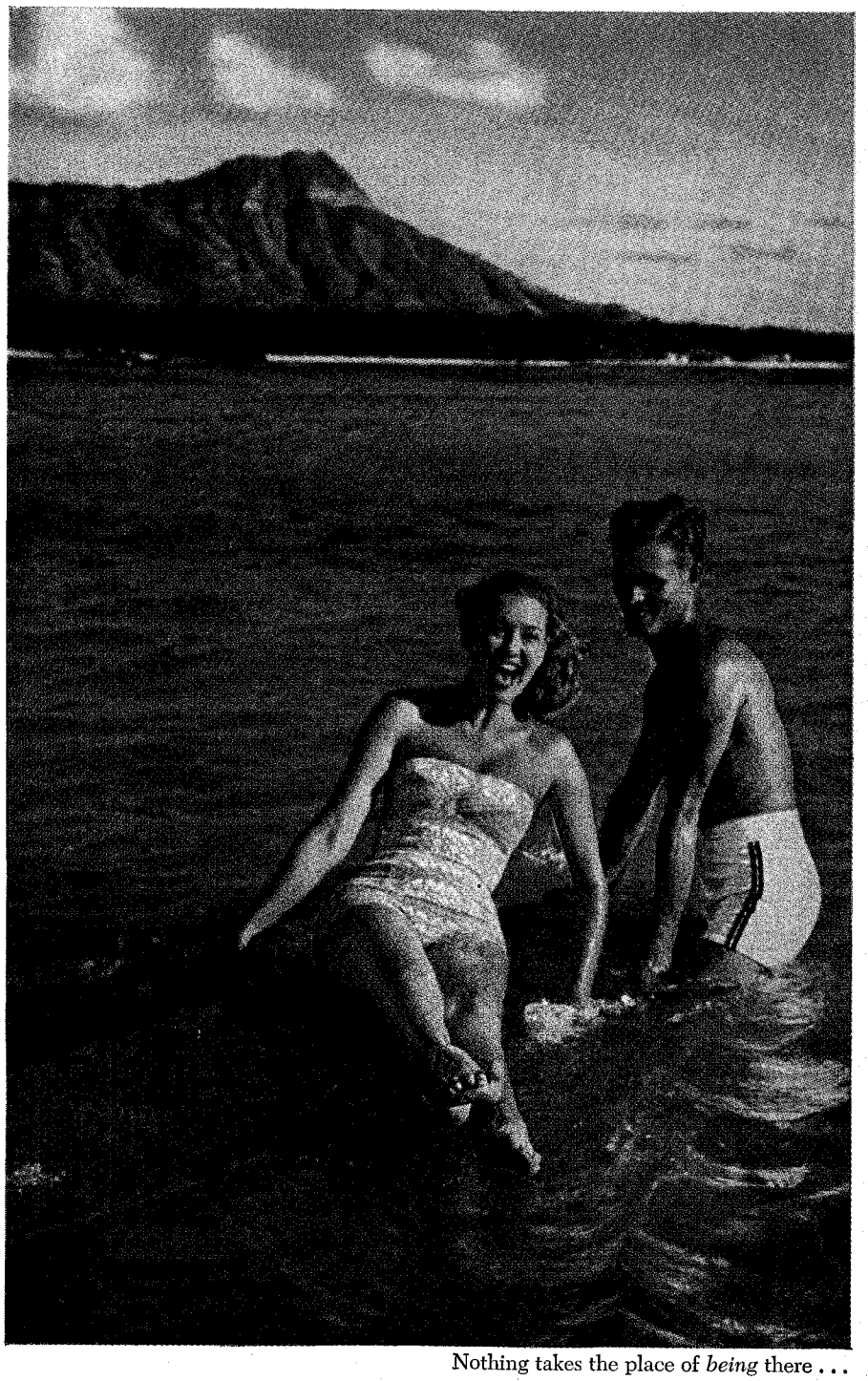

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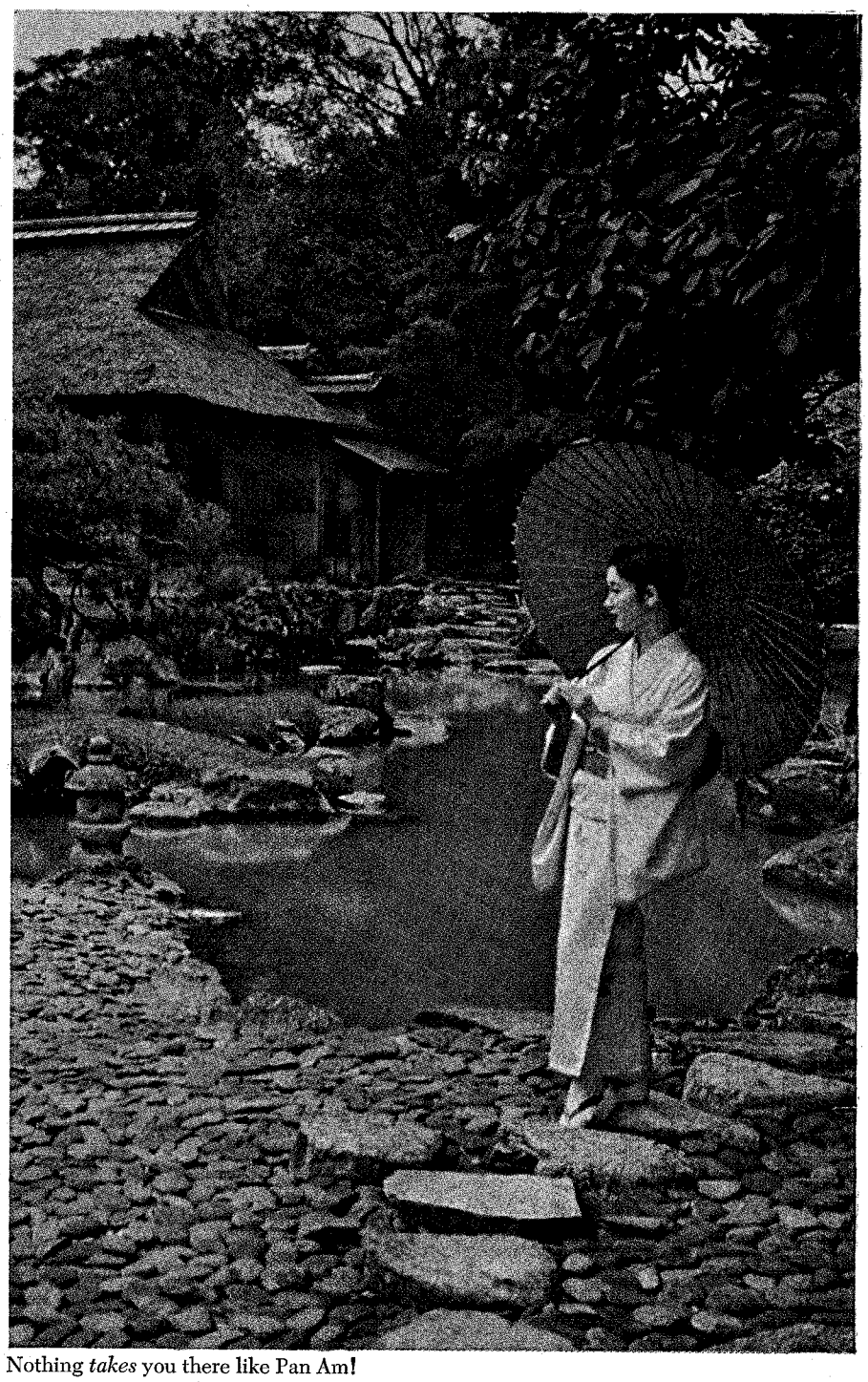

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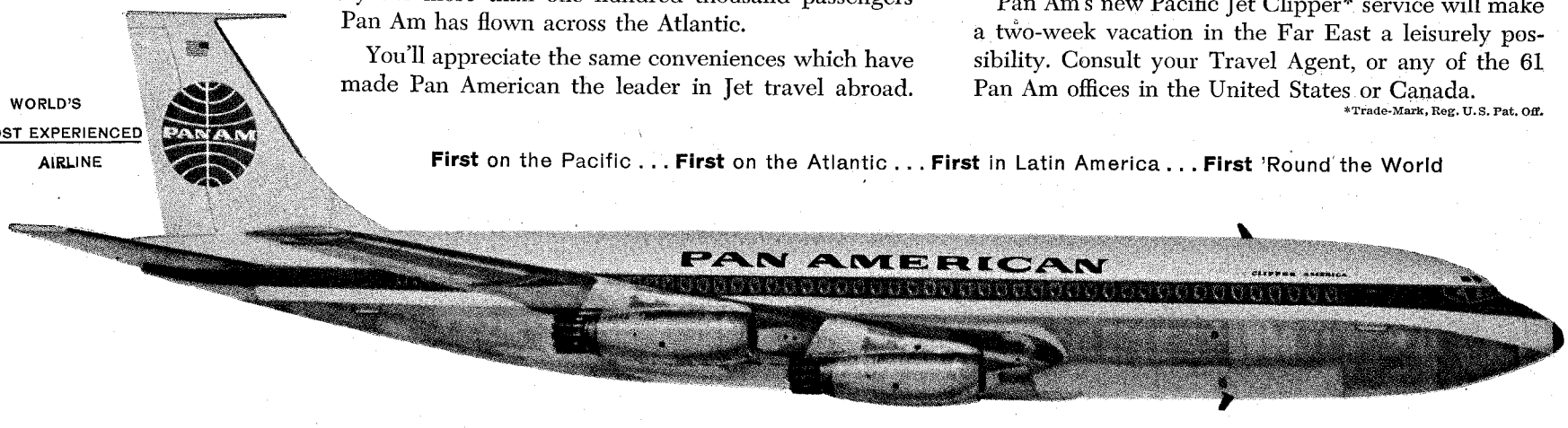

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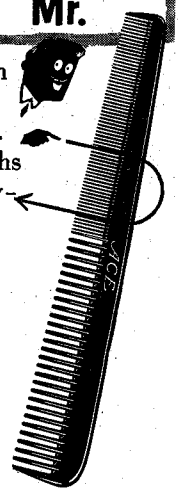

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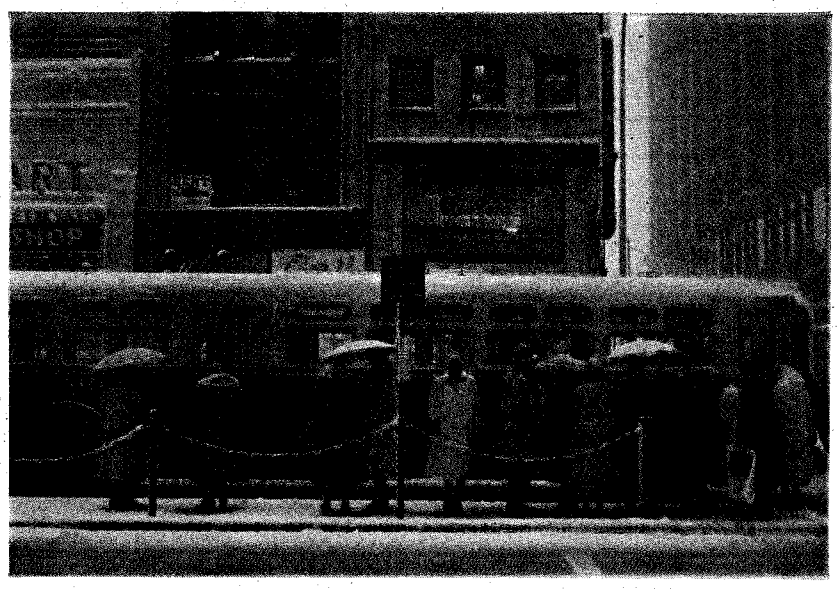
Photography as Fine Art



This picture appeared in *The Post;* now it hangs in a great museum.

That color picture, a Philadelphia winter scene titled *Urban Pest*, was taken by **John R. Wells,** assistant photography editor of *The Post;* it ran as a FACE OF AMERICA feature February 15, 1958, and now it is part of a unique exhibition called Photography in the Fine Arts, in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. In September the exhibition goes on a country-wide tour of other museums. Also in the Met show is a skyscraper scene called *1404 Windows to Wash*, by **Herman Landshoff,** which was the *Post* "Face" of August 9, 1958, and another photo, titled *Picasso and Fishbone*, part of a picture-story about the great painter by **David Douglas Duncan** in the January 4, 1958, *Post*. With its exhibition, the museum is launching a permanent effort to achieve acceptance of fine photography as fine art. Hundreds of thousands of pictures were "filtered" for this show, and from a final group of 438 the judges—including Metropolitan director James J. Rorimer, advisory chairman—chose the work of fifty-five camera artists. Future development of the P.F.A. project will be directed by artist and photographer **Ivan Dmitri,** who has a *Post* "Face" coming up next week.

John Wells, for the past ten years a member of photography editor Douglas Borgstedt's department, got his snowy picture by just faring forth one lunch hour and taking it. "Technically, the subject was difficult and doubtful, but that kind sometimes turns out the best." John, who is forty, was born in Boston, but his family moved to Philadelphia, where neighborhood boys thumped the down-East accent out of him—"I've used strong *r*'s ever since." He joined up with the Curtis Company as an office boy in 1938, after which followed various experiences elsewhere, including four years at war, first as an Air Force photography instructor, then in the Pacific with a B-29 group. Before going overseas he married Ann Reid, an artist then working at Curtis; now the lady's work, at home in Havertown, includes presiding over three youngsters, daughters Lawrie and Tina, and son Garry. John teaches photography at Drexel Evening College. For hobbying, he used to sail his own boats along the Jersey coast, but it got so expensive that now he skippers an outboard motor and digs clams.

The Celebrating Klingsbergs

Author **Harry Klingsberg** and his wife Florence have been enjoying two years of silver anniversaries. They were married in February, 1933, which made them so happy they scarcely noticed that all the banks in the nation closed shortly thereafter. In the winter of 1958 the suburban Philadelphia couple spent a celebratory period in New York and were in such good humor they were unconcerned about the outrageous snowstorms of that season. "Anyway, we kept celebrating all year, considering every dinner out, walk in the country, party given by friends, and any piece of good luck to be part of our anniversary." Come 1959, the Klingsbergs switched to feting the silver anniversary of Harry's first sale to *The Post* in 1934. The author's popular Doowinkle stories (there's a sample on page 24) did not begin until 1937, so that anniversary is a little short of being silvery.

The Klingsbergs—and a chess problem.

Tales of the Authors

William and Phyllis Bankier.

A new *Post* contributor on page 31 is thirty-year-old **William Bankier,** copy-department chief in a Young and Rubicam advertising office in Montreal. The Bankiers and their little daughter Heather can stand on the balcony of their Mount Royal apartment and revel in the view of the faraway Laurentian Mountains—on a clear day. The author, as his subject suggests, is a jazz buff; he's a self-taught operator on the clarinet, the tenor sax and the recorder, but he hasn't taught himself well enough to play in a band.

Gloria Amoury, who holds forth on page 20 with another of her warm stories about Brooklyn people of Arabic extraction, writes, "I'm planning to go to the Middle East soon for my first view of the old country I've been writing about." That would be Lebanon; her father's people came from there, and her mother's family from Damascus, Syria. Miss Amoury comes from Staten Island.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Secrets of Long Life"

What makes a person live a hundred years? The fascinating results of a Gallup Poll, made exclusively for *The Post.*

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